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To whom all Communications for the Editor are to be addressed.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE SITES OF THE DOOMED CITIES.

THE discovery of the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrha, so long supposed to have been buried in the dark waters of the Dead Sea, would certainly constitute one of the most remarkable events in the history of research in Holy Land. No wonder that the report of such a discovery having been made should excite inquiry and arouse discussion. There are the Biblical scholars, who have their own version of the lost cities having been on the east side of the Dead Sea; there are the students of profane history, who remember nothing but that Josephus says that the doomed cities lie buried in the deep; there are the travellers and philosophers, who seek to explain phenomena by manifest physical changes, however difficult to interpret. All were more or less confounded at the discovery so triumphantly proclaimed of the long-lost Pentapolis. Still more interesting did the discussion become when another and a later traveller, following in the footsteps of the illusory discoverer, came forward to declare that there are no ruins whatsoever at the spot where they had been pronounced to exist! Never was there greater discrepancy in the statements of travellers! Which is in the right? What are the true bearings of the question? Is it possible so much difference of opinion can exist on a mere matter of fact? Such were the questions heard on every side, more especially from those unacquainted with all the difficulties besetting the inquiry, all the doubts pervading the subject, and the obscurities enveloping that which was in itself a miracle and a direct interference of Providence; obscurities so great as to admit of an almost inconceivable amount of difference of opinion, without implying on any side either disregard of truth, blindness to evidence, ignorance, inaptitude, or misrepresentation.

We learn from Holy Writ that Sodom and Gomorrha were situated in the vale of Siddim, which was very fertile and everywhere well watered—like the Garden of the Lord; and these circumstances induced Lot to fix his abode there, notwithstanding the wickedness of the inhabitants.

There were three other cities in the same valley; viz., Admah, Zeboim, and Bala, which is Zoar; and they, as well as Sodom and Gomorrha, had each a separate king, corresponding to the Malik or Shaikh of our own times.

The valley was further remarkable for abounding in "slime pits." This means sources of bitumen, for the word is the same as that which is applied to the cement used by the builders of Babylon, and we know that to have been bitumen or asphaltum.

The guilt of "the cities of the plain" having brought down the signal judgment of Heaven, fire and brimstone are described as showering down

upon them, and they were overthrown, as well as all the plain and all the inhabitants of those cities, and that which grew upon the ground." When Abraham, early that same morning, from the neighbourhood of his distant camp, "looked towards Sodom and Gomorrah, and towards all the land of the plain, and beheld, and, lo! the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of the furnace."

It appears from the same records that Bala was doomed with the other cities to destruction, but that it was spared at the intercession of Lot as a place to which he might escape. The patriarch alleged the smallness of the city as a ground for asking this favour; and hence the place acquired the name of Zoar, or "smallness."

This town is only again mentioned in Deuteronomy (xxix. 3), Isaiah (xv. 5), and Jeremiah (xlviii. 34), which passages indicate that it belonged to the Moabites, and was a place of some consequence. Eusebius and Jerome describe it as having, in their day, many inhabitants, and a Roman garrison (*Onomasticon*. s. v. Bala). Stephen of Byzantium calls it a large village and fortress. In the "*Ecclasiastical Notitia*" it is mentioned as the seat of a bishop of the Third Palestine, down to the centuries preceding the Crusades. The "*Imperial Notitia*" make mention of *Agripes sagittarii indigene Zoaræ*.

The Crusaders seem to have found this city under the name of Segur, or Segur, as in the Septuagint and the Vulgate; and they describe the place as pleasantly situated, with many palm-trees. (William of Tyre, x. 8.) Abulfeda repeatedly speaks of Zāghar as a place adjacent to the Dead Sea and the Ghār (*Tab. Syrie*, pp. 8, 9, 11, 148), and, indeed, calls the Dead Sea itself the Lake of Zāghar (xii. pp. 148, 156).

Eusebius and Jerome describe the Dead Sea as situated between Jericho and Zoar; whence Cellarius justly deduced that Jericho being to the north-westward, Zoar must be opposite, or to the south-eastward. Josephus (*lib. iv. De Bello*, cap. xxvii.) also speaks of the sea as extending to Zoar, in Arabia.

We find, then, from two passages in Holy Writ—viz., Isaiah, xv. 5, and Jeremiah, xlviii. 34—that Zoar was in Moab; and we know from the same authority that the Moabites had, after expelling the original inhabitants called Emims, possessed themselves, previous to the Exodus, of the region on the east of the Dead Sea and the Jordan, as far north as the river Jabbok. The northern portion of their territory—viz., that extending from the Jabbok to the Arnon—afterwards passed away into the hands of the Amorites. Hence, at the time of the Exodus, the valley and river Arnon constituted the northern boundary of Moab.

As the Hebrews advanced in order to take possession of Canaan they did not enter the proper territory of the Moabites, but conquered the kingdom of the Amorites (a Canaanitish tribe) which had formerly belonged to Moab; whence the western part, lying along the Jordan, frequently occurs under the name of plains of Moab.

The Hebrews, long tributary to the Moabites, threw off their yoke under Ehud, and the children of Moab were alternately tributary to, and independent of, the kings of Judea. At one time they formed a powerful confederacy with the Ammonites, Edomites, and others, and marched into Judea on the west side of the Dead Sea, encamping at En-gedi; but everything proves that their permanent country, subsequent to the occu-

portion of the Holy Land by the tribes of Judah, lay to the east of that sea.

At the time of Abulfeda, Moab Proper, south of the Arnon, bore the name of Karak, from the city so called, and which corresponds to the ancient Kir-Moab, *the wall*, stronghold or citadel of Moab; also called Kir-kamsath and Kir-hares, brick fortress. Since that time the accounts of this district are very meagre; for, through fear of the Arabs, few of the numerous travellers in Palestine have ventured to explore it.*

Seetzen was the first, in 1806, to shed a new and altogether unexpected light upon the topography of this region. He found a multitude of places—or at least of ruins of places—still bearing the old names, and thus set bounds to the perfectly arbitrary designations of them in the old charts. Seetzen was followed in 1812 by Burokhardt, whose explorations threw additional light upon the ancient topography of the lands of Moab and Edom. Most of the travellers who visited Petra after Burokhardt passed also through the land of Moab, but it afterwards became usual to pass from Petra direct to Hebron; whence this country has escaped the researches of many travellers whose observations have of late years enriched the topography of Palestine. A party of English gentlemen, Captains Irby and Mangles, Mr. Banks, and Mr. Legh, passed through the land of Moab in returning from Petra in 1818; and their observations, published in their "Travels," by Irby and Mangles; and by Legh, in a Supplement to Dr. Macmichael's "Journey from Moscow to Constantinople," 1819, furnish the most valuable additions which have as yet been obtained to the information of Seetzen and Burokhardt. The northern parts of the country were visited by Mr. Buckingham, and more lately by Mr. George Robinson, and by Lord Lindsay, but very little additions have been made by these travellers to our previous knowledge. The plates to Laborde's new work, "*Voyage en Orient*," show that he also visited the land of Moab; but the particulars of his journey have not yet been published.

One of the results of the journey of Irby and Mangles was the determination of the position of Zoar, at the mouth of the Wady Karak, at the point where the latter opens upon the isthmus of the long peninsula which stands out from the eastern shore of the lake towards its southern end. At this point the travellers discovered the remains of an ancient town, which they identified with Zoar; and the most distinguished explorer of Palestine in modern times, the Rev. Dr. Robinson, has, after careful consideration of all the circumstances of the case ("*Bib. Resarches*," ii. 480, 481; 648-651), sided with this view of the case.

When the destruction of the cities in the plain took place, and Lot was flying with the immediate members of his family to Zoar, it is recorded in Holy Writ that his wife looked back from behind him, and she became

* Sir John Maundeville (A.D. 1322) notices Segir as yet upon a hill in Edom. Some part of the town, he said, still appears above the water, and men may see the walls when it is fair and clear weather. This most credulous of travellers said of the Dead Sea that nothing would die therein, which had been proved by men that have been cast therein, and left three or four days; iron, he said, would float on its waters and a feather sink; things, he justly remarks, contrary to nature. Some called it Lake Desolada, others the River of Devils, and some the river that is ever stinking.

a pillar of salt. This has been not inaptly described in the "Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature:" "As they went, being hastened by the angels, the wife, anxious for those who had been left behind, or reluctant to remove from the place which had long been her home, and where much valuable property was necessarily left behind, lingered behind the rest, and was suddenly involved in the destruction, by which—smothered and stiffened as she stood by saline incrustations—she became 'a pillar of salt.'"

It is possible that this is as nearly a correct statement of the phenomenon that took place as we can arrive at, and the expression of a pillar of salt is precisely what Oriental language and imagery would lend to the circumstances. Indeed, to use the expressions of the same writer, whatever difficulty has been connected with the subject has arisen from the ridiculous notions which have been connected with it, for which no authority is found in the scriptural narrative. It has been supposed that the woman was literally turned into a pillar of salt, and that this pillar stood for many ages, if it does not still exist, as a standing monument of the transaction. Indeed, sundry old travellers have averred that they had seen it; and no doubt they did see something which they supposed to be the pillar into which Lot's wife was turned, or were told to be such. This notion originated with the author of the "Wisdom of Solomon," which was regarded by the Roman Catholics as scriptural authority that might not be disputed. Therefore old pilgrims and travellers sought for this monument; and, from their example, more modern travellers have done the same: although, if Protestants, they could attach no particular weight to the authority which alone justified their predecessors in their hopes of finding it. The passage referred to is that in which the author, after alluding to the punishment of Sodom and the deliverance of Lot, adverts to the existing evidence of the former; and then adds, somewhat vaguely, "a standing pillar of salt is a monument of an unbelieving soul."

This was no doubt the authority relied upon: indeed, we find it expressly quoted by some travellers as the ground of their expectation. But the testimony of Josephus is still more explicit, and with us would be quite as authoritative. He expressly says, not only that the monument existed, but that he had seen it. (*Antiq. i. 11, 4*). His contemporary, Clement of Rome, makes a similar statement (*Epist. i. § 11*); and so, in the next century, does Irenæus (*iv. 51, 64*). But their evidence is of little original value on a point like this. Josephus and the author of "Wisdom" no doubt believed what they stated: and their testimony amounted to this, that in their day an object existed which was said to be the pillar into which Lot's wife was turned, and which they believed to be such. But in the present day, when the sources of historical evidence are more carefully investigated than in former times, we regard these authorities 2000 years after the event as having no particular weight, unless so far as they may be supported by anterior probabilities and documents, which in this case do not exist.

Further, it is all but impossible that if so strange a monument had existed on the borders of the Dead Sea, it should not have been noticed by the sacred historians, and alluded to by the poets. And we may be almost certain, that if it had remained when the Book of Genesis was

written, the frequent formula, that it was there "unto this day," would not have been omitted. Indeed, there is every probability that, if such a monument had then existed, the Canaanites would have made it one of their idols.*

The expression of our Lord, "Remember Lot's wife," appears from the context to be solely intended as an illustration of the danger of going back, or delaying in the day of God's judgments. From this text, indeed, it would appear as if Lot's wife had gone back, or had tarried so long behind, in the desire of saving some of their property. Then, as it would seem, she was struck dead, and became a stiffened corpse, fixed for the time to the soil by saline or bituminous incrustations. The particle of similitude must here, as in other passages of Scripture, be understood, "like a pillar of salt."

It has been assumed that the Vale of Siddim occupied the basin of what is now the Dead Sea, which did not previously exist, but was one of the results of the catastrophe. But in that case the river Jordan must have had at that time an elevation of upwards of 1300 to 1400 feet,†

* It would scarcely be believed that a traveller should be found so credulous in our own times as to fancy that he had found the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was converted. So soluble is the rock-salt of the Jibal Usdum that it is constantly varying its aspect, and new pinnacles and pillars present themselves every year for the speculative surmises of superstitious travellers. One fact comes out of an identification of this kind made by Captain Lynch of the United States navy, which is, that he thereby associates the salt mountains with the district of the oft-discussed catastrophe.

M. de Sauley has a theory of his own upon this subject. The wife of Lot, he says, must have been crushed by one of those great masses of detached rock which abound on the plain, and thus, when Lot and his children looked round, they would have seen, instead of the unfortunate woman, nothing but the mass of salt which covered her body. In his characteristic style, he adds, "Any one may give what explanation he chooses of this death; but I declare myself to be most decided, now that I have seen the place, to abide by that which I have just put forward, and which, nevertheless, I do not wish to force upon any one." It certainly does not presuppose much sense or powers of observation on the part of the patriarchs.

† It is needless, in the present state of inquiry, to attempt a closer approximation, the results of different observations upon the depression of the Dead Sea varying so much from one another.

	Dead Sea.	Lake of Tiberias.
	Eng. ft.	Eng. ft.
The barometric observations of De Bertou, made in March, 1833, and May, 1839, give	1374.7	755.6
The barometric observations of Russeger, made in November and December, 1838	1429.2	666.1
The barometric observations of Von Wildenbruch, made in 1845	1446.3	845.5
The trigonometrical survey by Lieut. Symonds ...	1312.2	328.1

The discrepancy of these observations is scarcely greater than might be expected under the circumstances; but still, the difference in level between the Lake of Tiberias and the Dead Sea is so great as to have been justly termed by Mr. Hamilton "a very remarkable phenomenon, which calls for the early attention of travellers and geographers." Dr. Robinson suspects the possibility that some slight element of defect or inaccuracy may have entered into the observations or calculations, and thus have affected the correctness of the result (*Jour. of Roy. Geo. Soc.* vol. xviii. p. 84), whilst Mr. A. Petermann, remarking that the rate of depression appears to increase with the lapse of time between the observations, suggests the possibility of an existing gradual sinking of the Dead Sea.

throughout the whole length of the Al Ghur, or from the cliffs at the north end of Lake Tiberias to Al Arabah, in order to have found its way into the Red Sea, which is thirty-two feet above the Mediterranean. (See Petermann's Section from the Red Sea, through Al Arabah and Al Ghur, in *Journal of Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xviii.)

The historical account of the destruction of the Cities of the Plain contains no reference to the agency of water; on the contrary, when Abraham contemplated the scene of destruction the ensuing day, "the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

The fire that attended upon the catastrophe has been explained by a supposed accumulation of bitumen kindled by volcanic action or lightning from heaven; and this theory has the sanction of Le Clerc, of Leopold von Buch, and of Dr. Robinson. It is not an improbable view of the case, but the combustion of subterranean deposits of bitumen must have been accompanied by the evolution of gases, some probably combustible, adding to the destructive energy, as also most probably causing earthquakes or disturbances of the soil.

The geological structure of the country around the Dead Sea is precisely similar to what we observe in other parts of Western Asia, where we find bitumen fountains, as near Dair and Hit, on the Euphrates, and in the Kifri Hills, in Southern Kurdistan—viz., marles, gypsum, clay, with bitumen, salt, and red sandstones, all supracretaceous. Where these bitumen fountains exist they are generally thermal, always salt, and they mostly give off naphtha or petroleum, which concretes by exposure into bitumen or asphalt. They also evolve hydrosulphureous acid, sulphur itself being found in the bituminous clays, and sometimes the waters deposit sulphur, as near Musul.

The most remarkable phenomenon illustrative of what may possibly have occurred in the valley of Siddim, presents itself in the existing fires at Abu Gagir, near Kirkuk, and which appear to owe their origin to the subterranean combustion of bitumen and sulphur brought about by chemical action.

The Dead Sea, it is well known, obtained its name of *Lacus Asphaltites* from the quantities of asphalt which it afforded. It presents the features of a common bitumen fountain on a large scale. The waters are salt—much more so than the waters of the sea. Sulphur, in pieces as large as walnuts, and even larger, are found on the borders, as also a compact asphalt or jet. The neighbourhood is liable to earthquakes, and most asphalt floats to the surface of the waters on those occasions. This has been supposed to arise from solid asphalt being detached by such movements from the bottom of the sea; but it is more likely that the substance is liberated at the time from the subjacent formations, and that the earthquakes are results of the chemical operations going on which effect that liberation. The evolution of asphalt attended by an earthquake would also, most probably, if carefully watched, be found to be accompanied by the evolution of gases.

The order of things to which the volcanic actions that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, which keep alive the fires of Kirkuk, and the hot saline, sulphureous, and bituminous springs around the Dead Sea and in other places, are of a different order and class of phenomena to those

which produced the lavas and pumice-stones which are found in the same neighbourhood.

As Rueschger, and Strabo long before him, justly remark, the mountains between Jerusalem and the Jordan, in the valley of the Jordan itself, and those around the Dead Sea, bear unequivocal evidence of volcanic agency, such as disruptions, upheaving, faults, &c., &c., proofs of which agency are still notorious in the continual earthquakes, hot springs, and formations of asphalt, but which do not belong to the same category as the volcanic agencies of former times.

Dr. Robinson, admitting that a lake to receive the Jordan and other waters must have occupied the basin of the Dead Sea long before the catastrophe of Sodom, and arguing that the waters could not have passed more southward, as was at one time supposed, he assumes, also, that the Dead Sea anciently covered a much less extent of surface than at present. The doomed cities being situated at what was then the south end of the lake, they were all buried by an encroachment of the waters, which took place in a southward direction—probably from a subsidence in the soil admitting the extension of the waters in that direction. Such an encroachment involved the submergence of Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboim; and the promontory, or rather peninsula, towards the south, upon which the ruins of Zoar are situated, and which is so distinct a feature of the Dead Sea, is thus supposed to mark the original boundary of the lake in that direction, and shows the point at which the waters broke into the plain beyond.

This view of the case is countenanced by the disappearance and hence probable submergence of the slime or bitumen pits of the vale of Siddim, as also by the non-discovery of the sites of the four lost cities; but it is not countenanced by Scripture, which does not say anything about the country being converted into a tract of waters, nor is it countenanced by the incrustation of Lot's wife with salt, a soluble substance, nor with what Abraham is described as witnessing the ensuing day, a country covered with smoke. These are, however, difficulties of no great import, and most of the facts and circumstances in the case are in favour of Dr. Robinson's theory. If, as Captain Allen still argues, a communication formerly existed between the Jordan and the Red Sea, it is not impossible that an elevation took place in the Arabah at the very moment that a corresponding subsidence occurred in the depression of the Dead Sea; and that hence, what was before the destruction of the cities, the plain of Jordan became the Salt Sea, or the Sea of the Plain. It is sufficient answer to such an hypothesis, that we are expressly told (Gen. xiv. 3) that at the very time that Lot was in the vale of Siddim, the Salt Sea existed. We are therefore left to two alternatives—either that the ruins of the destroyed cities are buried in the waters of a southerly extension of the Dead Sea, or that the traces of such had not as yet been discovered by travellers.

Under such circumstances the identifications lately established by M. de Saulcy between certain ruins of the western side of the Dead Sea and the lost cities, claim serious consideration. M. de Saulcy is a member of the Institute of France; he bears a high reputation as an archaeologist, an Oriental scholar, and a man of integrity, and anything

emanating from such a quarter must ensure at least the most respectful attention.*

After exploring the site of Masada, or Sebbeh, M. de Saulcy and his party, accompanied by the Arab Shaikh, Abu Dahuk, continued their journey in a southerly direction along the south-western border of the Dead Sea. Passing the Wad al Hafaf, the travellers approached the sandy shores of the Dead Sea. Thence they passed an extensive crater, beyond which was a promontory of detached masses of rock called Radjum es Sanin. Beyond this again was the volcanic ridge of the Jibal Hatrura, with a large crater at its foot.

This difficulty overcome, a sandy plain led the way to Kalah Ambarhaj, a little square fort, built with cut stones, and erected upon a mound, which M. de Saulcy identifies with the Tharmara of Eusebius and Thaman of the Tables. There are extensive ruins around, and an abundant spring in the same neighbourhood.

Hence the shores of the Dead Sea are described as being much cut up by water-courses, and strewn with detached masses of rock, interrupted by an occasional dyke of lava and the remains of craters. The sandy shore keeps narrowing in extent till, near the Wad es Zuwairah, it is only fifty yards deep.

Beyond this a scanty vegetation, and a plain covered with rolled stones and pebbles, led to the Wad es Zuwairah. To the west was the Jibal Usdum (Djebel Sdoum, in M. de Saulcy's orthography), and to the south the plain of Usdum, or, according to M. de Saulcy, of Sodom, bordered by the Jibal al Ha-uah. Traversing this plain, the travellers arrived at a low eminence some fifteen yards in diameter, covered with large coarse stones, having a burnt aspect, which M. de Saulcy says evidently constituted part of a circular edifice that commanded the borders of the sea—the sea being only some thirty yards off to the east, and the cliffs of rocks some twenty to the west.

The sight of this ruin (to use M. de Saulcy's own words) struck me forcibly, and I naturally thought of Sodom. I questioned Abu Dahuk. "What is that?" I said to him. "Kasr kadim" (an old castle), he answered. "And its name?" "Redjom el Mezorrhel" (the heap of overturned or detached stones).

It is at this point that Colonel Lapie placed Thamara. I am not aware in what narrative of travel he has found a notice of this ruin which he calls Tell el Msoggal. All that I can say is that on the map of Egypt, of Arabia Petrea, and of Syria, published by Hérison (chez Jean, Rue Saint Jean de Beauvais, No. 10), this very Tell el Msoggal is found at the south-west extremity of the Dead Sea, and consequently very conveniently placed.

As far as I am concerned (continues M. de Saulcy) no doubt is possible. I have under my eyes the ruins of an edifice which once constituted a portion of Sodom. The Shaikh Abu Dahuk is very explicit upon this point. When I ask him where was the city of Sdoum? "Here," he said. "And this ruin—did it belong to the cursed city?" "Sahihh" (certainly)! "Are there any more remains of Sdoum?" "Naam fih khirabat kitir" (yes, there are

* Voyage Autour de la Mer Morte et dans les Terres Bibliques, exécuté de Décembre, 1850 à 1851. Par F. de Saulcy, Ancien Elève de l'Ecole Polytechnique, Membre de l'Institut Publié sous les Auspices du Ministère de l'Instruction Publique. 2 vols.

many ruins). "Where are they?" "Hon wa hon" (here and there). And he showed me the point of the Salt Mountain which we had just passed, and the plain which stretches along the foot of that mountain, as far as to the Wad es Zuwairah.

M. de Saulcy had then, according to his own account, left the ruins of Sodom behind him, passed them, indeed, without recognising them, so little were they manifest—a fact he attributes in part to his attention having been drawn off by the imprudence of his companions, who had ventured, in the pursuit of game, into a cover full of imaginary dangers. Our traveller determined therefore to return to a site of so much interest, and this he did a few days after, when, passing the Redjom el Mezorrhel, which is evidently the same as the Um Zoghal of Doctor Robinson, and the *cairn* of Um Zoghal of Van de Velde, he says:

At fifty-two minutes past two we turned to the west-north-west. The sea was then about eighty yards, and the foot of the mountain fifty yards, distant. The shore thus expanded exhibited to the eye great blocks of weather-worn stone, in the midst of which we soon recognised regular files, which are only the foundations of ancient walls. We are then most assuredly in the midst of recognisable and visible ruins, which exhibited themselves till fifty-six minutes past two; that is only for a distance of some 400 yards. We were at that time progressing in a north-north-westerly direction. To our right is a sandy shore, and before us the cover of shrubs and dwarf trees, in which our companions had imprudently ventured to hunt on the occasion of our first visit.

To our left the Jibal Usdum has ceased to constitute an unbroken mass, and we arrived in front of the great butts which form the northern point of that mountain. A mass of ruin, certain indication of the existence at this point of a considerable town, appear on these butts (*mamelons*), which have a very extensive superficies. We turned round the foot of these ruins, the origin of which it is impossible for us to blind ourselves to. At three o'clock the shrubbery, which hides the sea from us, is about eighty yards to our right. We are still progressing in a north-north-westerly direction. At seven minutes past three we traverse the dry bed of a torrent near fifteen yards wide. At this point the butts covered with ruins are separated by a ravine, and are thus made to form two distinct masses, upon which repose the immense ruins, which the Arabs who accompany us are unanimous in calling Usdum. In the plain itself, beyond the bed of the torrent which I have just spoken of, are numerous files or rows of stone, the remains of primitive habitations. We continued to progress in a west-north-west direction till eleven minutes past three, when the ruins in the plain ceased to appear (pp. 71, 72).

M. de Saulcy having determined the positioning of Sodom to his satisfaction, he had next to seek for the site of Zoar in the same neighbourhood, and the name of Es Zuwairah (although scholars aver that there is no affinity between the Hebrew Zoar and the Arabic Es Zuwairah) presented itself most favourably.*

Following a west-north-west direction, M. de Saulcy describes the

* The Hebrew Zoar contains the letter 'Ain, which never falls away from the middle of a word; and accordingly Abulfeda and others write that name repeatedly Zoghar, and speak of it as existing in their day. (Robinson's "Biblical Researches," vol. ii. p. 480; Abulfed. Tab. Syr. ed. Köhler, pp. 8, 9, 11, 12, &c.; Ibn el Wardi, *ibid.* p. 178.)

delta which they were traversing as becoming a vast plain, intersected by ravines, strewn with rolled stones and interspersed with shrubs.

At fifteen minutes past three we attain the extreme point of the Jibel Usdum, which terminates in a perpendicular cliff over a large and beautiful plain, dotted with mimosa, and stretching far away to the south-south-west. It was only thirty minutes past three when we reached the foot of the first hills, barely thirty yards high, which form the mouth of the Wad es Zuwairah, and which we begin to ascend thirty-two minutes past three, continuing our journey at first in a direct westerly direction. Upon the higher part of the two hills I have just alluded to are very numerous ruins (*des débris très nombreux*), similar to what is seen at Ain Jedi, Usdum, en Nemaireh, and Sebaan. The Arabs call these ruins Zuwairah et Tahtab. They are, then, those of the Zoar, which took the place, or succeeded to the Biblical Zoar, and that upon the same place.

The Talaa, or Khurbat Sebaan, here alluded to, is identified by M. de Saulcy with Zeboim; the other member of the Pentapolis, Gemoorha, he identifies with the Khurbat Gamran or Umran, at the northern extremity of the Dead Sea; and Admah or Adamah, with the Suk et Thameh, in the midst of the wilderness of Judah. The ruins of Sebaan are situated on the eastern side of the Dead Sea, at the foot of the mountains of Moab, and are described as extending from the Wad ed Dnaa to the shores of the Dead Sea.

The chief objections to M. de Saulcy's determination of the site of Sodom, are founded on the fact that the land of the Moabites was on the eastern shore of the Dead Sea, that Zoar was in Moab, and that Sodom, as shown by the short time which it took Lot to pass from one to the other, that is to say between break of day and sunrise, was close to Sodom. But this argument is not perfectly conclusive. It was after the destruction of Sodom and Gemoorha that the children of Lot invaded Moab. The Pentapolis was originally in the vale of Siddim, "which is the Salt Sea." We learn from the same authority that the Moabites had, after expelling the original inhabitants, a giant race called Emims, possessed themselves, previous to the Exodus, of the regions on the east of the Dead Sea, which were afterwards known as Moab Proper. Hence it is that Moses, when declaring the law, speaks of Moab, on *this* side of Jordan, as the coast of Moab, the country of the Emims, the land of Ar and of Aroer on the Arnon, and connected with Seir of the Edomites on the one side, and the land of Ammon on the other.

In opposition to the same objections, M. de Saulcy quotes Jerome, who, in his Commentaries on Isaiah, notices Segur (Zoar) as on the confines of Moab, and dividing that country from the land of the Philistines. With Josephus, he says Zoar was a town in Arabia; and in Holy Writ this Zoar, a city of the doomed Pentapolis, becomes probably in Genesis a city of Edom (this he deduces from the negative evidence of its not being noticed in the enumeration by Joshua of the cities of Judah); and lastly, in the time of the prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah, it was a city of Moab. This is not a correct view of the case: Zoar was a city of Moab, as before observed, in the time of the Exodus. The City of Salt and En-gedi being enumerated by Joshua among the cities of the tribe of the children of Judah, would also tend to prove that Zoar was on the opposite shore of the Dead Sea; for had it been

where De Saulcy places it, it would have been noticed with En-gedi and with the "City of Salt."

The grounds for determining the positioning of Zoar on the western side of the Dead Sea will not appear to any unbiassed person to be in any way conclusive; yet M. de Saulcy assumes it as a point satisfactorily determined, and deduces thence that Sodom being in the same neighbourhood was also on the western side. M. de Saulcy has, however, better arguments for this positioning of Sodom than he has for the transfer of Zoar across the Dead Sea; and had he reversed his argument, and having established the western positioning of Sodom, deduced from that the neighbourhood of Zoar, and its identity with Es Zuwairah, he would have treated the subject in a manner better calculated to develop his own theories.

The first of these arguments is, that Lot, after separating from Abraham, in order to reach Sodom, had neither the Jordan nor the Dead Sea to cross over.

The second is, that Strabo speaks of the ruins of Sodom as being reputed to exist in his time, and being some sixty stadia in circumference; and the Arabian geographer farther speaks of them in connexion with Mossada or Masada, a known site on the western side of the Dead Sea; and in a district replete with evidences of volcanic action.

What is still more to the point is, that Galen, or Galien, as De Saulcy calls him—and previously quoted by Dr. Robinson—speaking of the salt collected on the banks of the Lake Asphaltites, says: "They call this salt, salt of Sodom, from the name of the mountains which neighbour the lake, and which are called Sodom." These must be the Salt Mountains of Uduin.

To this may be added, what has escaped M. de Saulcy and Dr. Robinson, is that Stephen, speaking of Engaddi, says it is a large town in the neighbourhood of Sodom, in Arabia. En-gedi, "kids' fountain," Engaddi of the Septuagint, a city of Judah, which gave its name to a part of the desert to which David withdrew for fear of Saul, and which is mentioned under its more ancient Hebrew name of Hazazon-tamar before the destruction of Sodom, as being inhabited by the Amorites, and near the Cities of the Plain, is a known site on the western side of the Dead Sea.

As far as concerns the positioning of Sodom, then, from what can be collected from Holy Writ and profane writers, there is nothing but tradition to speak to its submergence; while the conclusions to be arrived at, from the balancing of all known statements upon the subject, are in favour of its positioning on the south-western side of the Dead Sea.

It remains, then, to consider the validity of M. de Saulcy's statements with regard to the existence of ruins at the foot of the Salt Mountain, which shall correspond to the supposed site of Sodom. It will be seen from the descriptions given that M. de Saulcy found nothing but traces of foundations, chiefly blocks of stone—he does not even say cut stones—linearly arranged, among other blocks of rolled or detached stones. As to the extensive ruins said to occupy the heights of the Salt Mountain itself, and to be very doubtfully distributed upon two separate buttes or promontories of rock, it does not appear from M. de Saulcy's narrative

that either he, or any of his companions, ascended the hills to explore these supposed ruins. M. de Saulcy must, under these circumstances, and till further evidence is obtained, excuse the doubts which arise from his own unsatisfactory descriptions. It would not be the first time that masses of detached rock or friable supracretaceous formations have been mistaken in the East for the works of art. The old travellers, Balbi and Rauwolf, mistook the detached rocks which crown the cliffs at Irzsh on the Euphrates for ruins. Paul Lucas described the fantastic rocks at Yarpason, on the Upper Halys, as the works of men; and in our own times, Captain Mignan described a range of low hills rising out of the plain at Ahwaz, on the Karun, as extensive ruins!*

As to the fragments on the plain, it is to be remarked, that at the point where they are said to occur there is not more than a width of from 80 to 300 yards between the cliffs of the Salt Mountain and the Dead Sea. Now many travellers, among whom such clever, intelligent men as Dr. Robinson, Seetzen, Irby, and Mangles, De Bertou, Dr. Eli Smith, and Captain Lynch, have all traversed this narrow fringe of land without perceiving ruins. This, it may be said, is mere negative evidence, and only shows that previous travellers had passed over ruins without seeing them. But this negative evidence is almost made to assume a positive character, when we find that Dr. Robinson, who gives a most minute and detailed account of the Salt Mountain and the adjacent shore (Bib. Res. vol. ii. p. 477, *et seq.*), does notice a heap of stones at what he designates as Um Zoghā, but distinguished nothing like ruins, neither on the plain nor the mountain; and he even adds of Es Zuwairah, that it exhibits no traces of any dwellings except the small Saracenic fort.

Still these were only observations made previously to M. de Saulcy's discoveries. This is not the case with M. Van de Velde's explorations. This gentleman, when in Paris in October, 1851, on his way to Palestine, heard the account of M. de Saulcy's discoveries laid before the Institute of France, and finding that they were not accepted by all the learned members—the well-known Orientalist, M. de Quatremère, being among the dissentients—he determined to make the verification of these discoveries one of the objects of his journey, and he communicated his intentions to that effect in a very straightforward and candid manner to M. de Saulcy himself, who in return allowed him to take a tracing of his manuscript map of the Dead Sea.†

M. Van de Velde directed his steps almost at once to Zuwairah, which, like Dr. Robinson, he describes as the remains of an insignificant fortress, of Saracenic construction, built on a soft chalk rock, which itself stands in the midst of a crater—"one of the wildest scenes the eye can behold in the whole world." This so-called crater appears, however, to present the characters of a great subsidence rather than of an igneous vent, for it is described as an abyss surrounded by perpendicular walls of rock, yellow, grey, and white, a medley of soft calcareous earth, with all sorts of volcanic substances intermingled. "An extinct crater—yes," says M.

* Travels in Chaldæa, p. 303.

† Narrative of a Journey through Syria and Palestine in 1851 and 1852. By C. W. M. Van de Velde, late Lieutenant Dutch Royal Navy, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. 2 vols. William Blackwood and Sons.

Van de Velde, "that the abyss of Zuwairah certainly is; but to look for Zoar here, the city Zoar," the little, "visible from the plain on which Sodom stood—no, impossible! Whatever the apparent similarity of the two names may seem to indicate, such never could have been more than a fortress of a very inferior description." M. Van de Velde then goes on to notice the arguments against the positioning of Zoar on the south-west side of the Dead Sea, to which we have already alluded. It is necessary, however, to remark that it was never attempted to identify the existing ruinous Saracenic fortress with the remains of Zoar. The *décombres* designated by De Saulcy as *Zouera-ut-Tahtah* are described as being situated on the low hills which dominate the mouth of the valley of Zuwairah. Van de Velde alludes to this further on, when he says:

Zuwairah is separated from a plain on the south-west shore of the Dead Sea by a gorge of white and yellowish limestone rocks, called Wadi Zuwairah. Under the action of rain these rocks have assumed most fantastic shapes, as the soft substance easily gives way, and leaves on the perpendicularly broken sides the different horizontal and slanting strata visible. A vivid imagination has difficulty in convincing itself that these layers of stone and lime have not been built by the hand of man, and that Nature herself has alone been at work here. I thought of M. de Saulcy and his imaginary ruins. I must acknowledge that one is easily led to see in these rocks the ruins of towns and villages.

This is more precise, and, as a confutation of M. de Saulcy's supposed discoveries, more conclusive. The appearances described are precisely what might have been expected from the nature of the soil. We must now follow M. Van de Velde to the foot of the Salt Mountain:

For half an hour the Wadi Zuwairah winds along; it then ends in a plain about three-quarters of an hour in breadth from the entrance of the valley to the shore of the Dead Sea. Towards the north side, the plain grows gradually more narrow until it ends in the sea-shore, while on the south side it is immediately shut in by the mountains, of which the nearest to the sea is the Salt Mountain, a ridge extending for about ten miles, and reaching an elevation of 200 to 300 feet. It is entirely composed of rock-salt, covered only by a thin layer of clay and lime. Entering the plain from the Wadi Zuwairah, one sees that the Salt Mountain does not stand altogether isolated, but is connected with the main chain by a peninsula of rocks, whilst on the north side it projects into the plain. The plain exhibits an extent of gravel, chiefly of a grey colour, *diversified occasionally by rows of large stones, which generally run parallel to each other*. Between these rows of stones grow various shrubs, such as are proper to this locality, especially one kind, which bears a great resemblance to the tamarisk, but which, on closer examination, indicates a different botanical affinity. [This is either nonsense or a mistranslation.] M. de Saulcy crossed this plain twice, once from north to south along the sea-shore, and afterwards from the north corner of the Salt Mountain to the Wadi Zuwairah. Here he gets quite excited. Without doubt this is the plain of Sodom, and the rows of stones are the remains of the city walls, and who knows what more! How little observation, thought I, is necessary to recognise in these rows of stones among the gravel, and in the rich vegetation, the course of torrents which in the winter time sweep down from the mountain-gorges and overflow the plain! Nothing is clearer than this. Any one who has ever seen the dry course of a river in the desert has no difficulty in here tracing the different beds of the numerous streams which during the rainy season wind through this plain. But what will imagination not do?

We followed in the footsteps of M. de Saulcy to Jibal Usdum. Accidentally we were kept for a considerable time on the north side of this mountain. One of our Bedouins, who knew well that we should have that day a very long journey, being ill, and so not feeling himself in a condition to accomplish it, attempted to conduct us by the east side of the Salt Mountain. At first I did not see through his design; but as we came nearer to the mountain and began to have it on our left, his object could be no longer hid. My guides now swore with all sorts of oaths that there was no way to the west of the Salt Mountain; but you may easily understand that their oaths did not weigh much with me, and when they saw at last that I kept to my point, they gave way with the usual "Insh'-Allah!" This circumstance, meanwhile, caused me to make a double march along the north side of the mountain, and I became thus fully convinced that whatever there may be on the plain, ruins there are not. That M. de Saulcy should have found here not only the remains of buildings and cities, but positively those of Sodom, I declare I cannot attribute to any other source than the creation of his fancy.

M. Van de Velde attributes the errors of M. de Saulcy to misplaced generosity to Abu Dahuk. This is true to a certain extent only. It has little to do with the practical part of the question, which, after all, it will require some practised geologist and archaeologist to determine conclusively, as to whether or not there are ruins at the foot of the Salt Mountain. In a communication made to the Palestine Archaeological Association (Transactions, No. I. p. 10), M. Van de Velde says:

According to the custom of the country, M. de Saulcy had made a contract with a certain Sheik, Abu Dahuk, a Bedouin chief, who, with his tribe, inhabits the south-western vicinity of the Dead Sea. With this Sheik, and a numerous escort of Bedouins, he journeyed along the south-western shore of the Dead Sea; and it is from the Sheik's own mouth that M. de Saulcy is enlightened. Who this Abu Dahuk is, the reader may see from the narratives of De Berton, and Robinson and Smith. I, also, had no small experience of this arch-robber. In the narrative of my travels, I have given a minute description of a two-days' stay in his camp. Abu Dahuk is of the same nature as his fellow Bedouins. Show him that you are anxious to recognise in every stone squared off, by the hand of nature, a piece of antiquity; excite his covetousness by presenting him continually with piastres, whenever he shows you something that he calls a ruin; and you may be certain that he will show you ruins (*khurbets*) every quarter of an hour, with names and surnames; if not near you, then, at all events, at a distance. This is the reason that, in those regions of the Bedouins, one hears of so many names mentioned by some travellers, which other travellers are never able to re-find. I myself have repeatedly detected my Bedouin guides in telling me stories. To lie is, as it were, daily bread among them; and nothing but a close cross-questioning is sufficient to bring out the truth. Nor must it be supposed that these Bedouins have much knowledge of ancient history, or care at all about the correctness of tradition. Like all other travellers, save M. de Saulcy, I have found them most ignorant and indifferent about such things. *Piastres* and *ghazis* is all the Bedouin cares for. Is it any wonder, then, that M. de Saulcy, after having spoiled Abu Dahuk by his continual presents, should be deceived by this fellow? Certainly the sharp eye of the robber-chief has well discerned the weak side of his traveller.

Under these circumstances, then, the caravan of M. de Saulcy proceeds along the Salt Mountain—the Jibal Usdum of the Arabs—at the south-western side of the Dead Sea. A heap of stones, already seen and mentioned by Seetzen and Robinson ("Biblical Researches," ii. 482), attracts the notice of the French traveller. He is deeply impressed with it. His imagination gets excited, and he forthwith recognises in these stones a part of the buildings

of the burnt city. These are his words:—"By ten o'clock, we pass close by a hillock, fifteen yards in diameter, covered with large rough stones, that look as if they had been burnt, and which constituted, at some remote and unascertainable period, a part of a round structure immediately commanding the shore. The sea is only thirty yards off to our left, and the mountain side not more than twenty in the opposite direction. The sight of this building impresses me strongly; and my thoughts revert to Sodom. I question Abu Dahuk: 'What is that?' '*Karr-Kadim*' ('an ancient castle') is the answer. 'The name?' '*Redjom-el-Mezorrhel*' ('the heap of fallen stones')."

Now enthusiasm darkens M. de Saulcy's understanding. "For myself," he says, "I entertain no doubt that I see before me the ruins of a building, which was anciently a part of Sodom. The Sheikh, Abu Dahuk, is very explicit on this point. When I ask him—'Where was the town of Sodom?' he answers me, 'Here!' 'And did this ruin belong to the condemned city?'—'Assuredly.' 'Are there other vestiges of Sodom?'—'Yes; there are a great many.' 'Where are they?'—'There, and there,' and he points to the extremity of the Salt Mountain, which we have just wound along, and the plain, planted with acacias, extending to the foot of the mountain towards the Wad-*ez-Zouerah*."

Upon this information of Abu Dahuk, M. de Saulcy builds a whole system of cities. Zoar,—so he reasons,—cannot be far off. Some days later, he passes by the same road, and enters the Wadi-*es-Zuwairah*. This name corresponds somewhat with Zoar. He knows that Irby and Mangies, Seetzen and Lynch, have found the ruins of Zoar at the entrance of the Wadi-Kerak, at the northern bay of the south-eastern peninsula of the Dead Sea: and this contradicts his discovery. M. de Saulcy, therefore, sets to work to overthrow the accounts of these travellers, and also of Holy Writ, taking the precaution, however, to quote the Scriptures along with such comments of his own, as to make them appear to plead in his favour. For instance, the Scriptures most distinctly place Zoar in Moab; but, for the sake of bringing his *Zuwairah* of the opposite coast within the territory of Moab, he draws the boundaries of Moab right across the centre of the provinces of Judah and Simeon. So, also, he wishes to place Adamah high and far in the mountains of the wilderness of Judah. He sees there a place of a somewhat volcanic appearance, which Abu Dahuk calls Suk-et-Thaemeh, and which he decides at once is Adamah. *Zoboim* he finds in the heart of Moab. And, finally, in order to put a seal of truth upon his discoveries, he calls in the testimony of his four young, joyful-hearted French companions. But how absurd is this! The traveller has, of his own accord, ensnared himself in the errors which, wittingly or unwittingly, he presents to the world. With the Bedouins of the same Abu Dahuk, I visited the Saracenic ruin of *Es Zuwairah*, which is nothing more than the remains of a small castle upon a white chalky rock of 150 feet in height, in the bottom of an extinct crater, between four and five miles distance from the south-western shore of the Dead Sea. From thence I went through the Wadi-*es-Zuwairah*, and crossed the plain which M. de Saulcy takes to be the plain of Sodom, and where he says he found a number of rows of large stones, which he believed to be the ruins of Sodom.

Dr. Robinson, in his "Biblical Researches," has fully shown, that Zoar has nothing in common with *Es Zuwairah*; and with regard to these rows of large stones,—yes, I have seen them; but I have also recognised them to be merely stones,—brought down by the winter torrents, which empty themselves into this plain from the surrounding mountains! It is well known how winter-streams, when carrying along stones, wood, or other objects, over a level surface, leave such things behind in long rows, after they have subsided.

Robinson and Smith, not to speak of other travellers, have also passed across this plain; and, indeed, were I to mistrust my own eyes, I would have perfect confidence in the eagle-eyed scrutiny of the American travellers, whom the ruins of Sodom (if there had been any) would not have escaped.

In fine, the heap of stones (*Um Maoghel*), which I have noticed as well as

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M. de Sauley, has nothing in common with the ruins of a city, much less of the city of Sodom. And the other so-called ruins, in the plain at the northern extremity of the Salt Mountain, are natural stones from the surrounding mountains, carried down thither by the winter-torrents. *Zuocirak*, in the hollow of the mountains, near the west coast, cannot possibly be the *Zoar* of the Bible, which belonged to the east coast, the land of Moab. *Adamah* and *Zaboin* lie in the Siddim valley, not in the mountains of Judah and Moab: and, finally, to find *Gomorrak* at more than fifty English miles distance from Sodom, is in perfect contradiction to Holy Writ.

In a note appended to the published narrative of his travels, M. Van de Velde adds:

I have followed M. de Sauley's track in this place with Bedouins of the same tribe, of the same shaiikh—Bedouins accustomed to rove about in these localities. I had a copy of M. de Sauley's manuscript map with me. It was, therefore, impossible for me to pass by unnoticed the ruins he mentions. With eagerness I sought for them. It was not possible to miss them; nevertheless I have not seen anything which confirms his assertions; and notwithstanding all his assurances, I must set down his discoveries of Sodom as the mere work of the imagination. M. de Sauley makes an appeal to his fellow-travellers for the truth of his information. I hope I shall be allowed to appeal, on the opposite side, to the testimony of Robinson and Smith, and their predecessors. Certainly what might have escaped the notice of the latter would not have eluded the careful research of the American travellers.

As the question now stands before the public, it is one of the most singularly contradictory character. The evidence, as far as we have been enabled to sift it, in a fair and candid spirit, tends to induce a belief in M. de Sauley having been too hasty in his observations, in having admitted as traces of ruins, at least in some instances, what are merely detached masses of rock more or less linearly arranged. These evidences are strengthened by the circumstances under which they occur, the analogies of other mistakes made under similar circumstances, and M. de Sauley's own superficiality when speaking of ruins on the crest of the Salt Mountains, which he does not appear to have ever examined. They are also strengthened by the fact of so many capable observers having traversed the same districts without having noticed them, and by the fact of M. Van de Velde, although evidently an unscientific and somewhat prejudiced traveller, having subsequently sought for the supposed ruins without success. But these subsequent researches are by no means satisfactory as to there being no ruins at all at the foot of the Salt Mountain, as we shall subsequently see when discussing the site of the "City of Salt."

On the other hand, the evidences are by no means so satisfactory as is generally supposed, that Sodom was on the east side of the Dead Sea. The great body of evidence connects it with the Salt Mountain—the Sodom of Galen and Usdum of the Arabs. Even if buried in the waters of the Dead Sea, still the probabilities would be that it was in the neighbourhood of the Salt Mountain.

Van de Velde says, speaking of the City of Salt:

From its name it is clear that it lay at no great distance from the Salt Mountain. M. de Sauley gives a very attractive description of the fountains at the ruins of Embarrheg, which he takes to be Thamara. On his grounds for this identification I do not place much value; but I attach importance to

his discovery of this fountain, the only one I am acquainted with in the vicinity of the Salt Mountain, capable of supplying a town with water. Thus, probably, the City of Salt has stood there. The cairn at the foot of the Salt Mountain, called Um-Mzoghah, I do not think myself justified in taking to be ruins of a town or fortification, from the very fact of the absence of water. Robinson, too, seems not to consider Um-Mzoghah as a ruin.

Um-Mzoghah, it will be observed, is spoken of in this passage in a much more subdued tone than before; add to which, is there not every probability that the City of Salt, enumerated by Joshua as one of the cities of Judah in connexion with En-gedi, was the same as Sodom? The vale of Siddim, in which was Sodom, is spoken of in Scripture as synonymous with the Salt Sea. Zephaniah speaks of Sodom and Gomorrah as salt pits; and we have seen that Stephen notices the proximity of Sodom and En-gedi. Robinson also says that "the position of the Salt Mountain, at the south end of the Dead Sea, enables us to ascertain the place of the 'Valley of Salt' mentioned in Scripture; where the Hebrews under David, and again under Amaziah, gained decisive victories over Edom. This valley could well have been no other than the Ghar, south of the Dead Sea, adjacent to the Mountain of Salt; it separates, indeed, the ancient territories of Judah and Edom. Somewhere in the neighbourhood lay also, probably, the 'City of Salt,' enumerated along with En-gedi as in the desert of Judah."

It seems to us that, whatever may be the result of this discussion, whether it be confirmed by future travellers that ruins do or do not exist at the foot of the Salt Mountain, that the proximity of Sodom to that mountain is rendered extremely probable; and the full understanding and even the chance of a successful investigation of the destruction of that city has been very much retarded by the reliance hitherto placed by biblical scholars and geographers upon the assumption of its being on the east side of the lake or buried in its waters. Sodom existed, according to Scripture, before the advent of Abraham and Lot; and therefore before the birth of the father of the Moabites. The latter possessed themselves of the country of the Emims, on the east side of the Dead Sea, previous to the Exodus; but there is no proof that even at that time, and subsequently when hostilities broke out with the Hebrews, that they did not also hold the Salt Valley—the first home of their fathers—at all events until the time of Joshua, when En-gedi and the City of Salt became enumerated among the conquests of Judah. With regard to Zoar, the case may have been different; it appears to have been in that district which was afterwards the country of the Moabites, at the foot of the mountains, at the south-eastern extremity of the Dead Sea, not far from the Valley of Salt, and as Jerome has it, *in finibus Moabitarum*. It was this peculiarity of situation which probably, with the favour of Heaven, saved it from the destruction which befel the four other primeval cities.

This being the case, the probabilities still remain that profane history and tradition are right; and that the popularly received opinion that some of the doomed cities are entombed in the waters of the Dead Sea is correct. These cities lay at the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, which may be supposed to have been filled up with water shortly after the local subsidence which took place at the time of their destruction; whilst Sodom being nearer to the Salt Mountains, which still preserve its name,

than the other cities, yet so near to Zoar, on the opposite shore, as to have enabled Lot and his daughters to reach that city between break of day and sunrise, before the waters of the Dead Sea had filled up the southerly subsidence, may still present traces at the foot of the Salt Mountains, where De Saulcy avers to have detected such; or, if buried beneath the waters, it would be at no great distance from the south-westerly shore. The width of the Dead Sea at the point in question is not so great as to forbid the first of these hypotheses. At the point where there still exists a ford across the sea, and which may be considered as the neck of the subsidence, it is barely five English miles from shore to shore; and from the supposed site of Sodom to that of Zoar, also the line of a ford in Kiepert's map, it is from ten to twelve miles—ten in Kiepert's map of Arabia Petræa, and twelve in that of Palestine, drawn for Robinson's "Biblical Researches." In Van de Velde's map it is only ten—not an impossible distance, in a hasty flight, between break of day and the time when the sun "was risen upon the earth."

The chief argument to be adduced against such an hypothesis would be the earnest manner in which Lot interceded for the devoted city as being "near to flee to;" but, after all, this was only in comparison with the mountains to which the patriarch was bid to escape by the angels, and the nearest mountains were those of Moab beyond Zoar.

HER MAJESTY'S OPPOSITION.

BY DOCTOR PINCH.

Now the thing for me
 Were a member to be
 Of her Majesty's Opposition.
 Marry, I'd wring the withers and blench
 The cheeks of the dons on the Treasury bench,
 And flood them with derision!
 To talk as I please,
 With no object on earth
 But those Benchers to tease,
 And excite the mirth
 Of friends beside me and friends behind me,
 While no other limit or law confined me—
 Oh 'twere pleasant to be
 Such a member free
 Of her Majesty's Opposition!
 From a two-hours' speech I'd never flinch,
 Or a four-hours', as sure as my name is PINCH,
 To harry and worry the Treasury bench,
 Now rate them as niggards, now bid them retrench,
 And ever the nail of my argument clench
 With broad-sword Latin or small-sword French,
 All to show up their false position.

Once having fix'd the Speaker's eye,—
 PALMERSTON, elderly evergreen,
 I'd ask, with exuberant sympathy,
 How he fiked "sitting under" LORD ABERDEEN;
 And how his smart youth could get on indeed
 With Old Imbecility run to seed?
 To LORD JOHN I'd have cutting things to say
 On the broken first fiddle he once used to play;
 A puissant Premier then, I trow,
 But reduced to a *sub*, and a snubb'd one, now.

Mr. GLADSTONE I'd congratulate—
 High theorist upon *Church and State*,
 Oxford's own child, nay for Rome design'd
 As not less than kin and more than kind—
 Him I'd congratulate, after a sort,
 On fraternity with the cause of mobs,
 And hope it agreed with him well to consort
 With the long-hair'd editor of Hobbes,
 With the borough-men's pattern thorough-goer,
 The democrat Westminster Reviewer,
 All for ballot and popular sway,
 And for letting mobility have its own way,
 Follow its nose to its royal content,
 And "go the whole hog" to the top of its bent.

And then at bold GRAHAM I'd let fly,
 And all his antecedents rout,
 His weathercock shifts, his veerings about,
 And turn his statesmanship inside out,
 Till the welkin rang with a senate's shout,
 The veteran trimmer to shame and scout,
 Or I'd "know the reason why."

Nor would I forget to have my fling
 At Mr. JAMES WILSON's *Economist-ics*,
 And figures, and all that sort of thing,
 And big blue-book statistics;
 And at SYDNEY HERBERT's revelations
 On the subject of transports, camps, and rations;
 And at CARDWELL's prosy elucidations
 Of railway rule and the Wealth of Nations;
 And at FITZROY's cautious explanations,
 And Mr. KEOGH's self-justifications,
 And th' ATTORNEY-GENERAL's lucubrations,
 Delays, demurs, equivocations,
 And *ex officio* mystifications,
 And then the LORD ADVOCATE's speechifications
 For brither Scots, and such transformations
 As that of VILLIERS from agitations
 In Anti-Corn Law leagues, to recline
 At ease, "not dead but spacheless,"
 And as that of OSBORNE, once so fine
 And airy a chartered libertine
 For sauce and badinage matchless,

Her Majesty's Opposition.

But now a good boy, duly taught by SAA JAMES
 To hold his tongue, and to prize the booty
 Of Government place, and to leave his wild games
 To teach the old salts their duty.

And I'd laugh *ad lib.* (and *ultra*) at WOOD'S
 True wooden sea-saw platitudes,
 And at that disastrous Cabinet plight
 Which caused once more a spint *Gray*
 (One had hoped the broad were excused quite)
 To join other bad spirits black and white,
 Mingle mingle as they may.

And I'd set SIR JOHN YOUNG by the ears, you know,
 With the Pope's brass band, till they bluster'd rarely,
 And I'd say civil things to MR. LOWE,
 All to move the spleen of his *chef*, SIR CHARLIE.
 And I'd criticise MR. HATTEK's snivility,
 And his tact in keeping stray votes in order,
 And MR. FRED. FEEL's precocious gravity,
 And Counsellor Silvertongue BETHELL's soft-sawdor.

They might call me fractious,
 Personal, factious,
 And cough with spite
 While I talk'd all night,
 And crow with the early morning ;
 But I'd give them my mind
 Cheer'd by friends behind,
 Cough and groan and Chanticleer scorning.
 " Question ! " should be no question for me,
 Nor the chorus for a division,
 Till I'd shown them the power of a member-free
 Of her Majesty's Opposition.
 " All the Talents," one by one,
 I'd twit, and banter, and *rile* (such fun !)
 And I'd do, and I'd do, till I was done :
 With afflictions sore
 Long time I'd bore
 The small and the great of 'em o'er and o'er,
 My strictures, if need be, with ample store
 Of Flowers of Billingsgate adorning :
 By the great Bude light
 I'd scold all night,
 And I wouldn't go home till morning.

THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE.

BY DUDLEY COSWELL.

THE readers of the *New Monthly* have not, I hope, forgotten that the *Stichfast* steamer, from London to Boulogne, got aground last month on the French coast between Ambleteuse and Cape Grisnez, and that her passengers landed at the little village of Audresselles to pursue the rest of their journey on *terra firma*, in defiance of the opposition made to that movement by the steamer's irritable commander, Captain Nettle. I have nothing more to record of the proceedings of the last-named individual, save that he floated his vessel off at the next tide and took her safely into port, under a considerable press of growling and swearing, which, as there were no passengers left on board, was expended on the crew. Something, however, remains to be told of what befel the ladies and gentlemen whose "Trip" I have undertaken to describe, and the following pages are dedicated to that purpose.

A line of march is often a very straggling sort of affair, even with the best regulated armies, and as the travellers from the *Stichfast* made no pretensions to order or regularity, but got on how they could, it is not surprising that they did not "keep up" very closely. I cannot, therefore, give a detailed account of the movements of the whole party, but must confine myself to the select few whose fortunes I have hitherto followed.

The vehicle which held Mrs. Crake and her fair daughter, also provided accommodation for Mr. Sawkins, who was excepted from the general category of pedestrians on account of the severity of his corns and general physical debility. It was that description of carriage which in Paris is called a "coucou," in the provinces a "patache," and with us might be designated a covered cart without springs, very much off its balance, and throwing all the weight upon the collar.

The order of march was as follows :

Mr. Pike announced at starting, in language of his own, that he would lead "the wau," but as a measure of precaution, and indeed for what he (as well as Prince Gortschakoff) called "strategical reasons," he "threw out" Messrs. Shum and Snoddy as "wedettes," with particular instructions not to suffer themselves to be "outflanked" or "cut off;" selecting for his "staff," whom he prudently directed to keep close beside him for fear of a "surprise," Mr. Worts, who was invested with the rank of brigade major, and Mr. Twigg with that of aide-de-camp. Albert Criddle, in whose bearing gallantry and manliness were alike conspicuous, took up a position near the *patache*, where he could see and converse with, as well as protect the object of his affections; Ruggles, of the nautical mind, "kept a bright look out," as he phrased it, "on the weather-quarter," which, in plain English meant, on the other side of the cart; and Mr. Crake, being relieved from the care of attending to either wife or daughter, fraternised with the gentleman in the *blouse* who owned the *patache* and drove it, sometimes sitting on the shaft, and sometimes—indeed, very often—rushing forward to tug at the horse's

bridle and urge him forward with the butt-end of his whip and untranslatable maledictions.

That Mr. Pike acted with consummate judgment in sending Messrs. Shum and Snoddy in front to feel the way, instead of undertaking that task himself, was very soon made apparent, for they had not proceeded half a mile before they suddenly floundered up to their waists in a bog. It is true that Achille, the *patache*-proprietor, shouted to them to keep to the right, and thus avoid the *tourbière*, but as they did not understand a word he said, and had no experience in bog-trotting, they kept, of course, to the left, and were—as Mr. Crake remarked—"in for it." The getting out again involved them in a good deal of dirt and difficulty, and when once they stood on dry land again they declined the duty of pioneering any further, and were ordered by the indignant commander-in-chief to the rear, where they slowly followed the *patache*, the mud and water squelching in their boots at every step they took. Mr. Pike and his staff, profiting by experience, also "fell back on the main body," and in the course of an hour "debouched" upon Ambleteuse, "right in front"—that is to say, Ambleteuse was right in front of them, and they entered it.

As the French people are the earliest risers in the world—some suppose they never go to bed—the whole population of the village was what Mr. Crake called "on the kee-vee," and showed quite as much curiosity as was agreeable to the unexpected travellers: rather more, perhaps, than was altogether pleasant to Messrs. Shum and Snoddy, whose mud-bath had not greatly improved their personal appearance. A few words, however, from Achille explained the meaning of this sudden invasion, and they were not made prisoners, as Mr. Sawkins had anticipated when first the party were surrounded. On the contrary, a breakfast of bread, milk, and eggs was purveyed at the little inn, which, by-the-by, bears the sign of "*Le maquereau frais*," and thus cheered and refreshed—the gentlemen "topping off" with small glasses of fiery brandy, known in the neighbouring camp as "*sacré-chien*"—the pilgrims once more pursued their route.

They stood in need of a little brandy, even if it was not exactly the best of its kind, for they had a long pull across the country to Maquinghen, and from thence to Wimille. There is something in a French hill which makes it seem as if you could never get to the top of it, and something in a French cross-road which very much makes you wish that you had never set foot on it. The hills which Messrs. Pike and Company breasted, and the roads along which they laboured, sufficiently tested their mettle, and what Mr. Sawkins suffered in the hinder part—of the *patache*—where he was not provided, like the ladies, with a cushion, has since supplied him with a subject that bids fair to rival the reminiscences of Coxheath.

On an eminence just above Wimille the party came in sight of the camp, and halted to view it and take breath at the same time; Mr. Pike, as skilful in castrametation as in most other military matters, openly condemned the huts which, he said, were not near so "soldier-like" as tents and marquees, his principal reason being, that "you couldn't strike 'em and carry 'em off in the baggage-waggings." Mr. Pike would have amplified on this theme, but the ladies and Mr. Sawkins

feeling somewhat uncomfortable at the dangerous proximity of so many thousands of armed men, urged Achille to get on as fast as he could, and again the *cortège* moved on. Not, however, without being espied, for at a turn of the road two persons came near to reconnoitre their early visitors.

Achille, addressing himself to Miss Isabel Crake, observed: "Ce sont des officiers," and that young lady craning forward to see what French officers were like, very nearly fell out of the *patache*. She luckily recovered herself in time, but the slight accident was observed by the officers, who made a movement in advance to assist her, but finding that their services were not necessary they took off their caps and made her a low bow. Miss Crake blushed at the compliment and drew back, but the apparition of those two officers dwelt on her memory long after they were left behind, and it was probably owing to them that she did not address another word to Albert Criddle until they arrived at Boulogne, when she remarked, in a very supercilious manner, as he offered to assist her from the *patache*, that "English politeness was too rare a thing ever to be neglected."

The truth is, that when the fair Isabel so nearly lost her seat, Mr. Criddle was looking another way and did not perceive what the French officers noticed. But he saw them bow to his beloved, and this, coupled with the rebuke administered by Miss Crake, awakened in him a feeling very near akin to jealousy, and caused him to remark to his bosom friend, Ruggles, that "there was nothing manly about French officers;" adding, savagely, that "their wide trowsers were just like petticoats!"

The latter part of Mr. Criddle's remark was true enough; but, on the score of manliness, it is probable his opinion betrayed some prejudice. I have seen and will describe the objects of his animadversion, and then you may judge for yourself.

Captain Prosper Chasseloup, of the 38th Regiment of the line, was one of the tallest men in the French army, with shoulders of Herculean breadth and a waist of wasp-like dimensions; his native Provence and the sun of Africa had given him a complexion the colour of mahogany, and black as a coal were his spade-shaped beard and twisted moustache. His companion, Théophile Tanfin, the chirurgéon-major of the same regiment, was a very different looking sort of person; he, too, had been exposed to the rays of many a scorching sun, but what had bronzed the one had simply blistered the other, and he gave you the idea of a man who had just been scalded, an impression which was heightened by his very close-cut hair, through which you saw the red skin shining. Tanfin was as short and fat as Chasseloup was tall and muscular; good humour played over the blunt features of the surgeon, while a martial ferocity characterised those of the captain; neither were very remarkable for refinement, but no one could deny that they looked very showy and splendid.

These two gallant officers had replaced the *képis* on their heads, their hands were once more thrust into the pockets of their ample red trousers, and the following colloquy ensued between them:

"Sais-tu, mon cher Théophile," said the captain, "que cette jeune personne est très bien!"

"Par exemple, Prosper!" replied Tanfin, "je la trouve délicieuse!"

"Hein!" ejaculated Chasseloup.

"Parole d'honneur!" returned the surgeon.

And then there was a short pause, during which each lit a cigar.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?" exclaimed Chasseloup, resuming the interrupted conversation.

"Oh donc?" demanded his friend, whose eyes had been following the retreating *patache*.

"Là bas," said Chasseloup, striding forward till he reached a small bush where something white was fluttering, which he stooped to pick up.

"As-tu attrapé quelque chose, Prosper?"

"Je crois bien, Théophile; voilà un très joli moucheir! Tiens! il y a un nom brulé au coin!"

"A qui est-ce, alors?"

"Je ne saurais te dire. Nous allons voir."

And the two officers sat down on the turf to examine the handkerchief closer.

"I-s-a-b-e-l," said the captain, spelling; "voilà un beau nom de baptême! L'autre est plus dur: C-r-a-k-e, crack,—qu'est-ce que ça veut dire!"

The little surgeon mused for a moment; then he observed:

"Ce n'est pas un nom Français; mais c'est toujours le nom d'un individu."

"Dis plutôt de cette jeune personne que nous venons de voir. Elle l'a laissé tomber. O comme ça sent le mûre!"

"Je parie qu'elle est Anglaise," said Tanfin, with the air of a man who had made a great discovery.

"Tu te connais donc en Anglaises?" observed Chasseloup.

"Pas du tout," rejoined the other; "je n'en ai jamais vu; pas plus que toi!"

"Comment donc as-tu trouvé qu'elle est Anglaise?"

"Parce qu'elle n'est pas Française; y a pas mèche!"

The logic of the chirurgien-major was not very convincing; but logic is of little consequence when you think you are right, and Tanfin was not only perfectly satisfied, but easily inclined his friend to his own opinion.

Releasing himself from the pressure of two buttons, the athletic captain thrust the perfumed handkerchief into his bosom, and the bugle sounding at that moment, the officers returned to their military duties, one, if not both of them, desperately smitten with the fair Englishwoman.

It does not take long to acclimatise English people at Boulogne, and on the day after his arrival Mr. Crake declared that he felt himself quite at home.

"That's to say," he observed confidentially to Albert Criddle, as they met on the pier before breakfast, "as much at home as one can be in a foreign land. Damme, Sir, there's nothing foreign here but the language, and the money, and the people;—it's only fengs for shillings, van ordinaire for beer, and 'comhang' for 'what's the price of this here article?' To be sure," he added, "their ways ain't ours exactly, but they can't help that, and if you take 'em in the lump I don't think they're such bad fellers after all! Come up and have some breakfast. Criddle, Bell will be glad to see you, and so will Mrs. Crake; I'll be bound she's been into

the marshy already ; five-and-twenty eggs for a shilling would take any woman out of her bed at daylight."

Marketing was, in fact, the stockbroker's greatest pleasure ; it seems, indeed, to be the one object for which the greater part of our countryman go to Boulogne. That he might lose no opportunity Mr. Crake had taken a lodging in the Place d'Alton, directly opposite the principal entrance to the church of St. Nicholas.

"I've got the whole of an 'ouse," he continued, "except the shop, and from my drawing-room, Sir, on the first-floor, I can marshandy as much as I please. Why it was only last night I bought as fine a young goose for three frongs as ever you set eyes on. The poultry-woman hides it up in the marshy, and looking at me as I was standing at the window, with my hands in my pockets, 'Tray bong, muserer,' says she : 'Com-bang,' says I ; 'Bant frong,' says she ; 'Don,' says I,—and walks away and sets down to dinner in our sallong. Damme, Sir, I'd hardly took my seat and was just helping the pottage, when I heard a devil of a clatter on the stairs, bang open flies the door, and in busts the poultry-woman swinging the goose by the neck. Down she plumps it on the dinner-table and says she'll let me have it for four frongs ; I offer her three, she takes it, and leaves the goose behind : that's what I call the way to marshandy."

Mr. Crake forgot to add that when the cook saw his purchase she informed him he had been "dona," but as the stockbroker refused to acknowledge the fact she privately determined to add fifty per cent. more to everything she bought for household consumption, and she never swerved from that resolve.

The apartments in the Place d'Alton were, however, pleasant enough for those who did not mind noise. "You could see everything that was going on," said Mr. Crake. "And he seen by everybody," thought the fair Isabel, and, "for the sake of the costumes," which were "so picturesque," she took up a permanent position with her drawing-materials at one of the windows ; the stockbroker, while he was in the house, occupied another ; and Mrs. Crake, with her netting, filled up a third.

Albert Criddle had not taken a lodging, giving the preference to a boarding-house, "because," as he said, "at the table-dots you get hold of the language so much quicker." He therefore, at the instigation of Ruggles, who was attracted by the name, took up his quarters at O'Leary's "Marine Boarding House," where all the guests were English, and the Anglo-French tongue was spoken in the greatest purity. Mr. Sawkins was also an inmate of the same establishment, and so was the gallant Mr. Pike ; what became of the rest of the passengers of the *Starfish*, I never knew.

The kindness of Isabel towards Mr. Criddle at the close of their journey, or the novelty of the situation—I am not sure which—had caused that young man to throw himself headlong into all the dissipation of the Marine Boarding House. He lost a bottle of champagne in a reckless bet with Mr. O'Leary, the very first day he dined there,—as did Ruggles ; and he also lost ten francs at courté to the same gentleman on the same evening—Ruggles likewise participating. The two friends were, however, consoled for their losses by the information they acquired, Mr. O'Leary kindly putting them up to all that was going on at Boulogne,

except what he kept back on his own account. It was he who described to Mr. Criddle the splendours of the "Etablissement," how once a week there was a regular ball there, and every evening "the best society."

Primed with this knowledge, which he rightly judged would make his presence more welcome to Miss Crake, the manly Albert accepted the stockbroker's invitation and accompanied him to the Place d'Alton. Isabel, when he entered, was in the act of sketching the market-place, with the Corps-de-Garde in the distance, beautifully proportioned and wonderfully out of perspective; her reception of him was the more gracious as he began by saying he was "passionately fond of drawing," and vowed the sketch was as good as anything at the "Oyal Academy;" nor did it diminish in warmth when he imparted some of the information which he had gathered at O'Leary's. He had already been down to have a look at the Etablissement; it was his intention, he said, "to subscribe for a month;" and he earnestly advised Mrs. Crake to take a family season-ticket. When this recommendation was enforced by the expression of Isabel's wish to that effect, the stockbroker at once agreed, and the whole party were formally entered the same morning.

Albert Criddle was neither Macbeth nor Orestes, but he was as much the victim of destiny as either. Had he known how fatal the Etablissement was to be to his dearest hopes, he would, as he afterwards solemnly declared to Ruggles, "he would 'ather have found a grave beneath its 'ains than have 'itten his name down as a subscriber!"—a fearful avowal which I almost shudder to record.

But great as the attraction of the Etablissement might be, there was an attraction at Boulogne greater far, respecting which Albert Criddle had been silent. Whether from accident or design he had said nothing about the Camp on the heights. But Isabel Crake had not forgotten it; and the beautifully foreshortened guard-house would alone have reminded her of "the military," if her memory had proved treacherous, which was not the case. She very distinctly remembered, not only that the Camp existed, but that amongst the officers lodged there was the tallest and handsomest man she had ever seen, "with *such* eyes and such a *lovely* pair of moustaches." Accordingly, she never rested till she had found out all about the Camp from Mademoiselle Clorinde, the little *modiste* in the Rue de l'Ecu, where she went the first thing to order the bonnet which her papa had promised. That voluble damsel told her, without much pressing, that there were two days in the week, Thursdays and Sundays, when the bands played and all the world went there; that she herself never meant to miss a single Sunday as long as the Camp lasted, and would go every day if she could; that it was so gay, the officers were so agreeable; that it was, in short, Heaven;"—which was saying as much for the Camp as was possible, and far more than was likely.

If, however, the Camp fell short of celestial attributes, it had many earthly ones to recommend it. So at least thought Isabel Crake, after hearing the flattering report of Mademoiselle Clorinde, who, with true womanly sympathy, vowed she would put everything else aside that the bonnet might be ready for immediate execution. She kept her word, I am happy to say; the bonnet was an extremely pretty one, and Miss

Crake looked "*ravissante*" when she put it on, which was, of course, the instant it came home.

To get up a party for a visit to the Camp was a thing very speedily effected. An open carriage held Mr. and Mrs. Crake, the fair Isabel and Mr. Sawkins, who came by invitation from O'Leary's; as did also Mr. Pike, who sat on the box, and Albert and Ruggles, who occupied the rumble.

Mr. Sawkins, having recovered from the fatigues of the impromptu journey from Audresselles, had made himself up for ladies, and came out in great force in a white hat and nankeen trousers and gaiters, with a clove pink in his button-hole and lemon-coloured kid gloves; he was, moreover, highly odorous of lavender-water, and altogether presented as fine a specimen of the buck-antique as can readily be met with now-a-days. His compliments were not the newest, nor his anecdotes the most racy that can be imagined, but such as they were he dribbled them out "in one weak, washy, everlasting flow" from the time of leaving the Place d'Alton until the carriage arrived within sight of the Camp. Unmindful of that circumstance—indeed, unconscious of it, for he sat with his back to the horses—he was in the act of relating how he and the late Lord Pumpnickel, whom he remembered to have seen at the Opera the first night of Catalani's appearance in London, were of exactly the same age, "which he ventured to call a curious coincidence"—when he was cut short by a shout of delight from Mr. Pike, who intimated from his place of 'vantage, that "the enemy were debouching from a masked battery on the left flank," which military expression, reduced to more accurate terms, meant simply that the men were forming on their separate parade-grounds, there being no enemy, no masked battery, and no debouching, except in Mr. Pike's ardent imagination. The announcement was, however, quite sufficient to direct the general attention of the party to the scene before them, and Mr. Sawkins was obliged to reserve the remainder of the anecdote about Lord Pumpnickel till a more favourable occasion; no very great deprivation to his audience, for it was of a kind that would keep.

The heights on which the French army are encamped are not quite so level as a bowling-green, and before the carriage had proceeded very far from the high road it was suggested by one of the party—need I say, by Mr. Sawkins?—that it would, perhaps, be pleasanter to alight and walk over the ground. This proposition was distasteful to none: it gave Albert Criddle the opportunity of offering his arm to Isabel, and enabled the stockbroker to stretch his legs; so the driver was ordered to follow slowly with the carriage, and the suggestion of Mr. Sawkins was adopted.

As the day was Sunday the military operations of the troops were limited to a roll-call, after which they were dismissed to amuse themselves as they felt inclined. A good many made their liberty available for an excursion to the town and harbour, others straggled across the country in various directions, but the greater number remained in camp, desirous of doing the honours to the crowds of visitors who came flocking from all parts. They were of every kind and degree, not the least conspicuous amongst them being the class of which Mademoiselle Clorinde was an ornament; indeed, it may be safely said that the toilettes of these

ladies eclipsed all the rest. If I were to say what article of their costume made the greatest impression on Ruggles—who was of a highly impressionable nature—I should say that, in all probability, it was their *chaussure*, he having a decided partiality for “a neat foot and ankle,” which he saw to the greatest advantage in *bottines* of the most delicate hue,—the palest blue, the faintest fawn, the snowiest white, rivaling each other at every fresh development; and these developments were frequent, for the roughness of the ground made it indispensable that those who had neat feet and ankles should exhibit them.

Mr. Sawkins, who was wiser in his generation than Ruggles, or perhaps less susceptible, reserved his admiration for the “tact” which “the battalions”—as he delighted to call them, making a mouthful of the word every time—“the battalions” displayed “in transferring the comforts of private life to, he might perhaps be allowed to say, the threshold of war,” which figure of speech had allusion to the part of the Camp occupied by the engineers. The men belonging to this branch of the service had, indeed, turned their constructive powers to some account, not only in the compactness with which their own huts were built, but in the decorations by which they were surrounded. The *quartier du génie* was quite a model Versailles—or *guingette*, whichever you please—with its sofas, chairs, and tables, its columns, vases, and temples,—all made of clay, covered with turf and ornamented in a way which the ingenious brain of a Frenchman could alone devise. The eagle of the Empire was thus moulded;—the cock of victory, slightly sunburnt, thus set up; picked out in cockle-shells—the descendants, perhaps, of some of those gathered on the same shores by Claudius—appeared the initials of Louis Napoleon, in many instances interlaced with those of the Empress; and more than one inscription proclaimed the alliance of France with England, and denounced, in language tolerably strong, the disturber of the peace of Europe. The regiments of the line were simpler in their contrivances; the ornamentation of their quarters being chiefly confined to landscape gardening. Street-nomenclature was, however, common to the whole Camp; Rues d’Austerlitz, de Jéna, de Moscou, and de Marengo, were in abundance, and at the end of one of them was an *affiche* on which was painted a hand pointing to the north and bearing the inscription: “*À Saint Petersbourg.*”

Isabel Crake was delighted with all she saw; “there was so much taste and ingenuity in the French; it was no matter, they really *did*; no, the English could *not* come up to them!” These assertions would have been disputed by Albert Criddle, had they been uttered by another person, but he did not venture to do more than “damn with faint praise,” expressing it as his opinion that “the thing” was “’ather pitty,” but that “the troops” were “too small to ‘uff it when it came to the scratch; the sort of men *he* liked to see were the Bittish Gammediers.”

“Some of them are tall enough,” thought Isabel Crake, “unless my memory deceives me!” And from that moment the words of Albert Criddle fell on her ear—(to use a simile of her own, in a letter she wrote the next day to her dearest friend “Miss Matilda Bigg, Villa Marina, Saint John’s Wood”)—“like withered leaves upon the housetop!”

But everything at the Camp was not intended solely to please the eye; the visitors, as they passed along, were gratified by admirable military

music, our own national anthem being the regular *prière de résistance* of each successive band. The melody was better played than the name of the air was pronounced, for at the close of the performance in a part of the Camp where the Crakes and their friends had joined a circle of listeners, a very stout little officer who stood beside the stockbroker took off his large cocked-hat, and making a low bow informed him with a smile that the band of his regiment had just done themselves the pleasure of playing "Goat shave de Quin!"

Mr. Crake, with true British politeness, burst into a horse-laugh on receiving this intimation, but the stout little officer was by no means disconcerted; he repeated the words and then joined in the general laughter, which he took for our national mode—and, perhaps, he was not far wrong—of returning a compliment; upon which the stockbroker put forth his hand and gave him a hearty shake, telling him he was a devilish good fellow.

Hearing her father's voice, Isabel turned in that direction, and to her surprise—perhaps, I may add, to her satisfaction—beheld not only the little chirurgéon-major of the 38th of the line, but the towering form of Prosper Chasseloup. An instantaneous recognition took place, and the tall officer, quick to perceive that he was not unremembered, immediately stepped forward, and addressing Isabel, expressed the great delight he felt at the honour conferred upon the Camp by her presence.

Miss Crake having profited by the studies which she had pursued at Montpellier House, Kensington, under the immediate eye of Professeur Le Foutreux ("a native of Paris"), was perfectly capable of replying to Captain Chasseloup, and therefore a slight hesitations which marked her manner must rather be ascribed to timidity than want of knowledge; her embarrassment, however, lasted but a very short time, and as her fluency increased so did the stockbroker's pride at possessing such a miracle of a daughter.

"Listen to Bell, now," he said to Albert Criddle, giving him a nudge with his elbow as he spoke; "that's something like: you'll find the real thing there, and no mistake. Professor Furry told me himself he never had a pupil that came near her. I'm dished if she don't beat the Frenchman at his own weapons!"

Albert Criddle looked as if he should have liked to have beaten him too, and that with anything he could have laid his hands on, but there were reasons why he forbore: in the first place it would not have been "manly" to do so in the presence of ladies; in the next, however personally obnoxious, the captain was one of our allies; and lastly, when he surveyed the Frenchman's thews and sinews, it struck him as not improbable that—Briton though he was—he might get rather the worst of it; so he contented himself with looking daggers, if he used none.

Prosper Chasseloup had all the quickness of intelligence which distinguishes the people of Provence, and saw at a glance that Albert Criddle was an admirer of Isabella Crake; he conjectured, moreover, from indications perceptible only to a very rapid observer, that the lady did not care much about her companion. To consider him as a rival whose pretensions were dangerous was, therefore, quite out of the question, and he simply set him down as a convenient cousin, perhaps a brother. By adopting this course he could, without difficulty, afford to be polite, though every mark of politeness which he bestowed upon the manly

Criddle was gall and wormwood to him. What vexed that gentleman more than anything else was the circumstance of his understanding so very little of the conversation which seemed to afford such remarkable pleasure to the exulting stockbroker; though the satisfaction of Mr. Crake himself might have been less had he known as much of female *penchants* as he did of "preference" shares of a different description.

To show the English party over the ground occupied by the 38th was a duty eagerly performed by Captain Chasseloup and Surgeon-Major Tanfin. Its situation was the pleasantest of any, being on the slope of a hill which commanded a magnificent view of the sea, with glimpses of little bays winding in, caught between the bold promontories that broke the line of the coast. The stockbroker was desirous of pointing out the heights of Dover, but had left his glass in the carriage, and, *nolens volens*, Albert Criddle was sent back to fetch it. In the mean time the camp of the 38th was examined, Mr. Crake leading the way with Isabel on his arm, and occasionally volunteering a second-hand translation, for the general behoof, of the explanations offered by Captain Chasseloup, who walked on the other side of his daughter.

"Is it not a charming idea, papa? this beautiful garden, made, Captain Chasseloup says, with his own hands, is shaped like the *Croix de la Legion d'Honneur*; he wears one you perceive, only smaller, on his own breast. Those *parterres*, too, filled with red and blue and white flowers, represent the national *drapeaux*—borne so often to victory!"

"The *crass* of the Legion," said Mr. Crake, "and the national *drappoes*; you see 'em, Pike,—quite in your way, ain't they? Oh, here's Criddle,—thank'ee my boy,—I say, that's the Capten's *craw*!"

"D—n his *caw*," muttered the irritated Albert; "I wish I was in it, I'd soon stangle him!" And, having given vent to this friendly sentiment, he dropped to the rear and joined the pensive Ruggles, whom he found still absorbed in thoughts of twinkling feet and many-coloured *bettimes*.

It would occupy more time than I have at my command were I to relate all that was said and done, *de part et d'autre*, by our English friends and their courteous hosts; even that which interested the fair Isabel herself must be left untold, to enable me to record the issue of her visit to the Camp. You may fancy, however, that something did interest her when I mention, that after she was gone Captain Prosper Chasseloup very nearly stifled little Tanfin in his ardent embrace, as he exclaimed: "Ah, cette charmante miss! Elle m'a promis d'aller demain soir au bal de l'Etablissement!"

If, therefore, there was "a sound of revelry by night" in the gay *salon* on the beach which the Anglo-Boulonnaises love so well; if the prettiest girl in the room was waltzing with the tallest and handsomest officer there; if, darkly scowling apart, a gloomy face was seen whose lineaments resembled those of Albert Criddle, is it necessary to say that Isabel Crake had kept her promise, and that Prosper Chasseloup was intensely happy?

"I'ehad," said Albert to his faithful shadow, as they stood in the doorway,—*"what would you do if you was me?"*

"I'd take the wind out of that chap's sails and dance with her myself," replied Ruggles, responding to the appeal.

Mr. Criddle waited till the music ceased and then strode forward.

"Next set?" he asked, with as much indifference as he could assume.

"Thank you," replied Isabel, scarcely turning her head, "I am engaged."

"When then? The one afta?"

Isabel made no answer, and Albert repeated the question.

"I wish you would not tease so, Mr. Criddle. I'm engaged all the evening. Besides, the next is not a quadrille."

"I can dance otha things, Miss Cake, besides quadilla, and make otha people dance too!"

"Then I wish you'd look for a partner somewhere else, Mr. Criddle."

"Look!" ejaculated Criddle, who, by-the-by, had a cast in his eye—"look!"

And he cast a withering scowl at Chasseloup. But it did no damage in that quarter, though a good deal in another, for glancing off the French officer's elbow, it fell full upon the stockbroker, who was sitting on the other side of the room.

"What the devil does Criddle mean?" said he to himself, "by looking at me in that kind of way!"

Chasseloup saw that something had gone wrong with Albert, but affected to be ignorant of the cause.

"Vous voulez trouver un vis-à-vis, monsieur?" he said with a smile "Mais je me trompe, ce n'est pas une contredanse cette fois; au contraire, c'est un polka. Apparemment, monsieur, vous n'avez par de partenaire. Mademoiselle me ferez-vous l'honneur!"

The next moment Isabel and Prosper were in rapid motion, and Albert Criddle discharged another of his fatal glances, which a second time missed the mark and again took effect on the stockbroker, who this time became downright angry, and straightway registered one of those famous vows of his about "bringing him up by-and-by."

"What's a vizzavee, 'Uggle?" asked Albert, as soon as he reached his friend. "You've got your pocket Nugent about you; just look."

Ruggles took out his little dictionary, and finding the word after some trouble, having looked for it under the letter W, replied:

"'Wizzawee'—'opposite.'"

"I thought so," returned Criddle. "Now then, 'Uggle, you'll stand my fend. I needn't tell you of my love for Isabel Cake! You saw me go and ask her to dance. She 'eused me for that long-legged Fenchman, and what do you think he said? 'Voo voolly toovy, un vizzavee musseer,' as much as to say he was 'eady to fight me. I want you, 'Ichad, to take him a message."

Ruggles sympathised sincerely with his friend, for he, too, had known the tender passion, he, too, had been rejected,—“a thing,” he said, “which plays 'ell with a feller's 'appiness,” and gave a prompt assent to Albert's request. The only difficulty was how to manage the form of the *cartel*, whether by writing or by word of mouth.

The two friends withdrew from the room to consult on the matter on the esplanade outside. They came at last to the conclusion that the best way of accomplishing their object would be to wait till the ball broke up, and then for Ruggles to arrest Captain Chasseloup on his way home. The opportunity occurred as they had anticipated. The shadow cast by a dead wall afforded Albert Criddle a place of concealment from whence he could see the faithless Isabel (so he chose to consider her)

handed to her fly by Chasseloup, and hear the cordial "bong swaw" of the stockbroker, as he shook hands with the obnoxious officer. As soon as the fly started, Ruggles stepped out into the moonlight and confronted Chasseloup and Tanfin as they were lighting their cigars. Our friend Ruggles having only got together the few words which he supposed necessary for the occasion, wasted no time in preliminaries, but went to the point at once.

"Musseer Capten," said he, "mong ammy Criddle invite you to meet him demang mattin aveck voter ammy, on the sands here avong dejuny before breakfast."

Only two or three words of this address were intelligible to Prosper Chasseloup, but they were quite sufficient to help him to a conclusion.

"Avec plaisir, monsieur," he replied; "nous n'y manquerons pas. A quelle heure dejeuner-vous?"

Ruggles was in exactly the same situation as the captain had been, but he knew the meaning of "quelle heure," and made answer:

"Sank hoor," musseer."

"Diable!" exclaimed Chasseloup, "c'est assez matinal. Mais nous avons accepté. Où demeurez-vous?"

Ruggles guessed by his manner that the Frenchman was asking him where the meeting was to take place, and pointing to the sands simply said "Lar." Now, as the Hotel du Pavillon was just visible from the spot where they stood, Chasseloup supposed the Englishman's friend there, and in his turn said "Là?" Ruggles nodded: he was at the end of his French, and thinking that he was perfectly understood, merely added "Pistols," and immediately withdrew to join his impatient friend.

"Quels drôles de gens, que ces Anglais!" exclaimed Tanfin. "Dejeuner à cinq heures! C'est incroyable."

"N'importe," replied Chasseloup; "après le déjeuner nous irons voir cette charmante Miss!"

* * * * *

The gallant officer was mistaken. When he reached the Camp he found that an order had just been received from Paris for the 38th to march at daylight to embark on board of one of the English men-of-war at Calais. He was consequently disappointed both of the odd breakfast and of the pleasant flirtation he had anticipated. Albert Criddle was disappointed also,—for after having passed the night in writing a farewell letter to Isabel Crake, and practising with an imaginary weapon till Ruggles came into his room with real ones (which he had borrowed from Mr. O'Leary), he turned out upon the beach intent on cruel slaughter, expecting enemies who never made their appearance. Miss Isabel, too, was disappointed, for instead of Prosper Chasseloup, whose initials she was beginning to work on the corner of a handkerchief, to be exchanged for the one which had been worn beneath the Cross of the Legion of Honour, there arrived—"boring"—as she said—"nobody but Albert Criddle." I leave you to imagine the reception he met with, especially when he began by abusing our gallant allies in general, and Captain Chasseloup in particular. He is not yet restored to the good graces of Miss Crake, who firmly believes that "her hero" was ordered away in consequence of the "impertinent folly" of Albert Criddle, while Albert Criddle feels equally convinced, and has said so a hundred times to Ruggles, that "all Fenchmen are cowwads!"

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY :

OR ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR GRAND-
FATHERS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

If it were possible for us to retrace but three steps down the ladder of time, we should alight into a world which we should not recognise as our own—as rich in curiosities as the buried cities of Italy—and of which, in the course of another generation, we shall know as little about the domestic customs as we do about the every-day life of Etruria. So rapidly do the manners of a nation change. Time leads men into different paths from those in which their grandfathers trod ; and the period of a century frequently makes the generations which it separates as different people from each other as a rolling ocean or leagues of desert country—different in their tastes—different in their ideas—different in their employments—different in their inclinations, as well as in their dress and customs.

England in the present century no more resembles England in the last, than the native inhabitants of Australia resemble those of Africa ; and the progress which science has made, in the invention of gas, and the various applications of steam and electricity, have not only altered the aspects of our streets and the face of our country, but have altered the life, public and private, of ourselves. England may almost be said to have been in a transition state during the last century. Arousing, after the revival of letters, when the religious bigotry which had held her in chains was conquered, and people began to interchange and compare ideas through the extension of the press, she languidly shook off her fetters and began the work of improvement ; but her plans were not yet properly matured, and her social arrangements appear at times strange and eccentric. Out of them our own customs have grown, but they are so changed as to preserve little or no likeness of the originals. Our *criminal code* might be the code of a different country, for all the resemblance it bears to that of 1720—our *modes of travelling* are as much like those which our grandsires pursued, as a locomotive is like a packhorse—our *newspapers*, how different from the diminutive sheets of the last century !—our trim *policeman*, how little he resembles the aged sentinel who woke our grandfathers up every hour in the night, to tell them what o'clock it was !—our well-kept *roads*, how improved upon the old roads, abounding in holes and ruts !—our *cities*, a blaze of light at night, seem to throw the subject of street appearances a hundred years ago into a deeper darkness. Would it, then, be an unprofitable task to inquire into the state in which generations, removed from us only by one or two, existed, and to preserve some memorials of their domestic habits and customs—to collect, in illustration of the history of public affairs, facts connected with every-day life, and to place and arrange them in our Museum ? We think not. We may alternately have cause for congratulation or for regret, as we see the changes which time has

effected; if the former, it should make us more contented with our condition; if the latter, it will open our eyes to the means of improving it.

Why should we allow this particular century to roll away into the ocean of history, without analysing each drop of which it was composed? There is yet a chance of ascertaining how the people who then existed passed their time—how they travelled—how they dressed—what they did, said, and thought; and shall we reject this information, and slight the subject, because it can boast no high antiquity?

Our Museum will, we think, contain some curious specimens, and we will do our best to label and describe them—putting, as it were, the EIGHTEENTH CENTURY carefully away in our cabinet for more able philosophers than ourselves to moralise upon. Such sketches as may be offered of the men and women of the time will be drawn by themselves; the descriptions of their ways of living taken from the books in which they have related them—genuine, authentic, and contemporary; and no assertion will be made but upon the best authority.

Of such materials, then, our Museum will be composed. We throw it open, and invite those who are curious about the life their fathers led before them, to come and see. It is but patchwork, but it is the panorama of a hundred years ago—a view no longer obscured by the fogs and mists of time, for the leading features may be discerned and brought back to the eye.

We have swept the dust from our specimens—come and look at them.

FASHIONABLE LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE follies of fashion have always been considered legitimate marks for the satirist and the playwright to aim their shafts at, which have frequently done more execution among these flimsy trappings of civilisation than the heavy artillery discharged against them by the philosopher or the divine. Addison, and the other essayists, and Fielding, and his brother-novelists, knew how to expose the trumpery in the light in which its transparency was the most obvious, and yet Fashion, poor silly thing! remained true to its principles, at the sacrifice of its reputation; the works of these keen and clever observers were no sooner sought after from their intrinsic value, than she, poor suicide! true to her governing rule of following in the steps of the wealthy and the most shining characters, put her stamp upon the very publications which laughed her to scorn; purchased the ink that poisoned the feathered dart with which they pierced her; in fact, signed the bill of indictment which they had prepared against her. No publications of their time it was more “fashionable” to read and speak of than “The Tatler,” “The Spectator,” and “The Guardian;” yet what were the avowed purposes with which they were written? “To correct,” says the opening address of “The Tatler,” “the follies, foibles, and fashions of the time.”

But it is always so. Every sly inuendo to which we may be equally open, we consider is levelled at our neighbour, and laugh him to scorn, not thinking, or not knowing, we are enjoying a good joke upon ourselves. And thus the world of fashion cried “Good! good!” to the very figure

which it saw but did not recognise in the looking-glass which the essayists and satirists held up to it.

Several of these features of the fashionable world of the last century were so prominent as to demand a separate chapter to themselves, but we may take a general glance at the prevailing tastes and occupations of the "ton," the "beau monde," the "quality," the "town," or whatever other distinctive appellation it may have gone by.

In the last century, the fashionable world resided much nearer to the smoke of London, than would be now considered beneficial to the complexions of a generation which has grown more sparing of the use of paint and cosmetics. The fashionable world disdained not Holborn, and was very aristocratic in Bloomsbury; Bedford-row, Bloomsbury-square, Brunswick-square, Mecklenburg-square, with the streets thereunto appertaining, were its habitations early in the century; then, defying even highwaymen and burglars in its anxiety to escape the threatened invasion of the "merchant princes" from their mansions in Broad-street, Billiter-square, Goodman's-fields, and Bishopsgate, it pushed as far as Hanover-square, Gower-street, and Great Coram-street; thence it dispersed, as the city carrion trod upon its toes, into Piccadilly and Pall-mall. Now it has gone mad, and the impertinence of citizens and traders, who attempted to intrude within its sacred precincts, has forced it to emigrate to the formerly unheard-of regions of Shepherd's Bush, Notting-hill, or Pimlico.

The rents at the West-end of the town appear to have been very moderate in Swift's time; the expense of the journey to and fro was sufficient to exclude the city man of business *then*. Under date "September 21st, 1710," the Dean informs Stella that he has taken lodgings in Bury-street, "the first floor, a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week." This, too, he calls "plaguy dear," and thinks "it will be expensive." In 1733, Alderman Barber (then Lord Mayor), complains to him of his chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Pilkington, giving "the extravagant sum of thirty pounds a year for lodgings," when, if he had lived in the city, he might have got them for ten or twelve. (*Apropos* of rooms and lodgings: the art of paper-hanging was, at this time, seldom called into use. As late as June 27th, 1752, Fielding, in his "Covent Garden Journal," says, "Our printed paper is scarcely distinguishable from the finest silk, and there is scarcely a modern house which hath not *one or more rooms lined with this furniture*." Previously to this time, the better sort of rooms had continued to be hung with tapestry.)

London was then only winter-quarters, and at the time of which we were speaking, when it went out of town (which it did in May, and returned in October), the fashionable world at first resorted to Islington, "to drink the waters," to Hampstead, or to Chelsea. Swift, in his "Journal to Stella," repeatedly alludes to "Addison's country-house at Chelsea;" and, on taking lodgings there himself, talks of the beautiful scent of the new-made hay around, and says he gets quite sunburnt in his journeys to and fro, and whenever he stays late in London, he congratulates himself on having no money, so that he cannot be robbed on his way home. That this was no burlesque, the following confirmatory extracts will show:

"Many persons arrived in town from their country-houses in Marybone."—*Daily Journal*, October 15, 1728.

"The Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole comes to town this day from Chelsea."—*Ibid*.

But even at this distance, Trade hotly pressed again, and Fashion fled in dismay to Tonbridge Wells, Scarborough, Broadstairs, or Bath ("the Bath," as it was then styled). How it has left these, and sought refuge by turns at Dover, Brighton, Worthing, Hastings, Cheltenham, Leamington, Buxton, &c., is within our own memories; in despair, a discomfited fragment of it actually secreted itself at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and thence fled to Weston-super-Mare, but were, we believe, lost in the desert, or starved for want of supplies, and devoured by the hungry aborigines; while others, following the example of the Queen, place time and distance as barriers against the pursuit of Trade, and escape him by getting to the Isle of Wight or the Highlands, where the London tradesman cannot get a day-ticket to enable him to intrude upon them. Paris, Brussels, even the Rhine, are no longer sacred to them; Baden-Baden, Rome, Florence—in none are they secure. What will be the result of this cruel persecution we know not, but may expect the fashionable world will have to take refuge in the Arctic Regions, where it will certainly be *ice-elated* enough, and whence it can send its fashions in "furs and other novelties of the winter season," by the returning whale-ships.

But, to return to the period when the world of fashion lived in Holborn, and went to Islington and Lambeth Wells to drink the waters. We do not often meet with it taking a carriage airing in the Parks, or lounging in Kensington Gardens to hear the band, but its occupations were equally insipid. An old writer (Mackay, in his "Journey through England"), in 1724, describes its proceedings thus:—"The street called Pall-mall is the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the king's palace, the park, the parliament-house, the theatres, and the chocolate and coffee-houses, where the best company frequent. We rise by time, and those that frequent great men's levees find entertainment at them till eleven, or, as in Holland, go to tea-tables. About twelve, the *beau monde* assembles in several chocolate and coffee-houses, the best of which are the Cocoa Tree and White's Chocolate-houses, the Saint James's, the Smyrna, and the British Coffee-houses; and all these so near one another, that in less than an hour you see the company in them all. We are carried to these places in chairs. If it be fine weather, we take a turn in the Park till two, and if it be dirty, you are entertained at piquet or basset at White's, or you may talk politics at the Smyrna or Saint James's. At two we generally go to dinner, and in the evening to the playhouse. After the play, the best company generally go to Tom's and Will's Coffee-houses, near adjoining, where there is playing at piquet and the best of conversation till midnight. Here you will see blue-and-green ribbons and stars sitting familiarly with private gentlemen, and talking with the same freedom as if they had left their quality and degrees of distance at home; or, if you like rather the company of ladies, there are assemblies at most people of quality's houses."

Besides these resorts, another favourite lounge for fashionables of both sexes was the Auction Rooms, at which articles of *vertu*, and nicknackery

of all sorts, were sold; and among the evening entertainments, Fielding enumerates "plays, operas, and oratorios, masquerades and ridottos, assemblies, drums, routs, riots, and hurricanes." At the last six of this list, card-playing, and, in fact, gambling were carried on to a terrible extent; and the four first, especially masquerades, lent a cloak to intrigue and debauchery, and proved the ruin of many of their female devotees.

Occasionally offensive as Fielding's works undeniably are, there is no writer of his time who approaches him for a faithful portraiture of men and manners. In "Joseph Andrews" he has handed down to us the journal of a man of fashion, of a period nearly twenty years later than Mackay's account, which we may quote as the picture, not the caricature, of a day's existence such as a "gentleman of quality" laboured through in the year of grace 1740:

"In the morning I arose, took my great stick, and walked out in my green frock, with my hair in papers, and sauntered about till ten. Went to the Auction; told Lady B. she had a dirty face—laughed heartily at something Captain G. said (I can't remember what, for *I did not very well hear it*)—whispered Lord —, bowed to the Duke of —, and was going to bid for a snuff-box, but did not, *for fear I should have had it.*

"From 2 to 4—dressed myself.

" 4 to 6—dined.

" 6 to 8—Coffee-house.

" 8 to 9—Drury-lane Playhouse.

" 10 to 12—Drawing-room."

This may be presumed to have been the routine in the highest grade of the fashionable world; but our man of quality forfeited its esteem by refusing to fight a duel with an officer of whom he knew nothing, and he accordingly found himself slighted, "Not-at-homed," cut, and finally sent to Coventry by his acquaintance. Fallen from his sphere, he was content to join stars of less magnitude than his old associates, and now allied himself with a lower rank of fashionables—the beaux and loungers of the Temple, which comprised the several classes known as "Bloods," "Bucks," "Macaronies," "Biters," and "Pretty Fellows" generally. The favourite haunts of these worthies appear to have been in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, where they "made love to orange-wenchies and damned plays." But, as we shall, perhaps, examine this tribe more particularly in another place, we may take leave of the portrait which Fielding has drawn us of the man of fashion, merely adding, that after duly acquitting himself in that character, as a seducer, gambler, and debauchee of no scruples, he became surfeited with the amusements and follies of the town, and retired, a reformed and domestic man, into obscurity and a quiet country life.

Fielding, it will be seen, fixes the fashionable hour for dinner at four, but Mackay, twenty years previously, has it at two o'clock; and this is confirmed by Swift, who, we find, in his "Journal," often speaks of dining at the nobility's houses, and getting home at five, six, and seven; and, in one place, mentions dining at Secretary St. John's (Bolingbroke's) at three, and at Mr. Harley's (lord-treasurer) at four. We may assume, then, that in Queen Anne's reign, the "state" dinner-hour was no later

than four, and often three o'clock. The etiquette of the dinner-table is thus partially explained in Fielding's "Essay on Conversation:"—"When dinner is on the table, and the ladies have taken their places, the gentlemen are to be introduced into the eating-room," &c.

A favourite promenade before dinner, answering to the drive of our modern fashionables in Hyde Park, was the Mall in Saint James's Park, where second-rate milliners resorted to note the fashions which they could not afford to procure direct from France. The coffee and chocolate-houses, levees, drawing-rooms, and auctions, filled up the day; and the evenings were spent, in the summer, at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, or Capar's Gardens, among fireworks, "waterworks" (fountains, cascades, &c.), dancing, singing, then sandwiches and sour wine; or, latterly, at "the little theatre in the Haymarket;" and, in winter, at the "play-houses" in Drury-lane and Lincoln's Inn-fields. It was considered "state" to proceed by water to Vauxhall, as there are few who have read and (which is almost the same) admired Addison's masterly conception of "Sir Roger de Coverley," can forget. The "Spring Garden" there alluded to was afterwards known as Vauxhall; and it may be well to note, *en passant*, that in those days "Burton ale and a slice of hung beef" seem to have been among the favourite viands and drinks provided for the visitors.

Until nearly the whole of Europe became embroiled in one general war, and the Continent was closed, more particularly to Englishmen, it had been customary for all young men of birth and rank to conclude their education by making what was called "the grand tour." It was far more of a system than at present; in defiance of the obstacles in the way of travelling at that time, in defiance of its perils, without regard to its tediousness or cost, the grand tour must be made, or the education was not completed, and the young man lost caste accordingly. On leaving college he was dismissed to the Continent, where he rambled, gambled, and idled for three years, under the charge of some clergyman without a living, who was his companion and tutor; winding up his tour with a stay at Paris, whence it was, generally, that his worthy father received cargoes of bills and acceptances for payment, drawn to meet losses at cards, and other extravagances of the debauched life into which he had plunged; for as the tutor of the minor often expected to become the chaplain of the peer or baronet, when his estate should come to him, he seldom ventured to check the young heir in his wild career, and the brightest prospects were blighted, the finest estates mortgaged, the most robust constitutions impaired, the most promising intellects clouded, and the worst vices contracted, in this grand tour. We may readily conceive that the tutor sent home favourable reports of the progress of his *protégé*, who was supposed to be acquiring the polished manners of the Continent; or the information and knowledge which were to fit him for the character of an accomplished gentleman, whilst, perhaps, he was becoming an inveterate *roué*, dividing his time between the gaming-table, the theatres, and the ballet-girls; instead of measuring the heights of mountains, sketching alpine scenery, poring over the contents of museums, and making notes of natural phenomena, great works of art, relics of antiquity, or local customs. Notes he certainly made—and issued, but they were of a kind that often opened the eyes of the parent, who was not very well

inclined to honour them. In all these shifts for money, the tutor was ever ready to form schemes and pretences for raising the necessary cash, or concealing the way in which it was spent, till his charge returned to take possession of the family property, an irreclaimable spendthrift, an inveterate gambler, and a consummate scoundrel; while the tutor, in the guise of a chaplain, became a pensioner on his bounty, an attendant at his board, and a participator in every excess and intemperance of his "gay" patron and his dissolute associates. There were, of course, honourable exceptions, and many came home with that polish and refinement which travel is calculated to give; but to the thoughtless, the weak-minded, and weak-principled, the grand tour was a dangerous ordeal, especially at a time when the prevailing qualities of young men of fashion were such as the Earl of Oxford describes in his letter to Swift, dated August 8th, 1734:—"He" (the young Duke of Portland) "is free from the prevailing qualifications of the present set of young people of quality, such as gaming, sharpening, pilfering, lying," &c.

Amorous intrigue was one of the reigning vices of the last century. It was carried on more openly than in more recent times, and was thought even necessary, to give a man the character of a man of the world as well as a man of fashion, that he should have been connected in an illicit manner with some of the reigning toasts and fashionable beauties. The *Town and Country Magazine* owed a great portion of its success to the *tête-à-têtes*, or histories of intrigue, which it published in each month's impression, with copper-plate portraits of the hero and heroine, so that, by the aid of the initials, every one at all acquainted with the world of fashion could identify them.

And yet the ladies of the eighteenth century were an innocent, pastoral tribe, all rural simplicity and playful archness, looking rather out of place, perhaps, when contrasted with their painted cheeks and pencilled eyebrows, but yet all very pretty and delightful in their way. They appear to have played, and attempted to blend, two widely different characters; sometimes assuming the dress and manners of the ladies of pleasure, and then the artlessness of rustic hoydens, tending flocks and herds, talking about their admiration of rural pastimes, decking their hair with wreaths of wild flowers, which they had culled from the fields and hedges, and professing a most romantic love of Nature and her works. The portraits of the Honourable Miss A., or the young Lady B., represented youthful females surrounded by flocks of sheep, and, crooks in hand, reclining gracefully against a tree, listening to the mournful ditty of some love-sick shepherd; and all the young misses, to whom were inscribed in the magazines long odes and acrostics (for acrostics were "fashionable" eighty years ago), were Phillises and Chloës, and Phœbes and Coelias; and the young gentlemen whom the Muses inspired to write the odes were all Demons, Eugenios, and Palæmons. This affectation was carried to an extent that often afforded some ludicrous contrasts, and you might occasionally see one of these artificial shepherdesses, painted and embroidered, listening to the advances of an amorous swain in the box of a London theatre!

These same ladies, too, in the simplicity of their nature, would hold perfect levees in their chambers; nay, even in bed, under the pretence of being indisposed, and without any particular regard to the sex of their visitors.

Visits of condolence on the death of relatives were generally received in bed; thus Swift, in his "Journal," says, on visiting Lady Betty Butler, on the death of her sister, Lady Ashburnham: "The jade was in bed, in form, and she did so cant she made me sick." This was too monstrous a practice for Addison to tolerate—the pure and beautifully simple morality of the "Spectator" revolted against it—and he thus ridicules one of these interviews: "The lady, though willing to appear undrest, had put on her best looks, and painted herself for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice disorder, as the nightgown, which was thrown upon her shoulder, was ruffled with great care. * * * It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes when she is talking politics, with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass, which does such execution upon all the rude standers-by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her women and her visitors! What sprightly transitions does she make, from an opera or a sermon to an ivory comb or a pincushion! How have we been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels by a message to her footman, and holding her tongue in the midst of a moral reflection by applying the tip of it to a patch! But more particularly when her male *valet-de-chambre*" (for ladies in high life employed male chamberlains to perform many of the offices of the lady's-maid), "in dressing her hair, allowed her beautiful tresses to hang in dishevelled but lovely disorder upon her shoulders."

Hogarth has also happily ridiculed these dressing-room levees in his series of "Marriage à la Mode." The gentleman with his hair in papers, surrounded by his professors and admirers; the lady, under the operation of the curling-tongs, listening to the divine who lounges on the couch by her side, while the *friseur*, in his inquisitive curiosity, is allowing the tongs to singe her hair; the little black boy, with his toys, at her feet, "make up" the toilette-scene of a fashionable married couple. In the "Rake's Progress," Hogarth has again bequeathed to us a graphic illustration of these toilette levees. Here the man of fashion, in his *déshabille*, is surrounded by professors—the dancing-master, the French teacher of the small-sword, the English master of quarterstaff, the landscape-gardener, anxious to get the *rake* in his hands, the professor of music at the harpsichord, the bravo, the poet, the jockey, and a group of tailors, peruke-makers, milliners, &c. The fashionable taste for cock-fighting is illustrated by the pictures which hang round the room; and the rage for Italian singers, by the long list of presents sent to Farinelli the day after his first performance.

But these levees were not always mere compliances with a fashionable custom; they were often had recourse to to serve political purposes; and the captivating charms of a minister's lady at her toilet have won support to governments which have lost all other means of gaining it. It is said that the second daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, known as "the Little Whig," ravished many votes from the opposite party by her fascinating airs and graces at the toilette levees.

The little black boys and the monkeys, which Hogarth so frequently introduces into his pictures, were the pets of the ladies of the time, just as poodle dogs have since become. In the "Taste in High Life" we have both a black boy and a full-dressed monkey; the latter, with an eye-glass, bag-wig, *solitaire*, laced hat, and ruffles, is perusing a bill of fare, which

promises "*pour diner: cocks'-combs, ducks'-tongues, rabbits'-ears, fricassee of snails, grand d'œuf buerré,*"—a satire upon the fashionable taste for French and eccentric cookery. The lady of the house, grotesquely dressed in stiff brocade, is showing to her visitor, a gentleman with a large muff, long queue, and feathered hat, one of those specimens which it was then a fashionable taste to collect—a small cup and saucer of old china, which she appears to consider a perfect gem.

The attitude of the gentleman, even, is a study from contemporary manners. Miss Hawkins, in describing the personal appearance of Horace Walpole, tells us that the mincing air was indispensable to the character of the fine gentleman: "He always entered a room in that style of affected delicacy *which fashion had made almost natural—cha-peau bras* between his hands, as if he wished to compress it, or under his arm, knees bent, and feet on tiptoe, as if afraid of a wet floor."

There is scarcely a single work of Hogarth's which does not afford us a glimpse of fashionable follies. The unobtrusive but ingenious manner in which he makes even the most trivial accessories of his pictures tell his moral, or slyly point his satire, will frequently be serviceable to us in investigating the manners and customs of which we are collecting specimens; and if we may occasionally be thought too severe upon the century in bringing forward what was ludicrous or vicious in its composition, we more than atone for it in merely repeating the names of those who help us, by the vivid efforts of their pens and pencils which they have left behind them, to illustrate its peculiarities; for who can feel disrespect for the period, when he is thus casually reminded that such men as Hogarth, and the satirists and authors whom we take for our authorities, belonged to it?

MORE STRAY LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

WITH the Reverend J. Straithorn's respects: who begs to state that he will not fail to forward, in like manner, any similar papers that may find their way into his hands.

Jecoliah Chapel, Clapham, August, 1854.

British Camp, Devno, July, 1854.

DEAR GUARDIAN,—I do think you *are* all dead, for not a line have I seen from any of you. The least a poor exiled officer's friends ought to do is to write to him: *they* don't know what it is to be banished off to a rough hole of a Turkish desert, all sand and barrenness, where there's neither nourishment for his mind nor his inside. You have not sent so much as a newspaper: I would not grumble at paying the postage, if I could only get one. The handful of journals that come out here are run after like mad, and if a fellow's not fortunate enough to borrow a sight of them, he gets all sorts of ridiculous versions of their contents retailed over to him.

In my last I told you that we expected to be soon on the move for Varna; and soon enough it proved to be: but before the general day of starting came, I was off to Scutari, all on a sudden. Some of our officers got ordered round there, I don't know what for, and they took me with them, not sorry to have an opportunity of seeing Constantinople. We found things all confusion and bustle at Scutari, for some of our regiments were embarking to go up to Varna; transports and store-ships fluttered their sails merrily in the breeze; lumbering horse-boxes were stopping up the way; officers, superintending, were tearing about on horseback, just where you least expected them; and slow, unwieldy buffaloes, dragging carts, were winding up and down, on barrack service, And those lazy Turks! they lay about the beach in shoals, heedless of the unusual commotion going on. Groups of their women and children used to flock to a road that joins the beach, looking like so many show-girls at a race-booth, for they were decked out in flaming-colours, scarlet, pink, and orange. But they did not turn their heads, not they, at the infidel soldiers in such close proximity to them: perhaps they dared not. Lord Raglan, whose quarters were pitched on the beach, had been up to Varna and Shumla (Varna's about 180 miles from Constantinople, if you want to know, and Shumla's a sight further on still), and everybody was fishing to find out what sort of a place Varna was, but his lordship would not bite. Rumour said that he and those who had gone with him, Lord Lucan, Generals Tylden, Cator, and some more, had found it nothing but a desert, and had gone without food for sixteen hours—that bangs Gallipoli.

There had been a breeze about the officers' dress at Scutari—I should say their *un*-dress. When off duty, they had been sporting, what Sir George Brown calls, extraordinary costume; fancy trousers, cut-away coats, and wide-awake hats, astonishing the natives not a little; so Sir George (who had gone from Gallipoli to Constantinople) spoke out about it, and said this sort of free-and-easy attire could not be allowed for the future. Two officers had been lost at Scutari in a ditch—that is, one was lost, and the other got out. A great storm burst over the town, thunder, lightning, and waterfalls of rain: in the midst of which, Lieutenant Macnish and Ensign Crow of the 93rd, left the barracks, to get to where their regiment was encamped, about a third of a mile off. Just outside the barrack wall, in the way they had to pass, there's a narrow gully, pretty deep, but in general nearly dry, but the sheets of rain had changed it into a whirling torrent, and the officers, in the darkness of the night, went soue into it, head over heels. Crow managed to scramble out, but poor Macnish was never seen or heard again. His body was found close to the sea, in a bank of mud, and was taken to the hospital for interment. It's thought he was dashed at once against a buttress and stunned, for there was a deep wound in his forehead.

They were celebrating an extraordinary religious custom when we got to Constantinople, called the Ramazan, or Mahomedan Fast, and they keep it every year. For a whole month the Mussulmen, including the Sultan, do not eat while the sun is above the horizon, and as that, in summer, is a period of about fifteen hours, you may guess they are tolerably peckish by the time night comes. They must not take a drink of water, or even whiff at a pipe. For the wealthy and high in station, it is not much penance, because they can sleep away the days, and recruit

and enjoy themselves all night, but it's a dose for those who are obliged to work. The out-door labourer, the street pleyer, boatmen, and all that kidney, are nearly done up at the end of the thirty days, and many die away. You don't know what a blazing sun is, out here in Turkey, and to toil under it for fifteen hours, without bit, or drop, would go far to do any man up. The poor keep this fast strictly, but the rich have the character for shirking it, on the sly. It retrogrades eleven days every year, so that sometimes it falls in winter, when the starving hours are not so many.

I think they are cracked, these Turks, by the way in which they usher in the Fast. They post a Tartar-fellow on horseback on one of the highest hills of the Asiatic shore, staring at the sky in the west; and when daylight fades, so that the thin streak of the new moon can shine out, and the Tartar can see its crescent plainly, off he tears into Scutari, faster than our fire-engines go to a London fire. On the sea-shore stands another man, beside a loaded cannon, with a ready match in hand: the Tartar gallops up to him, gives the signal, the match is applied, and off thunders the gun, sounding as if a hundred were being fired, through the echoes that resound all along the shores of the Bosphorus. It is the signal that the sun has set, and the Fast begun. Then the people pass the hours till morning, eating, drinking, laughing, talking, and praying—such meals as they do put away in these nights! All the streets are illuminated, the houses covered with sparkling jets of light, and the mosques look a blaze of flame; while the temple-domes are covered with brilliant devices, which nonplussed us Christians to make out, but they denote praise to Allah. Crowds sit in the streets enjoying their coffee and their sherbet, and gossip away the cool night hours, till near sunrise, when they proceed to stuff in another substantial meal, and whiff away very fast at their pipes. Then the gun, announcing sunrise, booms over Constantinople, and they go to bed, to sleep and fast till sunset again. Some, who are very devout, pass half the night praying; you can see them at it in the streets. When the month's fast is over they have a three days' feast, during which they eat and drink and never leave off at all, so Lieutenant Jones assures me, and he has some friends living here. All the rest of the year, Constantinople by night is a barbarous place. Nobody ventures into the dark streets, save the night-watchmen, with their ponderous clubs, who are all the human traversers; but they are not all the animal. Shoals of wild, savage dogs dash about, fighting over the offal they find, tearing each other to pieces, often to death, and howling horribly. No stranger can sleep through the noise, till he gets used to it. I should like to have a go at shooting them, from some high window, with plenty of powder and ball; I know I'd stop some of the howling. The Mussulmen daren't lay a finger on them, but I do wonder that some of the Giaours don't put a supply of poison in the street-corners.

At last we were ordered up to Varna,—and, indeed, what we had waited for, and what we had done at Constantinople, I don't know—and away we started, up the Bosphorus. The scenery on the Bosphorus is as lovely as anything you can imagine, and if you wanted to give Aunt Priscilla a treat, you could not do better than bring her out to see it. But, when we neared the Euxine, all the beauty was gone, and we found ourselves in a nasty, damp, foggy, cold climate, just as if we had gone

into another world. It was night when we made it, and nobody could see their hand before them, nothing but a raw, drizzling mist, that obscured everything. It was no better the next day, and they say it seldom is, so I'm precious thankful I've not got to cruise on it. How ever the masters piloted the vessels I don't know, for, whether the shore was on the right or left, or aft or forrard, was beyond any seaman's comprehension to tell. A regular old stinger of a place it is, that Black Sea—you may note it down in your hand-book.

We anchored off Varna in the evening, and went ashore at once to the British camp. It was pitched about twenty minutes' walk from the town, on a great plain, dotted over with scrub and shrubs, some of which smelt like sweetbriar, and close to a fresh-water lake, which we can't drink, for it's full of leeches and other reptiles; so the men have to toil into Varna, with their tins, and get water there. We are not so much better off than at Gallipoli, after all; I think not so well. Sometimes we don't get fresh meat, and sometimes we do (lean stuff, as hard as boards, boiled dry, and eaten with bread, nothing to season it, no pepper, or salt, or mustard), and the bread's dreadfully brown and sour, and some days there's nothing else but bread for breakfast (eaten dry, and no butter), with water to wash it down, for the supplies of tea and coffee don't hold out, nor the sugar either, and we get no ale and porter, only promises of it. As to the cattle they kill for us, they are as lean as French pigs; and everybody knows that you can't tell a French pig from a greyhound. Our officers talk of sending one of these cattle over to Prince Albert, that he may put it in Smithfield show next Christmas, by side of his prize ox, and admire the difference. We are not all encamped at Varna, but some of us are about eighteen miles further on, near a village called Devno, and some are encamped half-way between the two, at Aladyn. We can't get any vegetables to speak of, and the fleet, lying off near us in Baltschik Bay, are worse off and get none, so the seamen have got the scurvy instead. One day, before I came up, the fleet sent the *Spitfire* to a coast-town some way off, and she got five-and-twenty tons of onions and some cattle for the consumption of the ships; but there was a to-do made about it (it was said our commissariat got jealous), and the Turkish authorities forbid it for the future. The French fare famously, like they did at Gallipoli, but the English can't contrive it, whether by sea or land. Our men murmur at the commissariat, and the commissariat grumble at the bad management at home, and we join in both. The greatest shame is, that we have no field hospitals. When a fellow falls sick, if he's very bad or in danger, he has to be sent to Varna: so they hoist him into a bullock-cart, a jolting machine without springs, and he's bumped along, often all the way from Aladyn, or even Devno, with the fiery sun blazing slap down on his head. Of course, by the time he gets to Varna hospital, he is not in a state to give long trouble to the surgeons.

There's an incessant scuffle to get carts for our provisions: the French are provided with their own, but with us it's all happy-go-lucky. Sometimes our men are starving hungry, and there's no rations, so out go some of us to see about it, and find that the commissariat are not at fault for rations, but for carts to transport them to camp. We have to depend upon what we can hire. A poverty-stricken Bulgarian owns a lumbering thing, half-waggon, half-truck, drawn by lazy buffaloes that

don't go two miles in an hour, all the property he possesses in the world, and he comes to the commissariat, and hires himself and his cart to them at so much per day: but the supply's not half enough, and the commissariat are nearly driven off their heads, and there's a world of bother. These Bulgarians, when they have worked, perhaps three or four days, run away wholesale, carts and all; and sometimes, on service, the buffaloes fall down, and if there's no water near to souse over them, there they lie floundering, and the march is at a stand-still. You should see these poor wretches of Bulgarians, heads, faces, necks, all are covered with hair; they look like so many wild Indians. They live upon garlic and grease (Gill smelt it, and says it's tallow), with a slice of black bread now and then.

The landscape is very fine a few miles out of Varna, verdant meadows, ranging, luxuriant hills, and plenty of fine timber: just round the place, our camp has ploughed up the ground till it's nothing now but a sandy plain, and a rare dusty one too. Eagles, storks, kites, buzzards, &c., are here in plenty, soaring over our heads. I saw a serpent one day, at a distance—or else it was the felled trunk of a tree. Gill, who was with me, insisted that it was only that, but I'm sure it was a serpent, and as we had not our swords with us to cut it in pieces, we both made off. It was a long, sprawling, green thing, twelve feet if it was an inch, I know, for we could not see its head or its tail. We have not fallen across any jackals yet, but we keep a sharp look out, for we should not like to come within range of those gentlemen unawares. I go out shooting with Gill, though sometimes we can't get any ammunition, for powder's short in the camp, in which case we only take the guns for show: we shot a dove once, and had him for supper. There's plenty of fish in the lake, but so few of us possess fishing-tackle, that we don't get much. Devno, though they call it a village, is a miserable collection of mud huts, whose inhabitants were frightened to death at the first view of us, and flew away howling, and have never come back. Plenty of hills are to be seen, and here and there a field of barley, some brushwood, with patches of bright coloured field-flowers, and dwarf acacia trees.

Sir George Brown is at Devno, and the Duke of Cambridge, commanding the first division, has changed his quarters from Varna to Aladyn. That is at the present moment of my writing, but my letter extends over some time, writing a bit one day and a bit another, so, before its conclusion, they may be somewhere else. Lord Cardigan has pushed on higher up, towards the Danube, with his detachments of light cavalry: a report came in to-day that they are sixty miles in advance of us, and that his lordship can't find food for his men or forage for his horses. Lady Errol is here, with her husband, and their tents pitched at Devno, close to the camp. When the Duke of Cambridge, with his men, got to Aladyn, the fellows toiling in, dead beat, between the sun and their clothing, there were no rations to be had. Orders had been sent on to get cattle killed, ready for the men, but the beasts were alive, eating grass themselves, and the commissariat could not be found. A fellow came out to Devno and told us this, but I know it's true.

About 8000 Turco-Egyptian troops are encamped on the plain below us, ragged little bow-legged devils, out at the toe and heel. They run in crowds to have a sight of us, and grin and chatter like so many monkeys. They get the interpreters to ask if all our army is composed

of such giants, and the bearskins are a continued source of wonder. When they first saw them, they thought they were live animals. They are but a race of pigmies themselves, so may well deem us giants. Some of their commanders are Nubian Eunuuchs,

We are nearly sick of this inert life. The heat is awful, and we are frizzled to mummies. We are tired of speculating upon what's to come next, or whether we are to set up our tents here for life: so we sit outside, drowsing, all topics for conversation being long ago exhausted. A little excitement is got up now and then, when fresh rumours reach us about the contemplated changes in our dress. They are so contradictory as just to keep us alive. Sometimes news will arrive that the coats are to be changed into frocks, and the pants to yard-wide breeches; now we are to have no buttons and no epaulets and no lace, and again the white ducks and the pipelayed belts are to come off. Brigadier Cuff got a letter from his tailor, which says our coats are to be made in future without backs and with wider collars (but he thinks the writer may have unintentionally substituted one word for the other), that the padding's to come out, and the breasts made loose and easy. We learn that large supplies of white cotton nightcaps, with stumpy tassels, are on the road here, from Nottingham, to supersede the bearskins, and the various other tiles in present use. The officers are in a fearful rage about the nightcaps, and protest they won't wear them at home, for any Horse Guard order; whatever they may have to do out here. Fancy, they exclaim, the objects we shall present, in attendance on her Majesty, on a drawing-room day! Sir George has gone up with us fifty per cent. since this news, for he says he shall set his face dead against the nightcaps. We are inclined to forgive him now about the moustache business.

One day we had such a surprise at Devno. News came in that Omar Pasha was close to the camp, coming from Silistria. So the men had orders to beautify themselves, and out they all turned. He was not long coming up—two carriages full, and a horse escort. He halted at Devno, mounted, and rode up to view the British camp, all our staff accompanying him. He is not nice looking, but stern, his features coarse, and his whiskers white, of middle height, and a thin restless figure. Didn't he praise our men!—saying they could conquer the world. He next reviewed the Turks below us, and then left for Varna. A day or two afterwards he was expected back again, and by eleven o'clock our men were drawn out, all in readiness, chiefly the dragoons and artillery. Well, there they waited and waited and had full benefit of the sun, but Omar Pasha never came, and they were allowed to dismount. By-and-by there was an alarm and a scuffle, and every man rushed to his post, and prepared to cheer the cloud of sand, advancing from the distance. A horseman, Omar Pasha as we all believed, was dashing up at full speed, with some more horsemen behind him, and we had just got our mouths open, beginning to shout forth, when, if you'll believe me, it was nothing but Lord Raglan in a nightcap! And the Pasha never came till the afternoon, for he had stopped at Aladyn (some spell it Alladeen) with the Duke of Cambridge.

Oh my stars! isn't there a commotion in the camp! We don't want matter for talk now. Three newspapers came in this morning, sent express, and there's all about a Court-Martial in them upon a Lieutenant Perry, at Windsor. Some of our officers are going mad over it, for he

has brought forward such awful things about the private affairs of officers in general, and the *Times* has actually gone and reprinted the evidence in full, and has got a leading article upon it besides! Many of us would have given our commissions rather than such scandals should have been promulgated, and we think shooting's too good for Lieutenant Ferry. Of course, if there were a shadow of foundation for what he says, Greer and Garrett and the rest of them might dig a hole in the ground and put their heads in, like ostriches, and never come out again; but you, dear sir, and the rest of England, have too much common sense to credit any accusation so monstrous, when brought against *officers and gentlemen*.

Lord Cardigan is back, but nothing has transpired, and none of us can give a guess at what will be our next move. When I have any news worth sending, I'll drop you another letter: but it's too bad that the writing should be all on one side. Please take the hint, and believe me, dear sir, yours very dutifully,

THOMAS PEPPER.

Turkish Desert, Region of Varna, July, 1854.

FRIEND GUS,—A joke's a joke, but a bargain's a bargain, and when you bargained at parting to send me news of everybody, I didn't think you were going to be off it like this. I wrote you a letter of six sides, and enclosed it, with some more, to Aunt Pris, so I know you got it, and I reckon you might have answered it. Aunt Pris is as bad, and worse, for she was to have sent me a hamper, and it's never come, unless it's stopping in that beastly Gallipoli. I asked her for some tin tea, and that has not come; in short, nothing comes: and if I thought that ugly Straithorn had anything to do with it, through his canting old counsels, I'd slice his tongue out when I got back.

I went down to Constantinople soon after my last. Gum and Jones and a few others were ordered down—the deuce knows what for, for they never let it out to me—and they took me with them. Gill was all cock-a-hoop, thinking he was going, and when he found out his mistake, he went raving. We had a jovial time of it there, and it was a shame we didn't stay longer. Plenty of delicacies in the eating line, and tuns of wine and spirits, and a nice drink they call sherbet, and prime smoking, and dice and cards, and bets and billiards, and anything else you may think of, all to be had for money. There's a regular London "hell" just beyond Scutari barracks, as hot as blazes inside, but I couldn't do much, through Aunt Pris never sending the corks I asked her for.

The Turks are such a rum lot: they lie in bed all day, and play up old boggy all night. The first day we got there we were in such a fever for dark, to come, for we heard that the town was illuminated till it was lighter than the sun, that feasts were set out all along the streets, and everybody went out in their night-clothes, and there was a fine if you put on anything else. Well, night came, and of course I went out in mine, fearing the fine, and not to be different from others. I wish you had been there, and Gill: it was stunning. Thousands of paper lanterns dangling about, and thousands of lamps on the high buildings overhead, and little tables set out with feasts, and sherbet and wine and lemonade, and lots of pipes and cigars, and social parties enjoying themselves over it, and bothering hot waiters pushing about. But when I had got a

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good distance from quarters, I was suddenly taken aback by finding I was the only promenader clad in a single garment and slippers. It was a wonder I had not noticed it before, but the scene was so novel, and now the natives were staring at me by dozens, as if they thought I had just escaped from a lunatic asylum. In the midst of my embarrassment how to get back, and fearing some of them might set fire to the tail of my nightshirt, looking so savage as they were, and calling out "Gineou," who should come mooning down the street behind, but Gum in his regimentals, grazing his great sides against all the tables, and an awful fix it put me in. But necessity's the mother of invention, and down I dropped on my knees, and crossed my arms devoutly on my chest, and leaned my forehead on the pavement, which is the attitude of the Turks at prayer. So old Gum passed by and never knew me, but thought, I dare say, what a good, pious Mussulman I was, praising Allah while the rest were feasting; and then I turned, and tore home, and got my trousers and other traps, and went out again. And it seems they do go abroad in their night costume, the Turks, only it is so elaborate a one that they are as well covered as in the day.

I went once to a place called the "Valley of Sweet Waters," a pleasure-field at the end of the Golden Horn, where the Sultan has a kioske. It's the fashionable resort of Constantinople. The road to it was crammed like Kennington-gate on a Derby day, and as many boats were on the river as there are on our Thames, when the Lord Mayor goes swan-hopping. You Londoners brag of the show of ladies on Ascot race-course, but you should have seen these. They were sitting and lying on the grass in numbers, and, my eye! so lovely. Grecians, Circassians, Georgians, Persians! possessing features of the highest order of chiselled beauty, cheeks of the most delicate rose, and lovely lips, with the long, dark, exquisite eye, soft even in its flashing brilliancy. I tell you, Gens, I never dreamt that there were such lovely girls on earth. English women must hide their faces in future before me, if they come to talk of their beauty. I had thought Fanny Green a love, but (though I don't mean to disparage F. G.—and mind you don't show her this) she won't go down now. Frightful black eunuchs were floundering about on white horses, like he-dragons, guarding these beauteous ladies, and pretty children sported on the grass, decked out in bright velvets, their hair tied with threads of gold. I have not time to tell you all the novelties that showed out in male costume, some of the embassies were splendid, but when his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge rode on, surrounded by a brilliant staff, all mounted on superb Arabian chargers of the Sultan's stud, caparisoned in purple velvet and gold, that was the sight! Hundreds of us were present, in our uniforms, gladdening the hearts of those charming angels, who could but lament their cruel fate at being tied to the middle-aged, cross-legged (and grained), impassible Turks, who squatted there, taking no notice of anybody. The Duke (and lots more of us too) looked as if his mouth watered to whisper a few seductive phrases into those fair ears, but his Royal Highness found no chance, for the jealous old Mussulmen dogs guard their treasures too well. Lieutenant Jones says he should like to have a picture of these Oriental girls, just as they appeared that day, only that it would put him out of conceit of our own, whenever he looked at it. Altogether, what with these beauties to see, and the good living, and the street fun at night, and plenty

of other sport that we found out for ourselves, we had a rare time at Constantinople, and they were no better than barbarians to order us away from it to this scandalous desert of a Varna.

You'd go dead of the mopes if you were out here: there's nothing to do or to eat, worse than nothing to drink, no fighting, and no talk of any. We bask outside our tents, grunting at the sun, and swearing at everybody. When I told Gill about the fun we had found at Scutari (and I pitched it rather strong), he went rampant. We two go out shooting doves: that is, we have shot one: but we are neither of us crack shots yet, and the charge (when we've got any in the gun) is sure to go too high or too low. We had a go at an eagle the other day, and Gill boasted in the camp that he had winged him, but I saw the bird soar away afterwards. We had a general laugh at Jones: he came into camp one night, crowing that he had shot a jackal, and we all turned out to see; but, upon hauling the beast over, he proved to be a wild dog.

And now I have got some glorious news for you. The Duke of Cambridge holds out for moustachios, and has given his men leave to wear them! This has put life and spirits into us all, for if his Royal Highness sets his opinion resolutely one way, the rest of the commanders won't long pull the other. Long live the Duke! There are but few cases of sewing up here, for there are no spirit-shops nearer than Varna, and we don't get a tithe enough of ale and porter, which is a thundering shame. There's going to be a reform in our dress—have you heard of it? All our clothes are to be made in future without backs: so the officers expect we shall have to be painted down blue behind. I and Gill rather think we shall like the fun, particularly if they'll let us do the painting; but won't Gum and some of those round ones look a sight!

You just get the *Times*, Gus, and you look at the accounts of a Court-Martial they have had at Windsor. A fellow named Perry was a lieutenant in the 46th Regiment, and he had no tin and no friends and no interest, so of course he was made a butt of from the first by the officers. And serve him right, for what business has a tinless beggar to come amongst us? He couldn't afford to gamble, and he couldn't afford to drink, and he couldn't do anything else that's customary amongst gentlemen who hold her Majesty's commission, so they nearly worried his life out, and played him a few practical jokes. It must have been prime fun to see him dragged out of bed at night, stripped, and made go through the sword-exercise stark naked, the poor devil shivering, and the officers, a whole lot of them, standing on and jeering him! (I and Gill are going to try and effect an exchange into the 46th.) He made complaints, and was sent to Coventry for his pains: and one night, a fellow, Greer, who was half screwed, struck up a row with him, and Perry, who has got no strength of his own, hit him with the candlesticks, so he was brought to a Court-Martial. But would anybody believe that Perry was such a tame meek as to let out all this in his defence? Why, if they had made him dance naked hornpipes on his head, or tarred and feathered him, or any other joke, he never ought to have split! Greer had got one of his ladies in his room, and *that* came out, and she was called as a witness, but the woman was cautious and had "heard" very little. This has caused more emotion throughout the camp than if a hundred bombshells had burst over us: we have always been regarded as *the* gentlemen of the British nation, and, with this confounded affair blurted out, it's a matter of

opinion whether we shall retain the character. Our officers would have laid down any money, rather than it should have got wind, and they say the Horse Guards ought to have hushed it up, at any price. We must have our private amusements, and, what's more, we *will*, in spite of the interfering newspapers and their leading articles; but it's positive degradation for the public to be told what they are, and if some of us could get at Lieutenant Perry, we'd wring his neck. Of course he won't get "justice," as it's called, and the *Times* must be destitute of brains to think he will, for his judges and the Horse Guards and the rest of them can't go against their own order—you'll see. The character of the whole army is at stake, and that must be upheld, cost any amount of money or false swearing that it will, so we are pretty easy. Weatherveer and Gum and a few more of our sober ones say the Court-Martial ought to have been on Greer; but their old-fashioned ideas go for nothing.

I am going to write a note to F. G., and put it inside yours, so you must convey it privately to her. Mind you don't give her this by mistake: she'd never look at me again, after what I have said about the fair Orientals; but as I can't get one of them (I only wish I could!) I may as well keep on with Faany.

Do send a fellow some news: I tell you everything.

TOM PEPPER.

Augustus Sparkinson, Esquire, Junior.

P.S.—I say, Gns, the greatest shame! There has just been a meeting of the commanders, and the thing's decided—MOUSTACHIOS ARE PUT DOWN! And if ever only the bristles of whiskers appear, they are to be singed off! They had better turn us into Freemasons at once. The Duke was present, and we have lost hope.

The Camp of War, Eastern Desert, near Devno, July, 1854.

MY DEAREST FANNY,—If you only knew the state of anxiety I am in, through never hearing a word of or from you, you would pity my suspense, and excuse my thus hazarding these few lines to you. I sent a letter to Sparkinson two months ago, filled with nothing but you, and my tortures as to whether you were still true to me, and some loving messages; and he has not chosen to reply, or if he has, the post has boned it.

We are in the midst of gore and glory, and it is uncertain whether I may ever see you again, for you cannot, my dearest girl, picture the difficulties of a soldier's life. Sometimes we are in danger of dying of starvation, sometimes by wild beasts, and of course we are any day liable to fall by the sword. You must have heard of some of the engagements we have already taken part in, Giurgevo, Sulina, Rustchuk, Silistria, and the fate of the brave fellows who fell in them: that fate, dear Fanny, may be mine to-morrow. Just now we are encamped, three or four divisions of us, on an everlasting desert of sand, broader than Europe, and of unknown length, quite a stronghold for beasts of prey. Vultures, storks, kites, &c., dash about overhead, waiting till some of us shall hook it and afford them food; venomous serpents, so long that we can't distinguish their beginning or their end, with green bodies and scarlet tongues, lie hissing forth deadly poison; jackals and

wild dogs prowl about, dodging after us; and we expect every day to come upon a drove of lions and panthers; for you know that the jackal is the lion's provider; so that where the one is, the other can't be far off. But a soldier braves all danger: his red coat puts into him a lion's heart. I should like to see some of your Londoners, who poke at a dark desk all day, and never meet anything fiercer than a horse, just dropped suddenly down amongst us now—a pluckless calf of a lawyer for example. Wouldn't he cut and run when he found himself in the midst of a menagerie that had neither bars nor cages! We court this danger, and go out to shoot these ferocious beasts. I and my particular friend here, Ensign Gill, accompany each other. We bring down a few doves for pastime, while we are waiting for more deadly prey, shoot all the jackals we can come across, and wing the eagles and vultures. We came upon a fearful serpent the other day, but our havoc of him was so deadly that not a bit of him was left when we reached the spot where he had been. The privations we undergo, in the way of food, we don't look upon as privations, for when once a fellow's a soldier, he thinks of nothing but glory. It chiefly consists of bread and water. The bread's made of lamp-black and verjuice, at least it looks and tastes as if it were; and with the water we have to take down leeches, for it's full of them, about five to a pint, and very large. How would your lawyers relish that?

Whilst we were at Gallipoli, I and the pick of our other bravest officers were fixed upon to go on a secret mission to Constantinople. But as it was a state secret, I cannot, dearest Fanny, divulge its nature even to you. Constantinople's a nice place, and I should have enjoyed myself much, but for always thinking of you. During the time we stayed they had brilliant illuminations every night, and banquets laid out in the streets from sunset to sunrise, all out of compliment to us brave English. The days were blazing hot, and nobody went abroad without being compelled, but they made out for it at night. The Duke of Cambridge, Lord Raglan, and several more of our generals were there, and I accompanied some of them to a *fête* at the Valley of Sweet Waters. It was lovely when we got there—a green plain, sheltered by green hills, and watered by cooling rivulets. The place was all crowding and bustle. No end of gilt carriages (more like carts though), and native officials, on white horses; and the foreign ambassadors, with their attendants, in the richest costumes; and we British officers, on our handsome Arabians, taking the shine out of everybody; and Turks flaunting in yellow and crimson; with groups of ladies, attired in all the colours of the kaleidoscope, who sat on the grass, listening to a tinkering and yelling that the Turks call music. Some of our officers went into raptures over the beauty of these Eastern girls, but my heart and thoughts are so filled with your image, dearest Fanny, that all their faces looked to me alike—very plain. The shores of the Bosphorus present scenery that you would call enchanting, and when we were steaming up it, on our way here, we saw it to perfection. Sloping green banks, covered with flowers, rise on either side; wood and dale, and luxuriant hills, swell off towards the horizon; beautiful villas stand all along the shore; enchanting gardens gratify the eye; and little fairy palaces, used as summer-houses, gladden the imagination—I should like to inhabit one with you. The waters of the Bosphorus are as blue as your eyes, and dolphins frisk

about in them: in the distance rises Constantinople, with its waving trees, its noble terraces of many colours, and its snow-white minarets, tipped with gold. Take it altogether, it's the prettiest spot I ever saw, and if I have any luck and get posted soon, I'll bring you out here (if you'll have me) to spend our honeymoon. There couldn't exist a more appropriate site for lovers (those who can stand heat), as you'll say if you come. In the evening nightingales sing divinely, and myriads of little dancing fireflies shine out, and we two could sit with your guitar and enjoy the moonlight.

However, I am not in the luck of such scenery now, but in this remote desert, amidst a concert of toads and frogs. We have a thunder-storm every day, such thunder! you'd scream yourself hoarse with fright. Sometimes we get rain, by way of a change—but not English rain. It comes down in streams, and at the end of half an hour we are all floating; tents and everything else beaten to the ground and swimming about. We dare not sit, and if we stand we are over our calves in mud and water, and we have not a dry thread on us or off, and look like an army of drowned donkeys. So we set to, when the water's gone a little, and build up huge fires, and each takes his turn at roasting, turning himself slowly round, like meat at the spit. By these means we are dried in time, but you should see the steam come out of us! Ah! we have many things to bear that civilians have no idea of: not the least of which is the cruelty of our commanders, in the matter of our faces' natural ornaments, for they compel us to shave off our moustachios and whiskers. This, to us who can boast of a handsome, coal-black set, is very galling. There's going to be a wonderful alteration effected in our dress: I won't tell you what it is, but the like of it was never seen before, as you will admit when you inspect us on our return.

The next time your papa gives a dinner-party, you go into the kitchen, when all the soups and stews and puddings are on the fire, and you just open the oven-door, and get in, and shut it again, and stop there half an hour. When you come out, you'll be able to give a guess at what we have to endure, for it's hotter, out here, than in any private oven.

Is that cranky old governess with you still? If you can alude her vigilance and your mamma's, do, my dear angel, let me have a consoling word from you. You can give the letter to Spark: and he'll forward it on here. Don't forget the promise you made me about that ugly Lincoln's-Inn lot, and let me know whether you have kept it. I waft you ten thousand kisses on this night breeze (which is just now blowing excessively hot and portends a storm), and subscribe myself,

Your ever devoted

TOM.

Miss Fanny Green, Kensington.

P.S.—Oh, my darling Fanny, I have opened my letter to tell you we are going to destruction! News has come in that we are to embark at once, and take Sebastopol, the strongest fortress in the world. Men and officers are running about without their heads, asking if the rumour is authentic, for we don't know yet. I should have said without their hats, but the report has so flustered my hand, that it shakes, and makes the pen write wrong words.

THE OLD BUCCANEER'S YARN.

TAKEN DOWN FROM CAPTAIN SHARP'S OWN MOUTH, AT THE DRAKE'S
HEAD, WAPPING, 1670.

BY G. W. THORNBURY.

We jogg'd on with a gentle gale from the south :
There was that old tub the *Bachelor's Delight*—
There was the *Cymet*, and the *Terror of the Night*.
We had sailed ten knots an hour till we made the Dragon's Mouth,
And the white surf on the beach was a sight.

We passed Quibo at the turning of the dawn ;
It was blowing just a 'Carthage'na breeze,
Frothing white about the crest of the seas,
As we spun yarns about the Spaniard and Cape Horn,
Huddled in the fo'castle altogether at our ease.

The white canvas was tight swelling up aloft,
When we saw a vessel run upon a reef ;
She fired off a signal cannon for relief—
Then blazed up red, like a hay-rick in a croft,
A devil at the helm was her commodore-in-chief.

Old Van Horn told us, full twenty years ago,
His admiral hung a light out at the peak,
As he cruised off the shore of Mozambique ;
And a pilot-boat came out full of dead men who did row,
And their ship sank that day fortnight from a leak.

And Grammont told the queerest of all tales—
They had got their larboard tack aboard, said he,
Standing eastward for the isle of Manganee,
When they ran upon a score or more of whales—
There were whales all around them on the lee.

There were whales spouting far as you could see.
They had loaded all the starboard guns with grape,
When just as you would lead away an ape,
Rose a mermaid, and quickly as might be
Drove them off, and so saved them from a scrape.

But Belle Tête spun the toughest yarn by far ;
He told us how the Dons they stood at bay
At the Gallapagos Isles that day,
When Harry Morgan, he who lit up Panama,
Through three galleons and a pinnace cut his way.

We beat up for three days 'gainst a chopping sea.
I've felt the north tides swell and roll,
Round the Cape I've seen the long waves bowl ;
But 'twas nothing to this storm, d'ye see
(I'm not adding not a word, 'pon my soul).

The dead lights to the maintop-gallant clustered,
 And their blue flames glimmered ghastly on the deck,
 As I've seen them shine and twinkle o'er a wreck,
 And lit our pale faces, as so far beneath we mustered;
 Then we felt the Spaniard's rope around our neck.

I saw 'em through the gray light of the shower,
 On the mast-head they globed bright and seemed to burn,
 And the blinding mist came driving up astern,
 While the very thunder had a hundred devils' power,
 And the lightnings dazzle white when you turn.

"Steady," sung the man lashed tightly to the helm,
 As fast rushing like an albatross so swift,
 Flashed the Flying Dutchman past us, and a rift
 Of vapour round her seemed to throng and whelm,
 And the clouds all began to heave and lift.

And the dead lights went on burning like a match,
 Or a thousand glow-worms clabbing all together,
 Rose and fell, as rose and fell the weather;
 You might try the things in vain to catch,
 But they crept away like a wisp upon the heather.

The nor'wester blew as strong and loud as thunder,
 It had done now for six days or so and more;
 We fired a gun to bring a boat from shore.
 And it blew as 'twould blow our planks asunder,
 While the waves like wild beasts around us roar.

We kept rolling in the white trough of the sea,
 Half-blinded by the salt scud of the spray,
 But the clever craft made out herself a way.
 A bold swimmer, in the storm she loved to be,
 And with danger like a child she seemed to play.

And she ploughed, and pitched, and rolled, and almost flew,
 When the sky ceased all at once to blacken,
 And the wind began to slowly slacken,
 As a Spaniard on a sudden came in view,
 And we fired our guns as a sign to her for tacking.

We could see her sail to windward in the clear;
 By the cold light of the frosty winter moon,
 We knew her for a Spanish picaroon:
 As we knelt to pray, and then rose up with a cheer,
 We gained on her, and our own she would be soon.

All the musketeers lay round the carronades,
 As she luffed up sharply to the wind,
 Gave a loud volley just to tell us of her mind,
 While we lit the fuses of our deadly hand grenades,
 And the boatswain did not whistle, only signed.

We bowled on with reefed maintopsail and our jib,
 Skimming swiftly as a swallow o'er a lake,
 With a white line frothing after in our wake,
 And each man kept all silent in his crib:
 Just as silent and as crafty as a snake.

We swept her quarters with our bullet and with shot;
We smashed her spars and topsail-gallant-sheet,
The white splinters leapt out shivered at their feet.
We fired till our cannons' mouths grew hot,
And our drums all the time we loudly beat.

From her port-holes flashed the jettings of her fire,
Till maintop-mast rattled down with a rra,
And we loaded to the muzzle every gun,
For our musketeers never weary, never tire,
And we peppered them from half-past nine till one.

We ran out the patarreros in a trice,
Slapped a thirty-two pound shot into her bows,
As she heeled and slowly staggering arose;
We hailed her with a speaking-trumpet twice,
And quick hoisted our red flag sign of death to all our foes.

There were negroes, and the captain wore a mask,
When we rushed seventy men of us on deck,
He sprang cursing from that red and shattered wreck;
From the crew in vain his name we shouting ask,
And we shot him in the water as he wouldn't heed our beck.

In the main chains full seventy of us leaped,
Chopped the netting down with axes, sword, and knife—
They fought as men fight who fight bravely for their life—
But more brothers through the bow-port firing creeped,
And threw in hand-grenades for to help us in the strife.

With rapier they fought stoutly and with pike—
Grey Dons shining larded with gold lace,
Met our messmates and the captain face to face—
And we shot them down as men would do a tyke;
Shot them down as they knelt to us for grace.

They tried twice to blow up the magazine—
And it scorched in a moment half their men,
As they prayed for life and quarter then—
But our blood was up, and we for prey were keen,
And we shot before we stopped some ten.

Then we sailed cheery with fair wind to Kingston Bay—
She was crammed with silver plate and gold,—
And the silks and precious dye-woods in her hold
Were worth ten thousand crowns, for our pay
The jewels to the Jews we always sold.

But we never brought her safe and sound to land—
The nor'wester blew us on the Carabeen rocks,
We were glass before those bumps and splitting shocks—
And our prize went to pieces on the Armadillo sand,
But we got all safe to shore in our trousers and our socks.

I knew from the first that 'twould always come to this,
'Twas on *Friday* we set sail from Martinique,
And we ran ashore on that day week.
I should have left off rich—but this merry loving kiss
Of my Sally pays for all—if I'm allowed to speak.

POLPERRO.

BY FLORENTIA.

I.

I looked upon their face—and lo! thereon
 The shape of mine own soul! whatever of me
 Slept, folded up in personality,
 Was there transferred—and shone!

E. BUTLER.—*Unpublished Poem.*

To leave home at all times requires a certain effort; even a temporary home has many charms, and I, alas! had but a temporary home to leave, for, separated from my husband by an insuperable barrier, which he had raised between us some years before his death, I had long ignored all those household joys that impart such exquisite relish to each returning day; still in my solitude I had created a world of my own around me, in which I lived, if not in happiness yet in peace. There were the books I loved, the romance I had wept over, the history I had studied, and the drama I had recited, all invitingly displayed on the table, together with piles of lighter reading, consisting of periodicals and papers. Beside the fire stood the favourite chair, where I had passed such tranquil hours in the indulgence of day-dreams of happiness never fated to be realised, or engaged in delightful converse with that friend whose support and protection alone enabled me to face the adversities that oppressed me—one whose fine literary taste and great acquirements had, by precept and example, taught me to draw consolation from those most delightful of all quiet companions—books; who encouraged and cheered me in the path of study, dissipating ennui and varying the course of weary hours by his kind visits and sound advice. Ah! once in one's life to have such a friend is a possession beyond price. May blessings attend him for all his disinterested goodness to a forsaken one! Then there was my piano, too, where I had sung away many a dull hour; for vocal music in solitude is as another voice speaking to one, and speaking more sweetly than in common parlance. Beyond the window were the steps and the little London garden I had tried to invest with rural charms, scrubby as it was, and where I had hung (as it were) my fancies on every tree, and told my sorrows to every opening flower. It required an effort to leave all this; but the purpose of the journey gave me courage to tear myself away. Was I not going to my children—those loved ones, dearer than life, from whom the malice of their father, "who being dead yet spake," by a cruel and unnatural will endeavoured to separate me—whose only safety, therefore, was in concealment, better at least than eternal separation? So we were parted. Oh! what a world there is in that bitter word—parted! the mother from her babes—parted! But now, for a time at least, I might indulge myself in their dear company; so bidding adieu to the cosy rooms, the small house, and the meagre garden edged with smutty palings, I started off in a cab—a very humble traveller—to the great vortex at Paddington, where, taking my ticket by the second class, I entered the carriage, which was quickly filled and the train in

motion, launching one into an impenetrable sea of mist that rendered every object entirely invisible. But as the country between London and Bristol is now as familiar to every person as Bond-street itself, I gladly turned from the monotonous face of outward nature to the little world about me, much more novel and amusing.

Opposite to me sat a stout, thick-set man, with a face round as the full moon at harvest time, and with a certain family likeness pervading all Irish countenances of the lower order. So, when he commenced a relation of his travels abroad, in an accent undoubtedly Hibernian, and in a bombastic strain told how he had taken the grand tour, and what he had done, all was quite in keeping. "The *foreigners*," he said, "would not believe the wonders of our Great Western Railway, and thought he was humbugging them." And sensible people too, thought I, whose incredulity does them honour. The person to whom Paddy was conveying all this information (intended, however, generally to impress us with a vast notion of his personal importance) was a large, coarse-looking man, with a bright brown coat—such as villains usually wear in horribly affecting melodramas at the Adelphi—a pale face, something in complexion varying between a suet dumpling and a raw turnip, set off with scraps of thin sandy hair, peeping from under a bran new hat. When the Irishman ceased to speak, this character solaced his leisure by reading Byron out of a very foul little pocket volume, whose contents he repeated word by word to himself like a schoolboy conning his lesson, moving his lips incessantly, and smiling with uncommon unction, then looking round to show the company how he appreciated the poem. Next sat a man that talked and talked without one moment's intermission from the time he entered at Paddington until he arrived at Swindon; and not only talked, but gesticulated, and made faces like an angry monkey. No one paid the slightest attention to this volley of sound, but a thin little man with a huge scar on one side of his cheek, into whose ear he poured a continual torrent of words, in so ample a stream that I expected the small man would palpably and visibly increase in consequence of the amount of mental cramming he was undergoing. When this magpie took himself off, cloak and diamond pin, fur cap and all, dragging the man-boy after him, a woman, who might be styled half-and-half in the way of gentility, sitting by me, carefully concealing a very ugly face under a thick green veil, gave vent to her spleen in a few terse words of rage at the nuisance caused by the chatter of the departed.

"She thought people should not be allowed to go on in that horrid way. They ought to be taxed if they did; it was too bad—it was. It made her head ache ready to crack—it did, and she was going a long journey, and didn't want to be put out of her way. She was going to Plymouth; and where, ma'am, may you be going to?" added she, turning to me. I replied that I was going there also; and availing myself of the opportunity of picking up a little information as to the geography and means of progress in those uttermost regions, I asked if she thought I could get a place inside the coach (for the railroad was not then completed). "Oh! she didn't know—she didn't. Mr. Ward had taken *her* place. *She* knew Mr. Ward. If her opinion was asked she should say the coaches *was* all full; and as they started directly the train arrived

there was very little chance of passengers not taking places getting provided."

This was melancholy intelligence to a solitary creature like myself, conveyed in harsh and unfriendly terms; but I could only hope Fate—if not Mr. Ward—would befriend me, and that I might proceed without being obliged to travel outside at night. Much did I deplore not knowing this unknown man of power, Mr. Ward. Perhaps one of the big-wigs of the line; but who or what this potentate, with wondering-working name was, I could not even attempt to surmise. Opposite sat the guard, gazing benignly on me; and I found in the end that it is best to make friends with the manners of vulgarity when you travel in second-class carriages and want to be received into stage coaches.

As I had never travelled further than Bristol I was very much vexed to see nothing of the country, which in the neighbourhood of Weston (profanely surnamed *Super-Mud*) seemed varied and pretty. When the sea ought to have been visible, the woolly veil enveloping everything only displayed a large gaunt bathing-house, looking marvellously out of place, in the middle of green fields and hedgerows. Hills now rose on either side, or the outline of hills rather, were just perceptible; and then came a horribly flat marshy tract, continuing until we approached Exeter. There the scenery looked most enticing; one valley in particular rising into lofty hills clothed with trees, and broken into glens and dells, green and verdant, a broad river at their base, flowing along grassy banks through emerald meadows. This rising ground continued until we whistled into Exeter station with that frantic screech so appropriate an organ to the monster *Steam*, whose respirations may be compared to the puffing of a huge porpoise, and whose voice, wild and shrill, is unlike all on the earth below, or waters under the earth—a scream defying all human imitation.

Very little of the good city of Exeter is visible from the station, which I regretted, as I wanted to see a place to me full of suggestive interest. My recollections vacillated between our unhappy Queen Henrietta—all her French clatter, airs, and graces, bowed down by adversity, unaccompanied by the husband who loved her "not wisely, but too well"—here giving birth in lonely misery to a second Henrietta, destined to become the still more unhappy Duchesse d'Orleans, around whose memory (as the belle *par excellence* of the court of Louis XIV.) an indescribable halo of grace and fascination lingers; all her charms ending so woe-fully in a death-bed of bitter agony, where, after wreathing under the throes of poison, she lay a livid corpse in the flower of her days, snatched away in the midst of courtly dissipation to undergo the sufferings of a martyr.

My recollections then vacillated between these two princesses and —, the —, whose efforts to introduce Lynch law into our jog-trot Protestant Church are so very entertaining. He will make nothing of it, for happily we have yet to learn the dangerous power of priest-craft; and if — wants a fitting field for his ambitious spirit, he must seek it under the shadow of the seven hills, not among the aisles of his present cathedral. As we passed, I caught a glimpse of this cathedral, frowning like a fortress over the town—a fine old moresque-looking edifice, the heavy towers reminding me strongly, in the hasty glance I caught, of Saracenic architecture.

No sooner was the outline—for one sees no more—of the city passed, than the express-train became suddenly afflicted with every symptom of a rapid decline, spending all its lungs and the strength of its constitution in sighing away at every little trumpery station, and lingering longer and more lazily than a very huggage-van. I had all but fallen asleep, when I was roused by the before-mentioned guard inquiring of me, in a dulcet voice, "If I wanted a place in the coach to Plymouth?" to which inquiry I eagerly assenting, he promised to see me provided, and then accosted the veiled duenna, asking if he could help her.

"No," she thanked him (and she suddenly unveiled with remarkable dignity); "Mr. Ward had taken her place—she knew Mr. Ward. He 'was her friend.'" Words that produced almost as great an impression on the obsequious guard in the railway carriage, as when used in other days by Marc Antony, haranguing in the Capitol over the dead body of Caesar, whom he thus apostrophised.

The guard looked penetrated with respect, and inquired submissively "If Mr. Ward was, then, coming up to-day?"—"Yes, Mr. Ward was coming up, and would take charge of her;" and so the conversation ended, leaving me more than ever in the dark as to the calling of this mysterious personage, who I inwardly set down as a male Mrs. Harris, and the veiled lady as an individual of the Sairey Gamp species, minus the gin and the *cowcumber*.

As we approached Dawlish, my attention was wholly riveted by the beautiful scene opening to the left, where the railroad approaches close to the shore of the broad estuary formed by the river Ex flowing into the sea. On the opposite bank one fine residence succeeds another, and the shore fringed with wood and covered with verdure to the termination of the point on which stands Exmouth, the houses terracing in long lines down to the sea. The estuary must be here at high water some two or three miles across, and is very picturesque. Along the side on which we glided onwards, the cliffs of dark red stone are bold and majestic, formed into grotesque shapes, jutting into the sea and rising among the beautifully smooth sands in huge masses; one line of rock in particular running out to sea in a bold outline, terminating at the extreme point in a cluster of rude natural pillars, through which the green sea splashes and dashes in volumes of white foam. The railroad here passes through a number of tunnels, and the transition from dashing along the coast at the base of romantic rocks and then the next moment plunging into utter darkness, was very singular. In the midst of one of these dark tunnels, when the noise of the train is increased tenfold by the echo, a demented French horn set up a most impotent effort at music by attempting to play "Auld Robin Gray." Such a strange jargon of sounds I never heard, as crashing along through the hollow-sounding rocks we caught a note or two at intervals of the air surmounting by some acute sound the din of the train. Surely the "sphere descended maid" had never been more vilely prostituted than in this musical fiasco, which was intended to announce our arrival at Teignmouth. The train stopped, and then began that diving for boxes under seats, and bags suddenly vanished from the visible world. Then the luggage-van is opened, and such huge boxes extracted one wonders people can have clothes to fill them, and wonder increases by the consideration of why they would carry about such moving mountains of torment to themselves and others. Here one screams for a hat-box lost;

another swears, in good round Saxon, that his carpet-bag is gone; one lady implores pity for a wretched canary-bird papered up in a cage; a nurse shrieks out, "Lord, sir, for merey's sake don't crush the dear babby." Little children cry, and have their toes trodden on, which raises the cry to a piteous howl; and finally a whole party, with staring eyes and open mouths, discover the astounding fact that *all* their luggage has been left behind, and set up a *jérémiade* in consequence. Boxes fly about one's ears like Dr. Syntax's dream of his library descending on his bare pate; one is knocked about by railway porters—no respecter of persons they!—and men smoking cigars, and omnibus drivers, until I, for my part, quietly gave up all search for my goods and chattels, and after one desperate effort to prevent another person from bodily carrying them off, sank into amused quiescence; but, thanks to my humble friend the guard, I did better than my neighbours, and all my things found their way to the top of the coach at the same time that I mounted into the inside, when off we set at a topping pace, which, "to the tune of horns kept pace," sounding like thunder through the narrow streets. The fog not decreasing prevented my properly appreciating the country through which we passed, which was hilly from the dim outline of rising hills, which, with a pretty foreground, made it very provoking to see so imperfectly. Now we passed a fine large white mansion, seated on its velvet lawn, backed by ancient woods; then we plunged between high banks, fringed with hazel-trees, fern, and underwood, crowned at the summit with lofty oaks; the close little Devonshire lanes, so long and narrow that they have passed into a proverb, shooting up on either side in long lines from the main road, bearing that stamp of seclusion and prettiness peculiar to English scenery.

We cannot boast of snow-capped Alps, rising to meet the fleecy clouds, rich purple vineyards, glowing hues, or majestic scenery—no lakes whose crystal waters lave the marble steps of mighty palaces, shrouded in lofty cypresses as on the banks of lovely Como—no fertile plains of classic fame, where amidst palms, and olives, and dark ilex-trees, the gaunt ruins of another age are dressed and garlanded with bright flowers under the ardent rays of a southern sun; but we *may* boast our own peculiar beauties, a verdant sunny bank in a secluded copse in the merry month of May, where the gay wild flowers love to grow and blend into a very rural garland—the primrose, the blue forget-me-not, the purple violet, the delicate wood anemone, the hyacinth, with its small bells, and the pencilled wild geranium, with its pretty pink blossoms peeping forth among the stones or rocks, or that break the grassy ground, where the bees hum and the butterflies dance among the flowers; the shelving bank shaded by thickly tasselled hazels, ending in rows of far-stretching oaks opening their huge branches to the blue sky—such nooks I have loved from childhood, and had I seen the wonders of the entire world should love them still, for I was born in the sweet breath of the country, and dear are the recollections of one's home, specially to a wanderer like me.

Towards evening we came on a large encampment of gipsies, with their accompaniments of pots and kettles, and small turf fires, tents, ragged horses, and starved donkeys, the whole tribe engaged in making baskets. The uncommon beauty of some of the girls riveted my attention. Their raven hair twisted round their heads, flashing eyes and clear olive complexions, relieved by the hood and falling drapery of ample

scarlet cloaks, made them quite Murillo-looking subjects. The women, indeed, in all the towns through which we passed, were so pretty, that I began to think people need not travel into Lancashire to see witches, but by taking the express-train into Devonshire might be cast quite as soon under magical influence, if the charm consist in the highest degree of rustic unadorned beauty.

We proceeded at a madly furious pace, exceeding any speed I ever conceived possible for aught but steam-engines. It was like a continual running away without the final catastrophe of the upset, and I really sat and trembled; fortunately the horses were *not* of brass, and the hills were very steep, which at length reduced our mad scamper into a gallop, which to my excited feelings appeared safe in comparison with our late devil's drive.

Thank Heaven, here, at last, we are at Plymouth, and then in a trice at Devonport, without any broken bones or fractured skulls, driving into the inn-yard, where I dismounted and stretched my cramped legs, and tried to believe I was on *terra firma*, though my head would go round and round as if I were on the sea. In the midst of the confusion caused by our arrival, the green-veiled lady suddenly reappeared dismounting from the top of the coach; and making me a vulgar bow, "Hoped I had ridden well, for she had had a very cold ride, *she* had, and was all but froze."

A violent squabble then began between a red-faced man with black whiskers, wearing a white hat and large shawl cravat, and carrying an immensely long whip, and a wretched-looking artisan and his wife; he asserting they had *not* paid their fare, they equally positive that they *had*. The noise attracted my attention, and I listened to them. "That gent'lman there knows I paid; he saw me pay. Please, sir, indeed I did," cried the artisan. "Pray, Mr. Ward, don't be so hard on poor bodies like we."

This, then, was the mysterious stranger—that mighty man of valour, Mr. Ward! No other than the very coachman who had driven so furiously it was a mercy we were not all embedded in mud in a Devonshire ditch. Here he stood confessed as a picker of poor men's empty pockets, completing his iniquities by walking up to me, touching his hat, and asking "What I would please to give the coachman?" Oh! what a fall was here! How I despised that low female in the green veil, and hated myself for wasting so much curiosity on this detestable Jehu!

After this impotent *dénouement* to the wonder-working magic of a name which had actually thrown a halo around the most vulgar of Phaetons, I retreated to the depths of the commercial inn, and was ushered up-stairs into the inky recesses of the desolate "best room," which wore that peculiar paradoxical look of empty habitableness—of furnished unfurnishedness, always afforded by an hotel. So little cheered was I at the prospect—so anxious to see my dear children, that I would have proceeded at once that night, had I not been informed by the waiter—a knowing dog he!—that the floating bridge over the Hamoaze did not go across after eight, and drawing out his watch, he at once proclaimed it long past that hour. So, placing two half-lit tallow-candles on the unbounded surface of a shiny mahogany table, which just make darkness visible, the gentleman of the buttery flourished his napkin, bowed, and withdrew, leaving me alone, and forced to pocket my maternal feelings

and allay my impatience as best I could. The fire, only half lighted, struggled into a feeble existence : when did an ian fire ever do anything but either go out wholly, or roast one like a furnace? As I watched the gradual extinction of the wood, I fell into a melancholy fit of musing at the sad vicissitudes of fortune which had driven me an exile to the end of merry England, in order to see those children I had brought into the world, now banished to a barren coast far from our happy home—far from the broad lands of our ancestors—far from a mother's love and care; and as I remembered how soon we must again part, the bitter tears of anguish rose to my eyes. How my heart ached, and my spirit sank; how I missed that friend whose kind voice can alone allay the mental agony that at times oppresses me, to whom I cling as the poor parasite to the mighty oak! My sorrows now crowded in rapid catalogue before me, one sad image melting into another. I yearned to see my children; I dreaded again to leave them. Oh, I was very sad, and in this state crept away to bed, happy to drown my grief in temporary oblivion.

I rose at an early hour, and crossed the harbour, which in general aspect strongly reminds one of Portsmouth and Gosport, only that the banks at Davenport are narrower and more picturesque, and there is none of that bustle and appearance of commerce so characteristic of Portsmouth. The sea here runs considerably inland, becoming narrowed into a river as it advances, turning and twisting about in all directions, then spreading over large spaces, having all the effect of an inland lake—a succession of handsome country houses and finely-timbered parks giving the shores a well-dressed appearance. The growth of timber near the sea is remarkably luxuriant; it is wholly free from that stunted look which wood near the coast generally has.

The first residence I passed along the Cornwall road, after crossing the water, was A—— Park, belonging to Fanny——. I could not see the house, which lies near the water's edge, and is Elizabethan in style; but the park bordered the road for some distance, and announced a fine residence. Fanny—— is a sweet, warm-hearted creature; at sixteen we were great friends, when she was already engaged to be married, having just returned from abroad with her parents, whither the swain had followed her, and proposed on the lovely shores of the Leman Lake. She was not a little elated of being at that early age a betrothed bride, and treated with all the consideration and respect consequent on brevet rank; but I warmly contested the point of priority, and claimed precedence as "an engaged Miss," by proving that I had had an offer before her, and was (if I chose) engaged to Lord——, whose high-sounding name put her humbler pretensions altogether in the shade. We exchanged our secrets, as well as vows of eternal secrecy; but when we began each to tell our tale, the difference was, indeed, great. She loved with all the ardent freshness and enthusiasm of sweet seventeen, and dwelt on her William's perfections with fond delight. His letters, too, carried in her bosom—how she devoured them! I was uncommonly edified by hearing some passages she read aloud; judging from which, they were compositions such as generally proceed from the creation's lords when they are about attaching the fetters for life and love to hide the iron chains with wreaths of flowers, and rivet them while uttering sweet incense of honeyed words, which flattery and which words

every girl believes were solely invented for and addressed to herself, and that no man ever loved as her own dear since the days of Romeo. I could tell Fanny no love-tales, for, far from loving, I did not, unfortunately, even *like*; so, affecting to treat her ecstasies with assumed contempt, I fell back on rank, position, eminence, fortune, and brilliant establishment, and entrenched myself behind the ramparts of worldly views and calculating *convenance*, wishing, however, all the time, in my inmost heart, that my lordling would address such effusions to me as Fanny's William did to her, instead of looking at me when we met as if he were afraid of me.

But here I am, forgetting that this is Cornwall, and the country around so romantic I seek in vain for words to describe it. The road follows the course of the same estuary over which I had crossed at Devonport, now narrowed to a perfect stream, forcing its passage between lofty hills—now expanding into large sheets of water, dotted with islands, edged by luxuriant oaks, darkening the water where their shadows fell. The bank along which I drove resembled an elevated terrace, from which descended woody banks and deep ravines to the water's side, the hills above being covered with luxuriant thickly-planted oak woods, beautifully tinged with autumnal tints, broken into glens and dells, down which came rushing little mountain-streams, dancing over dark rocks and moss-grown stones. Distant peeps there were every now and then of grassy hills, velvety in their rich soft green, and verdant fields shut in by another wood, behind which rose an outline of loftier and more distant heights quite in the background.

A village was passed, and then came a long steep ascent, when the road, after passing between high rocky banks, emerged on a flat plain country very like the level ground of Scotland. The fields had no fringe of trees, and all the hills were round and uninteresting, the only variety being afforded by peeps of the blue sea between the opening heights: and this monotonous scenery continued for some miles, until I found myself descending into the Vale of Looe, from the lofty uplands the road winding down in terraced lines through a thick oak wood. Before me now unfolded a scene so lovely, that I actually found myself exclaiming aloud with delight. In front lay the vast azure expanse of the ocean, with the narrow entrance to Looe harbour enclosed between shelving rocks and hills; while scattered on either bank lay the houses, or rather ~~huts~~, forming the picturesque little town, the opposite banks connected by an antique bridge, very narrow, and containing innumerable low ~~utches~~ ^{arches}. The river, or estuary, on which stands the town, after passing ~~the~~ bridge, divides into two branches, separated by a headland gracefully sweeping down from a considerable height, covered with woods, now ~~shaded~~ ^{stained} with every hue, from green to red, and from red to russet-brown. The water right and left of this hill intersects the country between high woody banks, meandering along, forming little bays, and capes, and pretty ~~quiet~~ ^{quiet} corners, tossing about the upper land into ravines, dells, and valleys, all covered with oak woods, save were jutting rocks stand out in bold relief, contrasting their sober tints of grey to the brilliant colouring of the overhanging branches. The river before being divided has all the appearance of a lake, expanding, after passing the bridge, to a considerable size: in this respect much exceeding the banks of the Wye

(a scene otherwise very similar), where, however, the river is very narrow, and quite discoloured with mud. I must prefer the Vale of Loos as being not only bolder and grander in character, but also richer in woods and verdure.

After resting at the little inn, where one passes through a street so narrow that friendly neighbours might well shake hands out of window across the street, I proceeded over the old-fashioned bridge, up the opposite bank, by a road so steep that the horses crawled up like rats, with difficulty keeping their footing, the road continuing along one of the wooded banks overlooking the water until we turned inland.

I was now approaching my children, and my heart expanded with a joy and expectation which made me doubly vexed at our contriving to lose our way, not only once, but over and over again, for the obvious reason, that every person to whom we applied flatly contradicted the other, and all spoke such a jargon it might have been Chinese for aught I knew. At last, after many turns and twistings, and being bumped across some terribly rough fields, we reached the right road, and descended to Polperro down a terrific cliff, so steep that I jumped out the quicker to meet my beloved ones. My feet keeping pace with my impatience, I soon reached the door of the small house where they were domiciled, and in a few moments was pressing to my heart in rapturous joy the long-lost darlings. How they were improved! How proud and delighted was I to be the mother of such sweet children, and who look, too, as good as they are pretty! This, indeed, was happiness—a very golden moment—a bright star in my dark path!

May—my May—is sweet, with her long auburn ringlets hanging in luxuriant curls over her white neck; and there is an air of feminine gentleness about her that will become more and more fascinating as she grows up. Her melting blue eyes are full of love and sweetness, and her little caresses gentle and winning in the extreme. My eldest is not so pretty, but full of intelligence and ardour, tall and well made, animated and active—as warm-hearted a little maiden as a mother's heart could desire. The little pair by their very contrast set off each other: the one yielding, gentle, coy—the other ardent, impetuous, fiery, her glowing little eyes full of resolution and enterprise. I will defer my account of our *locale* until to-morrow, being too much absorbed with my children to have eyes for aught else.

THE PAGAN AND THE CZAR.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

WHAT did the Pagan monarch do?—
 Burning to conquer lands that were not his,
 Recking not waste of life, or human bliss,
 War's fearful trump an Alexander blew,
 Made countries desolate, caused want and tears,
 Crushed in a day the labours of long years,
 Sent thousands to their grave ere Nature's hour,
 Advancing still, yet craving still more power—

And this he deemed no crime,
Ambition's ladder mounting like a god,
Blight in his looks, destruction in his nod,
The terror of his time!

What should the Christian monarch do?—
Strive to improve, advance the realms his own,
To make his people's hearts his living throne,
And hush the battle-trumpet's deathful tone,
To justice, mercy true;
Sow wide the seeds of commerce, knowledge, joy,
To enlighten mind each energy employ,
And rights, like common air, impart,
And foster science, genius, art,
Knit land to sister land by bonds of love,
All owning one great Sire, one Lord above—
This should the Christian monarch do.

And thou, proud Czar, art Christian, and wouldst lay
All hateful Pagans low;
Yet dost thou tread the Pagan's blood-stained way,
Breaking earth's peace, and scattering dire dismay,
And wedding Want to Woe.
Man of the iron heart and stubborn will,
Ruling th' enslaved and crouching North!
Renouncing good for violence and ill,
Pour thy serf-armies forth!
Seize like a robber, burst all honour's ties,
Raise famine's fiend, and mock at miseries!
Another Timur, slay, then Heaven adore,
And lift, like him, the clasp'd hands red with gore—
Yet know, a day of reckoning comes for thee,
And dark and dread crime's penalty will be;
Man of the iron heart!
Honour's brave bands that start,
The avenging swords which from their scabbards fly,
That, but for thee, had slept with things gone by,
The cannon's roar, the wide-spread battle-cry,
Like thunder-tongues appealing to the sky,
All tell us what thou art!

Wrong never yet had lasting, true success;
Awhile thy countless hordes may onward press;
Yet 'gainst their will they war—thou, only thou
Send'st them to slay, and to be slaughtered now;
Thy wild ambition may, with blasting breath,
Wither an hour, and spread dismay and death,
And pour Destruction's maddening deluge wide,
But Civilisation shall beat back the tide;
Free Britain, gallant France, their power have hurled
Against the Invader's force, and saved the world:
Yet cruel, reckless Czar!
Through thy base passions ere this strife shall end,
Thousands to Hades' darkness will descend,
Thou the *sole cause* of war!
Think of men's deaths, their agonies, their woes,
When Night draws 'round the curtain of repose,
Will not the dread reflection banish rest,
And pierce with stings of fire thy conscious breast?

LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

NO. XXIII.—KINGSLEY'S EDINBURGH LECTURES.*

WHAT Alexandria has been, history tells in large and memorable characters. Mr. Kingsley is not without large hope of her future also. As the unrivalled advantages of her *locale* were seen at a glance by Philip's warlike son, "one of the greatest intellects whose influence the world has ever felt," and at once suggested to him the "mighty project of making it the point of union of two, or rather of three worlds,"—so the author of "Hypatia" believes that a glance at the map, which is enough to see what an *'ομφαλὸς γῆς*, a centre of the world, this Alexandria is, may naturally arouse in other minds, what it has often done in his, the suspicion that the place has not yet fulfilled its whole destiny, but may become at any time a prize for contending nations, or the centre of some world-wide empire to come. "The stream of commerce is now rapidly turning back to its old channel; and British science bids fair to make Alexandria once more the inn of all the nations." The fate of Palestine, we are reminded, is now more than ever bound up with the fate of the city with whose history its own was inextricably united for more than three centuries; and a British or French colony might, it is added, holding the two countries, develop itself into a nation as vast as sprang from Alexander's handful of Macedonians, and become the meeting point for the nations of the West, and those great Anglo-Saxon peoples who seem destined to spring up in the Australian ocean. And then with regard to intellectual development, Mr. Kingsley opines, that though Alexandria wants, and always has wanted, "that insular and exclusive position which seems almost necessary to develop original thought and original national life, yet she may still act," as in her palmy days she so effectually did, as the "point of fusion for distinct schools and polities"—a rallying-place of both conflicting and converging forces, where the "young and buoyant vigour of the new-born nations may at once teach, and learn from, the prudence, the experience, the traditional wisdom of the ancient Europeans." So speculates one not without pretension to the functions of the Seer. For ourselves, we can but say, we shall *see*.

In these four Lectures, a rapid survey is taken of the varied phases of the historical and philosophical life of Alexandria, from the dawn of her renown under the first Ptolemy to her decadence in mediæval times. No dry summary of facts and dates and doctrines, however; as far as the veriest *habitué* in light reading can desire, from *that*; but enlivened and enriched and relieved with graphic passages, and rich colouring, and happily-devised side-lights, such as all acquainted with the lecturer's previous writings will know how to give him credit for. Lecture-going people, who had hitherto possessed only a mummified sort of notion of

* Alexandria and her Schools. Four Lectures delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh. With a Preface. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1854.

Ptolemy Lagus, Mr. Kingsley knew how to interest thenceforth in the human actuality of that Egyptian despot, by talking to them of Soter's face and practical genius:—a face of the loftiest and most Jove-like type of Greek beauty; not without a "possibility" about it, as about most old Greek faces, of boundless cunning, and a lofty irony and Goethe-like contemptuousness about the mouth;—and the genius of one, who saw clearly what was needed in those strange times, and went straight to the thing which he saw. "But Ptolemy's political genius went beyond such merely material and Warburtonian care for the conservation of body and goods of his subjects," as he displayed in his system of administration so sagaciously adapted to the peculiar caste-society, and the religious prejudices of Egypt—substituting law and order, and reviving commerce, for the wretched misrule and slavery of the conquering Persian dynasty. Ptolemy provided for the due sustenance, or rather renewal and development, of the religious sentiment—introducing new gods, that were soon to become the fashionable deities of the Roman world; and he provided for the intellectual wants of his country, gathering round him the wise men of Greece, in the belief that mind had been all along the secret of Greek power, when brought into collision with barbarian brute force, and intent on fortifying his throne, and glorifying his realm, with the splendid establishment of a true aristocracy of intellect. "So he begins. Aristotle is gone: but in Aristotle's place Philotas the sweet singer of Cos, and Zenodotus the grammarian of Ephesus, shall educate his favourite son, and he will have a literary court, and a literary age. Demetrius Phalereus, the Admirable Crichton of his time, the last of Attic orators, statesman, philosopher, poet, warrior, and each of them in the most graceful, insinuating, courtly way, migrates to Alexandria, after having had the three hundred and sixty statues, which the Athenians had too hastily erected to his honour, as hastily pulled down again." A library is instituted, and a Mouseion, or Temple of the Muses, is right royally endowed, and in all things the presiding genius of Aristotle* is to be worshipped.

A Quarterly Reviewer—Mr. Sewall, we "guess"—has drawn a parallel, which he considers close and curious, between the Alexandrian Court of this epoch and the Court of Prussia under Frederic II. Both Ptolemy and Old Fritz were, he remarks, military princes; both estranged from

* Every man, said Schlegel, is born a Platonist or an Aristotelian. Mr. Kingsley the former. His "Phaethon" shows us how highly he estimates Plato. In the Preface to these lectures, it is for the Plato he was taught at Cambridge, still more than for the criticism and the mathematics he was taught there, that he avows himself grateful to her. In his third lecture he contends that the true Platonic method remains yet to be tried, both in England and Germany, and that, if fairly used, it will be found the ally, not the enemy, of the Baconian philosophy; "in fact, the inductive method applied to words, as the expressions of Metaphysic Laws, instead of to natural phenomena, as the expressions of Physical ones." But Aristotle he regards with aversion (to speak *Hibernicè*), as a proud, self-contained systematiser, "who must needs explain all things in heaven and earth by his own formulæ, and his entelechies and energies, and the rest of the notions which he has made for himself out of his own brain," and put "every created and uncreated thing henceforth into its proper place, from the ascidians and polypes of the sea to the virtues and the vices,—yea, to the Great Deity and Prime Cause . . . whom he discovered by irrefragable processes of logic."—*Cnf. Lectures*, pp. 17-18, 29, 162, *sqq.*

their national church; both drew to their capital a crowd of literary foreigners from a country far advanced in intellect and infidelity. "Voltaire, D'Alembert, Helvetius, Maupertuis, and Wolf, were modern copies of Theodorus, Hegesias, Menedemus, Straton, and Colotes." And we are reminded of the same literary rivalry between the king and the scholars; the same *petits soupers*; the same envyings and quarrellings; the same comprehensive liberality in matters of religion. As Frederic patronised Wolf with one hand, and the Jesuits with the other, making his own infidelity a middle term, so did Ptolemy pay his orisons to Isis and Venus, under the intermediate abstraction of Serapis. And to the Academy, founded by Frederic, corresponds the Museum founded by Ptolemy.* Great and sedulous was his Egyptian majesty's care for, and interest in, the well-being and working of his collegiate and educational institutes. Mr. Kingsley's verdict on their working is, that in Physics the product was next to nothing, in Art nothing, and in Metaphysics less than nothing. Among the literary and scientific Notables of Alexandria, he devotes a few words to Euclid, whose genius he considers a complete type of the general tendency of the Greek mind, deductive, rather than inductive; of unrivalled subtlety in obtaining results from principles, and results again from them, *ad infinitum*, but deficient in the sturdy moral patience of the Baconian ideal and the British actual, necessary to a due examination of facts;—to Eratosthenes, immortalised by the one mite he contributed to science, and not by the profuse dissertations he indited on Ethics, Chronology, and Dramatic Criticism;—to Hipparchus, in whom "astronomic science seemed to awaken suddenly to a true inductive method, and after him to fall into its old slumber for 800 years," a method which enabled him and his successors to calculate and predict the changes of the heavens, in spite of their clumsy instruments, with almost as much accuracy as we do now;—to Callimachus, that encyclopædic favourite of Philadelphus, and founder of Alexandrian literature;—and to the Lycophrons and Philetases, bards and poetasters, some of whom, however, were the models of Propertius and Ovid and Rome's most ambitious lyrists. "One natural strain"—we quote one of the lecturer's pleasantest bits of criticism—"is heard amid all this artificial jingle; that of Theocritus. It is not altogether Alexandrian. Its sweetest notes were learnt amid the chestnut groves and orchards, the volcanic glens and sunny pastures of Sicily: but the intercourse between the courts of Hiero and the Ptolemies seems to have been continual. . . . The real value of Theocritus lies in his powers of landscape-painting. One can well conceive the delight which his idyls must have given to those dusty Alexandrians, pent up for ever between sea and sand-hills, drinking the tank-water, and never hearing the sound of a running stream,—whirling, too, for ever, in all the bustle and intrigue of a commercial and literary city. Refreshing indeed it must have been to them to hear of those simple joys and simple sorrows of the Sicilian shepherd, in a land where toil was but exercise, and mere existence was enjoyment. To them, and to us also. I believe Theocritus

* See a learned and lively essay, which all Mr. Kingsley's readers will gladly refer to, on "Alexandria and the Alexandrians," in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxi.

is one of the poets who will never die. He sees men and things, in his own light way, truly; and he describes them simply, honestly, with little careless touches of pathos and humour, while he floods his whole scene with that gorgeous Sicilian air, like one of Titian's pictures; with still sunshine, whispering pines, the lizard sleeping on the wall, and the sun-burnt cicala shrieking on the spray, the pears and apples dropping from the orchard bough, the goats clambering from crag to crag after the cistus and the thyme, the brown youths and wanton lasses singing under the dark chesnut boughs, or by the leafy arch of some

Grot nymph-haunted,
Garlanded over with vine, and acanthus, and clambering roses,
Cool in the fierce still noon, where the streams glance clear in the moss-beds ;

and here and there, between the braes and meads, blue glimpses of the far-off summer sea; and all this told in a language and a metre which shapes itself almost unconsciously, wave after wave, into the most luscious song. Doubt not that many a soul then was the simpler, and purer, and better, for reading the sweet singer of Syracuse. He has his immoralities; but they are the immoralities of his age: his naturalness, his sunny calm and cheerfulness, are all his own." Surely a charming glimpse of

Theocritus, with glittering locks,
Dropt sideways, as betwixt the rocks
He watched the visionary flocks.*

as Mrs. Browning pictures the poet whom Mr. Bruce,† allowing him to be the simplest and the most natural of all rural poets, yet mistrusts as an aristocratic and courtly minstrel, wholly ignorant of the country life he painted so attractively, wallowing the while in wealth and luxury, and robed in purple and fine linen, in the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

Mr. Kingsley gives a highly interesting sketch of the character of Neo-Platonism in his third lecture; dealing thoughtfully and frankly with a difficult subject, and throwing out many a pregnant hint, and suggesting many a weighty matter of speculation, as might be expected from one of his hardihood and outspoken earnestness. He makes this section of his subject the most valuable of any, as it was of itself the most attractive, and the most delicate to handle before a mixed multitude. Firmly stating and standing to his own convictions as a Christian priest, he diserts with the manliest freedom on the inter-agencies and co-relations of philosophy and religion in the schools of Alexandria. He passes in review the tenets of Philo, the father of Neo-Platonism, who seemed to himself to find in the sacred books of his nation that which agreed with the deepest discoveries of Greek philosophy, which explained and corroborated them," and who saw partially and yet clearly that great metaphysic idea of the Logos, which, after Coleridge, Mr. Kingsley believes to be "at once the justifier and the harmoniser of all philosophic truth which man has ever discovered, or will discover;"—of Plotinus, "glavishly enough reverencing the opinion of Plato, whom he quotes as an infallible oracle, with a 'He says,' as if there were but one he in the universe," but who at least tried honestly to develop Plato, or what he

* Vision of Poets.

† Classic and Historic Portraits.

conceived to be Plato, on the method which Plato had laid down, and who approved himself in practical life as a benignant and upright sage, one who could and would "give good advice about earthly matters, was a faithful steward of moneys deposited with him, a guardian of widows and orphans, a righteous and loving man;"—and of Proclus, to whom the golden chain of the Platonic succession descended from the murdered maiden-philosopher Hypatia,—Ficino, whom Victor Cousin lauds as the priest of the whole universe by right of having mastered and harmonised all religions, but who, to our lecturer, seems at once the most timid and servile of commentators, and the most cloudy of declaimers—one who "can rave symbolism like Jacob Böhmen, but without an atom of his originality and earnestness," and can "develop an inverted pyramid of demonology, like Father Newman himself, but without an atom of his art, his knowledge of human cravings." "He combines all schools, truly, Chaldee and Egyptian as well as Greek; but only scraps from their mummies, drops from their quintessences, which satisfy the heart and conscience as little as they do the logical faculties." A memorable prayer of Proclus for *more light* is, however, reverently done justice to by his critic, as the last Pagan Greek prayer we have on record, "the death-wall of the old world—not without a touch of melody"—and not without an affecting likeness to that *In Memoriam* figure of

An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

And then comes the Christian school of Alexandrian philosophy, concerning which Mr. Kingsley, in opposition to the current contempt of the Alexandrian divines as mere mystics, who corrupted Christianity by an admixture of Oriental and Greek thought, avows his belief that "they expanded and corroborated Christianity, in spite of great errors and defects on certain points, far more than they corrupted it; that they presented it to the minds of cultivated and scientific men in the only form in which it would have satisfied their philosophic aspirations, and yet contrived, with wonderful wisdom, to ground their philosophy on the very same truths which they taught to the meanest slaves, and to appeal in the philosophers to the very same inward faculty to which they appealed in the slave; namely, to that inward eye, that moral sense and reason, whereby each and every man can, if he will, 'judge of himself that which is right.'" He contends that what there was of esoteric and exoteric distinctions in their teaching, was not what it was with the Heathen schools, a separate sum of faith for men of culture and for the vulgar herd severally, the kernel for the privileged illuminati, and the husk for the incapable mob; but that, exactly on the contrary, these Christian philosophers boldly called those vulgar eyes to enter into the very holy of holies, and there gaze on the very deepest root-ideas of their philosophy. "They owned no ground for their own speculations which was not common to the harlots and the slaves around"—the ground being (and this is the key to the whole) a *moral* ground, and not a merely intellectual one, and the only prohibition imposed being the meddling with intellectual matters, before the meddlers (to whom the entire *moral* field was open) had had a regular intellectual training:

Hence their apologist sees in their teaching a truly practical human element—purely ethical and unmetaphysical, and yet palpable to the simplest and lowest, which exerted a regenerating force never attained by the highest efforts of Nee-Platonism. That capital doctrine of the very Personality and the real Fatherhood of God, upon which Mr. Maurice insists with so much emphasis and solicitude, is reiterated and illustrated by his friend and fellow-labourer Mr. Kingsley, with equal prominence and persistency of statement. And when summoned to observe the decline and fall of Alexandrian Christianity, and to say why it rotted away, and perished hideously, he at once proclaims the causes of its decay and death to lie in its having been untrue to itself, and faithless to the cardinal point of its religious philosophy. They forgot practically, these religious philosophers, that the light of truth proceeded from a Person—and that if He was a Person, He had a character; and that that character was a righteous and loving one—they became Dogmatists, fierce assertors of a truth which they were forgetting was meant to be used, and not barely asserted—the divine Logos, “and theology as a whole, receded further and further aloft into abysmal heights, as it became a mere dreary system of dead scientific terms, having no practical bearing on their hearts and lives;” and thus the Christian Alexandrians, as the Heathen had done, took to demonologies and image-worship, and all those drivelling idolatries which made their Mohammedan invaders regard them as polytheists, no better than the Pagan Arabs of the desert.

And justly so regard them, Mr. Kingsley holds. Little tolerance has he for that degraded aspect of the Christian world of which Islam was indignantly intolerant. Little sympathy with those Jacobite and Melchite controversies and riots, in the midst of which uprose the avenging Mussulmans. Little courtesy towards that chaos of profligacy and chicanery, in rulers and people, in the home and in the market, in the theatre and in the senate, such as the world has rarely seen before or since; a chaos, he says, which reached its culmination in the seventh century, the age of Justinian and Theodora, whom he pronounces the two most hideous sovereigns, worshipped by the most hideous empire of parasites and cowards, hypocrites and wantons, that ever insulted the long-suffering of a righteous God. And what of Islam and Mohammed? Much the same in substance with what Carlyle teaches in his “Hero-worship,” modified by the views of Maurice in his “Religions of the World.” Islam was strong, because it was the “result of a true insight into the nature of God,” as a God who “showeth [in the words of the Koran] to man the thing which he knew not;” for this, we are assured, is the end and object of all metaphysic, “that external and imperishable beauty for which Plato sought of old, and had seen that its name was righteousness, and that it dwelt absolutely in an absolutely righteous Person; and moreover, that this Person was no careless self-contented epicurean deity,” but One who cared for men, and desired to make them righteous.

But Islam soon deteriorated. Polygamy, inducing the degradation of woman—the loss of the sense of inspiration, and the loss of the knowledge of God, dwindling into a dark, slavish, benumbing fatalism,—the cultivation of the Aristotelian philosophy (Mr. Kingsley’s Platonic zeal never spares the Stagyrte when he can deal him a blow, deserved or otherwise);—these things sped the decline of Islamism. To polygamy

alone the lecturer attributes nine-tenths of the present decay and old age of every Mussulman nation, and maintains that until it be utterly abolished, all Western civilisation and capital, and all the civil and religious liberty on earth, will not avail one jot toward their revival.

And here we must not omit mention of his allusions (in the Preface) to the state and prospects of Turkey. He doubts the possibility of the "regeneration" of any nation which has sunk, "not into mere valiant savagery, but into effete and profligate luxury"—of any people which has "lost the one great quality which was the tenure of its existence, military skill." He bids us remember the Turkish armies of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, "when they were the tutors and models of all Europe in the art of war," and then ponder on the fact of their now requiring to be "officered by foreign adventurers" to be kept going or standing at all. "When, in the age of Theodosius, and again in that of Justinian, the Roman armies had fallen into the same state; when the Italian legions required to be led by Stilicho the Vandal, and the Byzantine by Belisar the Slav and Narses the Persian, the end of all things was at hand, and came; and it will come soon to Turkey." The Turkish empire, as it now exists, seems to Mr. Kingsley "an altogether unrighteous and worthless thing," which stands no longer upon the assertion of the greath truth of Islam, but on the merest brute force and oppression. But then, if Turkey deserves to fall, and must fall, let it not fall (he is careful to add) by any treachery of *ours*. "Whatsoever element of good is left in the Turk, to that we must appeal as our only means, if not of saving him, still of helping him to a quiet euthanasia and absorption into a worthier race of successors." *Parson Lot*, the Christian Socialist, the author of "Alton Locke," will not be suspected of Russian sympathies; and if, as he says he does, he looks with sad forebodings on the destiny of the war, it is because of the promises made by "our own selfish shortsightedness," under the "hollow name of the Cause of Order," that "the wrongs of Italy, Hungary, Poland, Sweden, shall remain unredressed, and that Prussia and Austria, two tyrannies, the one far more false and hypocritical, the other even more rotten than that of Turkey, shall, if they will but observe a hollow and uncertain neutrality (for who can trust the liar and the oppressor?)—be allowed not only to keep their ill-gotten spoils, but even now to play into the hands of our foe, by guarding his Polish frontier for him, and keeping down the victims of his cruelty, under pretence of keeping down those of their own." Here, as throughout this paper, we leave the lecturer to speak for himself, and forbear caution or comment; for so many and so knotty are the debateable things involved in these pages, that had we tarried to inquire and take exception, our present *terminus* would be but the initial *à quo* instead of the ultimate *ad quem*.

THE FAIR PROSPECT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FELON'S REVERIE."

FROM THE DANISH. BY MRS. BUSHBY.

FROM his infancy he had loved the sea, with its restless waves ; the dark blue ocean, with its white sails ; and the idea of a sailor's pleasant life pervaded his very dreams. During the winter months he was satisfied to go to school, and learn to read and write ; but in summer, when the soft wind stole with its balmy breath through the windows of the schoolroom, he used to fancy that it brought him greetings from the adjacent sea—that it came fraught with the odour of the sun-bleached deck, of the tarry rope, of the swelling sail—and then the schoolroom became too confined for him, and his little breast heaved with a longing which he could not repress.

All his holidays were spent at the quays, or on the sea-shore ; when a ship arrived from some foreign land, he would gaze at it with longing eyes, and he would wish it were not speechless, that it might tell him of the magnificent clear moonlights on which the tropical skies and the dreamy ocean seemed to unite, and form one wide and bland expanse ; or of the dark stormy night on which the tempest, resting on its breezy pinions, broods over the foaming sea. Oh ! how he envied the careless, sunburnt sailors who looked down from the gunwale, or hung, apparently in frolic mood, amid the yards above!—who could be so happy as they, to skim over the sea with only a slender plank beneath their feet, with the white sails outstretched like wings above their head !

When it became late in the evening, he would saunter slowly and sorrowfully homewards to the small, confined house in the suburbs of the town, where his mother, who had, perhaps, just finished her day's hard work, would meet him with gentle reproaches for staying out so long. When he had then assisted her to bring in the heavy pail of water, to stretch the somewhat blackened ropes in the court, and prop them up with long sticks, to water the flowers in the little garden, and the pots of balsam and geranium in the window ; and when their simple supper was finished, it was his delight to place himself on a low wooden stool at his mother's feet, while she knitted, and listen to the stories she told him of his poor father, who had gone far away and had never returned. Vivid were the pictures the good woman drew from the magic-lantern of her memory. Now, it was of her maritime wedding—with the two waving Dannebrog flags—the numerous smartly-dressed sailors, with their short jackets, white hats, and red pocket-handkerchiefs, each with his sweetheart on his arm ; now, of the day when his father came home from a voyage, and found him—the boy—in a cradle, a welcome gift on his arrival ; now, of the dreadful hour when the owner of the ship sent for her, and she was informed, in a few cold words, that her husband had died out on the wide ocean, had been wrapped in his hammock, and lowered into the deep. The stories always ended here with the widow's tears ; but the boy would sit lost in deep thought, and would follow in his imagination the sinking hammock with his father's corpse down beneath the

blue, blue waves, lower and lower, into the darkening abyss, until he became giddy from his own fancies.

Sometimes his mother was not at home; then he always fixed his gaze upon a miserable little picture which hung against the wall, and which represented a brig in full sail. He would fancy himself standing beneath its broad canvas, and waving his farewell to the land; or, he would steal into the recess of the window, and please himself by imagining that he was in the cabin of a ship, and that the white curtain which hung in the window, and was slightly agitated by the wind, was the flapping of the sails in a storm. His little head would at length droop and rest against the window-sill, whilst sleep closed his eyes, and permitted him to continue in dreams his fancied voyage.

One day—a bright sunshiny day—he was strolling along the edge of the harbour wall, gazing at the ships, and chatting now and then with the seafaring people. His little white hat had fallen back, and rested awry upon his curly head, as the poor boy jumped and played about, his shirt sleeves tucked up and without any jacket. How happy he was when the sailors bade him run an errand for them, or, what was better still, help them to move or lift anything. As he wandered farther and farther on, he came upon a large ship that was lying close to a wharf, and taking in its cargo. The boy stood long opposite to it, and looked attentively upon it. That strange, mysterious feeling in the human mind which arises at the sight of the place where our death-bed is to be, or our coffin is to rest, prompted him to exclaim, "How quiet, how peaceful it is here!" Though he thought—unknowing of the future—that his grave would be under some shady tree, yet in contemplating the scene before him, he felt that it was cool, and fresh, and inviting to repose. It was with a peculiar and undefinable sensation that his eye wandered over the newly-tarred hull of the ship—around which the glancing waves were lightly sporting—up the supple mast till it rested on the pennon at its top. The busy crew went backwards and forwards, to and from the vessel, which appeared to be nearly ready for its approaching voyage; and the master stood upon the deck, issuing commands, and superintending everything.

The boy ventured nearer and nearer; with earnest looks he watched everything on board, and everything seemed to have been familiar to him in some dream of the past—everything, from the nicely-painted, half-open cabin-door, to the dog that rattled its chains whenever any of the sailors passed it. The captain at length came forward, and, as he leaned over the gunwale, his scrutinising eye fell upon the boy, who as steadily gazed at him. For a time they stood thus—both silent. At last the captain said:

"What do you want here, boy? Are you waiting for any one?"

"No; I am only fond of seeing ships, sir," was the boy's answer; as he took off his little white hat, and twirled it about in his hand.

"To whom to you belong?" asked the skipper.

"My mother supports herself by her labour, sir," replied the boy, "and my father lies out yonder; he pointed towards the ocean. "I also should like to go to sea; but my mother says I am too little yet. Do you think, sir, I am *really* too little?" he added, with an arch, insinuating smile, as he looked up into the captain's eyes.

"Well, well, perhaps not," said the master of the vessel, "Do you know anything about a ship?"

How happy was the boy at that moment; with one bound he was at the side of the captain, and he proceeded with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks to name to him all parts of the ship; there was not a sail, not a rope, not a topmast unknown to him, and the master's looks followed him with approbation and good-will.

"I am bound to the Brazils," said he; "would you like to go with me? But it is a long voyage, and the weather is not always good."

The boy's answer was a cry of joy; he seized the skipper's hand and pressed it to his soft cheek; but suddenly his gladness was checked.

"My mother!" he exclaimed, sorrowfully.

"We will go to her," said the captain, as he laid aside his pipe and took his hat.

Next day there was a fresh and stiff breeze, but the wind was fair and the good ship *The Fair Prospect* bent its way out of the harbour under full sail; it was going to the Brazils, far away beyond the wide, wide ocean; and many a month must pass before its anchor would again drop amidst the waters that laved the shores of the dear native land. But—"Away, into the world—away," came wafted on the joyous breeze;—"Be of good cheer!" smiled the gay, bright sun;—"Farewell—forget me not!" whispered the rolling waves;—and high up amidst the masts hung the exulting ship-boy, while he waved his little red cap, and wept from mingled feelings of grief and joy.

How many remained upon that shore in unruffled tranquillity! They only felt that they were obliged to be stationary, and would never see all the beautiful, the grand, and the wonderful things that the vast world has to display. But among them stood the loving mother, who had no joy on earth but him who had just left her—and in deep sorrow she concealed her tearful countenance. "Dear mother, farewell!" he breathed upon the air; but she could hear these, his parting words, Yet he felt as if his heart would have burst from his breast, and flown to her. And surely she knew this. Did she not feel that there were some sad, tender, affectionate thoughts from him who was gone, following her to her humble home, to her deserted rooms, to the empty little couch, on which she cast herself in an agony of grief? Alas! how many anxious nights would she not have to pass in that lonely cottage, now terrified by frightful dreams, now startled from her troubled sleep, by the howling and uproar of the midnight storm!

One was terrible to listen to. It was a night in spring; but the heavens were black and threatening, so that all was darkness around. The tempestuous clouds chased each other wildly through the skies, and cast their gloomy masses from one part of the heavens to another; the moon shone forth every now and then for a moment, as if in derision of its own impotence, and when its straggling beams then glanced in through the small windows, they seemed for one second to gleam upon the floor, merely to vanish again. The low house shook; the tiles fell from the roof with a loud crash into the little court below; the doors swayed back and forwards as if moved by invisible hands; and the wind absolutely roared in the chimney.

The mother lay awake in her little chamber: she sat up in her bed,

clasped her hands, and cried in her agony of spirit, "Oh, my dear, dear child! where are you this fearful night?" Then she looked at his bed, which had so long stood empty. How willingly she would have cheated herself into the idea that all was a dream, and that it *really* was his fair little head she saw resting on his pillow; but it was fancy—only fancy—for no living form was there! There were none to speak one word of comfort to her; no human being near to console her; she raised her thoughts to heaven, and prayed to God to spare the life of her child in that terrific night; she prayed that she might once more be allowed to fold him in her arms, and earnestly did she farther pray—alas! for a mother's heart—that if he *must* die, his death-struggle might be brief!

And where was the boy while these anxious prayers were ascending to heaven on his behalf? Behold! yonder on the vast wild sea, where the tempest is lashing the waves into mountains, flies the slight bark with the lightning's speed! The subordinate has become the master: the wind, that but lately managed by the sailors' art wafted their vessel gently along, has suddenly burst forth in its might, and in its wanton fury assails them from every point. The heavens are darkened, and the sea casts up billows of foam. Now the ship seems engulfed by the raging waters; now borne aloft as if it were about to career in the air. Yet on these frail planks, which seem to be but as a toy to the elements, there is a will stronger than theirs. See how every stitch of canvas disappears from the towering masts! Look at the fearless, determined countenance of the man who holds the rudder in his strong grasp! See how boldly, how firmly yon sailors tread upon and hang among the swaying yards above! Oh, slip not, slip not! for ye hold life and death in your hands; place cautiously the searching foot; turn the swimming eye from yonder raging deep. Hark! what a frightful blast of wind! It seems to come howling from afar, then rolls with a hollow sound over the foaming waves. The ship trembles from stem to stern, and, as if battling with the ocean, it swings first to one side then to the other, and then it seems to rise and ride triumphant over the heaving billows. In its lightness lies its only hope of safety.

But what is that which has fallen from the maintop-sail-yard down into the sea beneath? The bubbling foam conceals it for a moment, but it rises to the surface. From a break between the dark heavy clouds the moon casts a solitary ray, mild as a compassionate smile. It is the boy—the boy who loved the blue billows so much—he has fallen into their wild embrace, and they like him too well to give him up again. In vain do anxious faces bend over the side of the ship; in vain are ropes cast out; the small hands fight but a feeble battle for life; the fair curly head, over which his unseen mother's prayers and blessings are at that moment hovering, raises itself once more in the pale moonshine; but the struggle is soon over. Some few undefined thoughts flit through his soul: he fancies that he hears his mother's voice. Yes, peace be with you, child! She is praying for you at your hour of death. And he sinks down—down—calmly beneath the waves. The subsiding tempest chants his requiem, the moon sheds a farewell ray upon the spot where he sank, and the grave has closed over the sea-boy's corpse! The war of the elements is over, and the ship glides peacefully into its destined harbour.

WHAT BECAME OF HIM?

A SEQUEL TO "THE TOUR OF DAVID DUNDYKE, ESQUIRE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

MR. and Mrs. David Dundyke had arrived at the Hotel des Bergues, in Geneva, in pursuance of their "tour," and the morning following that event, the lady woke up, dressed herself, and felt like a fish out of water. The size of the hotel, the style pervading it, the inmates she had caught chance glances of passing through the corridors, were all so different from anything she had been brought in contact with, so superior to poor Mrs. Dundyke's limited notions, that she began to wish she *was* out of it. Her husband slept longer than she did; he was a heavy man, and what with one disaster and another, he had enjoyed little repose of mind or body lately. However, ere Mr. Dundyke's watch pointed at ten, they descended to the great *salle*. Several groups were seated in it breakfasting, the greater portion of whom Mr. Dundyke recognised, by their language, to be English; most of them possessed an air of distinction and refinement that proved they were moving in the higher circles of society. An English servant came in once, and accosted his master as "my lord," and a middle-aged, quiet-looking lady, attired plainly in a black silk-gown and net cap, was once spoken to as "Lady Jane." Mr. Dundyke had never, to the best of his knowledge, been in a room with a lord before; had never but once set eyes on a Lady Jane, and she was a wax-work one; and awake to his own importance as the common-councilman was, he felt wonderfully out of place amongst them.

Scarcely had he and his wife begun their breakfast, when a lady and gentleman came in and seated themselves close to him. The stranger was a tall, dark man, taller than Mr. Dundyke, who was by no means undersized, and about the same age—forty, or forty-five. But no two forms could betray a greater contrast. The common-councilman was round, puffy, all fat and no strength, in short, like an embryo alderman is expected to be, while the stranger's form was remarkable for wiry strength and muscle: in a tussle for life and death, mark you, reader, the one would be a child in the handling of the other. The lady was much younger, and a very handsome woman, but she had a loud tongue, a confident manner, and a bold eye.

But now, before we go on, reader, listen to a word of explanation. This paper, as you read on, may not appear to you satisfactory, for there is a mystery, as you will find, attached to it, which mystery cannot be solved, and in all human probability never will be. You have no doubt sat down to read it as you read its predecessor of last month, regarding it but as an evanescent creation of the author's brain: and here lies that author's difficulty. A story of imagination can be turned and twisted any way, improbable events accounted for, and made to wear an air of truth. But this journey to Geneva of Mr. and Mrs. Dundyke, and the tragical end that followed it, are no fiction, as poor Mrs. Dundyke can still vouch for, and things can but be described as they appeared to her. Hence, if you deem the relation of what took place incomplete, the little

explanation that can be given, for instance, of this man and woman just introduced, blame not the relater. Whether they had really anything to do with what occurred, is known only to themselves, and to ONE above, whose eye never slumbers or sleeps.

The lady and gentleman sat down to breakfast, the latter with a slight bow of courtesy to Mr. Dundyke, who a little moved his chair to give more room. He spoke soon after.

"If you are not using that newspaper, sir," pointing to one that lay near Mr. Dundyke, "may I trouble you for it?"

"No use to me, sir," said the common-councilman, passing the journal. "I understand French pretty well when it's spoke, but am scarcely scholar enough in the language to read it."

"Ah, indeed," replied the stranger. "This, however, is German," he continued, as he opened the paper.

"Oh—well—they look sufficiently alike in print," observed the common-councilman. "Slap-up hotel, this seems, sir."

"Comfortable," returned the stranger, carelessly. "You are a recent arrival, I think."

"Got here last night, sir, by the diligence. We are travelling on pleasure; taking a holiday."

"There's nothing like an occasional holiday, a temporary relaxation from the cares of business," remarked the stranger, scanning covertly Mr. Dundyke; "I often feel so."

"I am delighted to hear you say that, sir," exclaimed the common-councilman, hastily assuming a fact, from the words, which probably the speaker never meant or thought to convey. "I am in business myself, sir, and this is the first holiday from it I have ever took: I gather that you are the same. Nothing so respectable as commercial pursuits: a London merchant, sir, stands as a prince of the world."

"Respectable and satisfactory both," joined in the stranger. "What branch of commerce—if you don't deem me impertinent—may you happen to pursue?"

"I'm a partner in a wholesale tea-house, sir," cried Mr. Dundyke, flourishing his hand and his ring for the stranger's benefit. "Our establishment is one of the oldest and wealthiest in Fenchurch-street; known all over the world, sir, and across the seas from here to Chinarr; and as respected as it is known."

"Sir, allow me to shake hands with you," exclaimed the stranger, warmly. "To be a member of such a house does you honour."

"And I am a common-councilman," continued Mr. Dundyke, his revelations increasing with his satisfaction, "a rising on fast to be a alderman and Lord Mayor. No paltry dignity that, sir, to be chief magistrate of the city of London, and ride to court in a gold and scarlet dress, and brodered ruffles! I suspect we have got some lords round about us here," dropping his voice to a still lower key, "but I'm blest, sir, if I'd change my prospects with any of them."

"Ah," chimed in the stranger, casting his deep eyes around, "young scions with more debts than brains, long pedigrees and short purses, dealers in post obits and the like—they can't be put in comparison with a Lord Mayor of London."

"And what line are you in, sir?" resumed, after a pause, the gratified alderman in perspective. "From our great city, of course."

The stranger nodded, but, before he answered, he finished his second *cotelette*, poured out some wine—for his breakfast disdained the more effeminate luxuries of tea and coffee—popped a piece of ice in, and drank it. "Have you heard of the house of Hardcastle and Co?" he asked, in a tone meant only for Mr. Dundyke's ear.

"The East India merchants?" exclaimed the latter.

The stranger nodded again.

"Of course I have heard of them; who has not? A firm of incalculable influence, sir: could buy up half London. What of them?"

"Do you know the partners personally?"

"Never saw any of them in my life," replied Mr. Dundyke. "They are top-sawyers, they are: a move or two above us humble city tea-folks. Perhaps you have the honour of being a clerk in the house, sir?"

"I am Mr. Hardcastle," observed the stranger, smiling.

"God bless my soul, sir!" cried the startled Mr. Dundyke. "I'm sure I beg pardon for my familiarity. But—stop—eh—I thought——"

"Thought what?" asked the stranger.

"That Mr. Hardcastle was an old man. In fact, the impression on my mind was, that he was something like seventy."

"Pooh, my dear sir! your thoughts are running on my uncle. He has been virtually out of the firm these ten years, though his name is still retained as its head. He is just seventy. A hale, hearty man, for his years, he is too, and trots about the grounds of his mansion at Kensington as briskly as one of his own gardeners. But not a word here of who I am," continued the gentleman, pointing slightly round the room: "I am travelling quietly, you understand, *incog.*, if one may say so; travelling without form or expense, in search of a little peace and quietness. I have not a single attendant with me, nor my wife, her maid. Mrs. Hardcastle," he added, leaning back, the better to introduce his wife.

The lady bowed graciously to Mr. and Mrs. Dundyke, and the former, in his flurry to acknowledge the condescension, managed to upset the coffee-pot.

"I feel really glad to make your acquaintance," resumed Mr. Hardcastle, "for, standing aloof as I have purposely done from the persons of condition staying in the hotel, I had begun to find it confounded slow."

"Sir, I am sure I'm greatly flattered," said Mr. Dundyke. "Have you been long here, sir?"

"About three weeks or a month," replied the gentleman, carelessly.

"We shall soon be thinking of going."

Mr. Dundyke did indeed feel flattered, and with reason. For the firm in question was of the very first consideration, and he was overwhelmed with the honour vouchsafed him. "A Lord Mayor might be proud to know him," he exclaimed to his wife, when they got up-stairs from the breakfast. "I hope he'll give me his friendship when I am in the chair."

"I think they have the next room to ours," observed Mrs. Dundyke.

"I saw the lady standing at the door there, this morning, when I was peeping out, wondering which was the way down to breakfast. Is it not singular they should be travelling in this quiet way, without any signs of their wealth about them?"

"Not at all singular," said the shrewd common-councilman. "They are so overdone with grandeur at home, these rich merchants, with their servants, and state, and ceremony, that it must be a positive relief to get rid of it altogether for a time, and live like ordinary people. I can understand the feeling very well."

It was more than Mrs. Dundyke could; and though, from that morning, the great merchant and his lady took pains to cultivate the intimacy thus formed, she never took to them so cordially as her husband. He, if one may use the old saying in such a sense, fell over head and ears in love with both, but Mrs. Dundyke never could feel quite at home with them. No doubt the sense of her own inferiority of position partly caused this: *she* felt, if her husband did not, that they were no society, even abroad, for the powerful Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle. And, in her inmost heart, she did not like the lady. Her attire was ten times as costly and abundant as Mrs. Dundyke's, and she would wear more jewellery at one time than the latter had ever seen in all her life, and that was of course as it should be; but Mrs. Dundyke was apt to take likings and dislikings, and she could not like this lady, try as she would. A loose expression too, implying very loose ideas, would now and then slip from her lips—such an expression that, had Mrs. Dundyke heard from either of her two maid-servants at Brighton, she would have sent the damsel to pack up her boxes there and then. Once, too, she saw her with the most perfect equanimity toss off three parts of a wine-glass of brandy, but she reasoned that it must have been done in mistake for wine.

One morning she happened to be in Mrs. Hardcastle's room, which, it has been mentioned, adjoined her own, when the English waiter entered.

"My master's compliments, madam," he said, "and he hopes Mr. Hardcastle has some news for him this morning."

The lady's face went crimson, the first time Mrs. Dundyke had seen any colour on it, and she answered, in a haughty tone, that Mr. Hardcastle was not then in—when he was, the man could speak with him.

"For it is now a fortnight, madam, since he has daily promised to——"

"I have nothing to do with it," interrupted Mrs. Hardcastle, imperiously, motioning the waiter from the room. "You must address yourself to my husband." And Mrs. Dundyke wondered what this little scene could mean. With people of less known wealth than the Hardcastles, she might have thought it had reference to the settlement—or non-settlement—of the bill, but that could not happen with them.

"I want you to do me a favour," exclaimed Mr. Hardcastle, a day or two afterwards, walking straight into the presence of Mr. Dundyke, with some papers in his hand.

The common-councilman jumped up, and placed a chair for the great man, delighted at the thought of being asked to do *him* a favour.

"I wrote home some days ago for them to send me a letter of credit on the bankers here. It came this morning, and just see what they have done. Look at the endorsement."

Mr. Hardcastle tossed as he spoke the letter of credit to Mr. Dundyke. Now the common-councilman, although a shrewd man of business amongst his own chests of tea, knew no more about these foreign letters of credit,

their forms, their appearances, or their endorsements, than does a baby in arms. He turned the paper about, looked at it sideways, lengthways, and all ways; and could make out nothing but that it was a sort of cheque for 100*l*.

"Don't you see the error?" exclaimed Mr. Hardcastle. "They have made it payable to my uncle, Stephen Hardcastle, instead of to me, or to the firm collectively, which would have been the same. *My name's not Stephen*, so it would be perfectly useless for me to present it. How the fools came to make such an extraordinary mistake I cannot tell: some one of the junior clerks I suppose, in the pressure of business, managed to give unintelligible orders to the bankers, and so caused the error."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Dundyke.

"Now I want to know if you can let me have this sum. I shall write immediately to get the thing rectified, and if you can accommodate me for a few days, until the needful comes, I will then repay you with many thanks."

"But, dear me, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Dundyke,—“not but what I should be proud to do anything for you that I could, in my poor way—you don't suppose I have got a hundred pound here? Nor the half! nor the quarter of it!”

Mr. Hardcastle carelessly hummed a tune, and played with his glittering cable watch-chain.

"I should not like to offer you what I *have* got, sir," continued the common-councilman, "but I am sure if you took it as no offence, and it would be of any temporary use to you——"

"Oh, thank you! No, it's not that," interrupted the merchant. "Less than the hundred pounds would not be worth the trouble of borrowing. You have nothing like that sum, you say?"

Out came Mr. Dundyke's purse and pocket-book. He counted over his store, and found that, English and French money combined, he possessed twenty-two pounds, eleven shillings. The twenty pounds, notes and gold, he pushed towards Mr. Hardcastle, the odd money he returned to his pocket. "You are quite welcome, sir, for a few days, if you will condescend to make use of it."

"I feel extremely obliged to you," observed Mr. Hardcastle, "and am half inclined to avail myself of your politeness. The fact is, Dundyke," he continued, confidentially, "my wife has been spending money wholesale, this last week—falling in love with a lot of useless jewellery, when she has got a cart-load of it at home. I let her have what money she wanted, counting on my speedy remittances, and, upon my word, I am nearly drained. I will write you an acknowledgment."

"Oh no, no, sir, pray don't trouble to do that," cried the confiding common-councilman, "your word would be your bond all over the world. And Mr. Hardcastle laughed pleasantly, as he gathered up the money and retired.

"I want five francs, please," said Mrs. Dundyke to her husband, coming in soon afterwards.

"Five francs! What for?"

"To pay our washing bill. It comes to four francs something, so far as I can make out their French figures."

"I don't know that you can have it, Mrs. D."

"But why?" inquired the lady, meekly.

"I have just lent most of my spare cash to Mr. Hardcastle, ma'am. He received a hundred pound this morning from England, but there was a stupid error in endorsing the cheque, and he can't touch the money till it has been back home to be rectified."

The information set Mrs. Dundyke thinking. She had just returned from a walk, and it was in coming up the stairs that a chambermaid had met her and given her the washing-bill. Not being accustomed to French writing and accounts, she could not readily puzzle it out, and, bill in hand, had knocked at Mrs. Hardcastle's door, intending to crave that lady's assistance. Mr. Hardcastle opened it only a little way.

"Is Mrs. Hardcastle at leisure, if you please, sir?" she asked.

"No; she's not in. I'll send her to you when she comes," was his reply, as he re-closed the door. And yet Mrs. Dundyke was almost certain she saw the tip of Mrs. Hardcastle's gown, as if she were sitting in the room on the right, the door opening to the left. And she also saw distinctly the person who had been once pointed out to her as the landlord of the hotel. He was standing at the table, counting money—a note or two, it looked, and a little gold. There was food in this to employ Mrs. Dundyke's thoughts, now she knew, or supposed, that very money was her husband's. A sudden doubt whether all was right—she has declared it many times since—flashed across her mind. But it left her as soon as thought: left her ashamed of doubting such people as the Hardcastles, even for a moment. She remained thinking, though.

"I know these foreign posts are uncertain," she observed, arousing herself, "and at best it will take, I suppose, ten days before Mr. Hardcastle's remittance can reach him: suppose it should not come when he expects, or that there should be another mistake in it?"

"Well, ma'am?"

"Why—as we cannot afford to remain on here an indefinite period, waiting, I was thinking it might be better for you to write home for more money yourself, and make certain."

"Just leave me to manage my own business, ma'am, will you: I am capable, I hope," was the common-councilman's ungracious answer. Nevertheless, he adopted his wife's suggestion, though not until some days had elapsed.

II.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle continued all grace and smiles, pressing their champagne upon Mr. Dundyke and his wife at dinner, and hiring carriages, in which all the four drove out together. The common-councilman was rapidly overcoming his repugnance to a table-d'hôte, but the sumptuous one served in the hotel was very different from those he had been frightened with on his journey, and in the second week of his stay his wife had to let out all his waistcoats. The little excursions in the country he cared less for, but he did not disapprove of them, as they were taken at Mr. Hardcastle's cost. The lovely country about Geneva was driven over again and again: Ferney, Coppet, the houses of Madame de Staël and Voltaire, all were visited, not much, it is to be feared, to the edification of the common-councilman. Thus three weeks, from the time of their first arrival, passed rapidly away, and Mr. Dundyke and his wife

felt they could not afford to linger longer in Geneva. They now only waited for the repayment of the 20*l.* from Mr. Hardcastle, and, strange to say, that gentleman's money did not arrive: *he* could not account for it, and gave vent to a few lordly oaths each morning that the post came in and brought him no advice of it.

"I'll tell you what it is!" he suddenly observed one morning—"I'll lay a thousand to a shilling they have misunderstood my instructions, and have sent the money on to Genoa, whither we are bound after leaving here!"

"What a disaster!" uttered Mr. Dundyke. "Will the money be lost, sir?"

"No fear of that: nobody can touch it but myself. But look at the inconvenience it is causing, keeping me here! And you also!"

"I cannot remain longer," said Mr. Dundyke; "my time is up, and I may not exceed it. You can give me an order to receive the 20*l.* in London, sir: it will be all the same."

"But, my good fellow, how will you provide for the expenses of your journey to London?"

"I have managed that, sir," said the common-councilman. "I wrote home for a thirty-pound note."

"And is it come?" asked Mr. Hardcastle, turning his eye full upon the common-councilman, with the startling rapidity of a flash of lightning. Mrs. Dundyke noticed, with astonishment, the look and the eager gesture: neither will ever fade from her recollection.

"The last half came this morning," added the common-councilman. "I have got 'em both safe here," touching the breast-pocket of his coat. "They were them letters you saw me receive."

On rising from breakfast, Mr. Dundyke strolled out of the hotel, down to the borders of the lake. The day was fearfully hot, and he began to think a row on it might be pleasant. A boat and two men were at hand, waiting to be hired, and he proceeded to haggle about the price, for one of the boatmen spoke English.

"I have spent a deal of money since I have been here, one way or another," he soliloquised, "and the bill I expect will be awful. But it won't be much addition, this row—as good be hung for a sheep as a lamb—so here goes."

He stepped into the boat, anticipating an hour's enjoyment. You saw him in it, reader, at the commencement of this history, and you remember how hot he found it; so now we have got round again to the starting-point. The two ladies looking after him from Rousseau's Island, were his wife and Mrs. Hardcastle. They were soon joined by the husband of the latter.

"What are you looking at? Why, who's that in a boat there? Surely not Dundyke! Give me the glass."

"Yes it is," said Mrs. Dundyke.

"Where in the name of wonder is he off to, this melting day? To drown himself?"

The ladies laughed.

"Ah! I see; he can't stand it. The men are bearing off to the side: going to land him, then. They had better put back."

Mrs. Dundyke sat down underneath the poplar trees, spreading a

large umbrella over her head, and took out her work. Mrs. Hardcastle was never seen to do any, but she seated herself under shade of the umbrella, and the gentleman, leaving them to themselves, walked back again over the suspension bridge.

Poor Mr. Dundyke had "stood it" as long as he could, but he began to fear the effects of the intense heat, blasing down full upon his head, and had suddenly told the men to row him to the shore. They looked out for a shady landing-place, and did so.

"Ah! this is pleasant!" he exclaimed, throwing himself at full length on the grass, and tearing off his coat and hat, while the two poor men who had rowed him thither, laid on their oars and rested. "It's quite heaven, this is, after that horrid, burning lake."

"How thirsty it has made me!" resumed his soliloquy, after a pause; "I could drink the lake dry. What a luxury some iced wine would be now! and ice is so cheap and plentiful up at the hotel yonder! Suppose I send back the boat for Mr. Hardcastle and the two women—and tell 'em it's paradise sitting here, in comparison with the hot hotel, and drop in a hint about the iced wine? He will be sure to take it, and glad of the excuse. The women would find it rather of the ratherest for heat, coming across the lake, but pleasant and refreshing when they get here. 'Taint far, and their complexions are not of the spoiling sort: Mrs. D.'s ain't of no particular colour at all, except red, and t'other's is like chalk. Oh, let 'em risk it."

Taking out his silver pencil-case (as the men deposed to, afterwards), he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and scribbled a few lines on it, folding and directing it to ——— Hardcastle, Esquire: and it had never struck Mr. Dundyke till that moment that he was ignorant of ——— Hardcastle, Esquire's, Christian name. The men received the note and their orders, and prepared to push off.

"We are to com back, when we have giv dis, tout de suite?" asked the one—"com back for de jontilmans?"

"Come back? of course you are to come back," responded the common-councilman, "how am I to get home, else? But you are to bring two ladies and a gentleman, and some ice and some wine; and to look sharp about it. Take care the bottles don't get broke in the boat."

So the men rowed away, leaving Mr. Dundyke lying there. Reader! he was never more seen by his wife again: never more seen, alive or dead, so far as could with certainty be ascertained, by any one in this world.

The boatmen, making good speed, conveyed the pencilled note to the Hotel des Bergues, but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hardcastle were in. This caused a delay of nearly two hours, when one of the waiters bethought him of looking in Rousseau's Island. There he found Mrs. Hardcastle, and gave her the note.

"What do you say?" she asked, tossing it to Mrs. Dundyke. "Shall we go?"

"But where's Mr. Hardcastle?"

"Who's to know? He may be gone round to meet your husband: he saw the probable spot the boat was making for. Oh, let us go! perhaps they are waiting for us. Waiter," continued Mrs. Hardcastle, imperiously, "let some wine be placed in the boat, and plenty of ice."

The two ladies, under cover of the umbrella, and a parasol each besides, were rowed across the hot lake, and landed on the spot where the men had left Mr. Dundyke. But no trace of that gentleman could now be seen, and they sat down in the shade to cool their heated faces, glad of a respite. Mrs. Dundyke said afterwards, that a strange feeling stole over her as she sat there; an overpowering dread she knew not of what; a sickening sensation of awe and terror. She took out her work, but her fingers trembled so she had to put it up again, and, with every moment, the feeling, whatever it might be, grew stronger.

Now, can any metaphysician account for these moments of superstitious dread? Instances, and many of them, are known where the results have given to them a terrible signification. Mrs. Dundyke said then, says still, that the simple fact of not finding her husband on the landing-place gave her no fear, no concern whatever: she did not give a second thought to it, fancying he had strolled away in search of any points of interest or curiosity: and before she had the slightest anxiety about his non-appearance, before she at all cared to see him back ("for truth was," she often says, "I was thinking only about the dreadful heat I was in, and how I could get myself cool"), this sickening, undefined fear came creeping over her.

So she sat on, and Mr. Dundyke did not come. Then arose the thought, and at first it was but a thought, not a fear, *where* was her husband—would he *ever* come? and they continued still to sit on, and he never came.

They shouted his name in various directions, and one of the boatmen went away to explore, Mrs. Dundyke following him. They came back unsuccessful, she pale, agitated, and trembling.

"Why, you don't mean to say you are alarmed!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardcastle, looking at her in surprise.

"No, no, ma'am, not alarmed"—for she felt an unconquerable reluctance to confess to fears she could not define. "I certainly do think it strange he should go away for so long, leaving us here like this, after sending for us. There's—there's no danger, I suppose—that he—that any one, I mean, could fall into the water from this spot?"

There certainly was no danger of that, and the boatmen could not help laughing at the notion, for the bank and the water were at that place nearly level. "A man might walk in if he felt so inclined," observed Mrs. Hardcastle, jokingly, "but he could scarcely enter it in any other way. And your husband is not one to cut short his life wilfully."

Not he, indeed; none less likely to make his own quietus than plain, practical David Dundyke, with his future aspirations and his harmless ambition. His wife knew that the Lord Mayor's chair, which shone in his distant vista, would alone have kept him from plunging head foremost into the best stream that ever ran.

"He became tired of waiting here, that's all," said Mrs. Hardcastle. "Two or three hours' solitude in this spot would tire out the patience of Job. And he naturally thought the boatmen had misunderstood him, and were not coming back."

"Then where is he?" cried Mrs. Dundyke—"what has he done with himself?"

"He has gone back by land, of course—as any one else would do."

"But he does not know his way back, ma'am," urged Mrs. Dundyke.

"Know it! He has only to keep the lake on the right, and follow his nose. He would soon be in Geneva."

It was the most probable solution of the mystery; indeed, a very probable one; and the ladies got into the boat and were rowed back.

It was nearly five o'clock when they reached the hotel. Mr. Dundyke had not returned. "But that's nothing," reasoned Mrs. Hardcastle to her friend; "the day is so hot, he would take his time walking. My husband has not been in either, it seems: they are sure to be together."

Mrs. Dundyke went up-stairs and into her room, the nameless agony of some undefined dread weighing down her spirits. She could not rest, and stood peeping out at the door, thinking to see her husband come up the long corridor. While thus looking, there came, creeping up the stairs, Mr. Hardcastle, stealing along, as it seemed to Mrs. Dundyke, to shun observation, his boots white, as if he had walked much in the dusty roads, his face scratched, and one of his fingers sprained (as she learnt afterwards) and bound up with a handkerchief.

"Oh, sir!" she cried, darting forward in high excitement, "where is he? where is Mr. Dundyke? What has happened to him?"

Mr. Hardcastle stood for a moment transfixed, and, unless Mrs. Dundyke was strangely mistaken, his features turned as white as ashes. She associated no suspicion with that pallor *then*, she but thought of her own ill-manners in accosting him so abruptly.

"What of your husband?" he asked, rallying himself. "*I don't know anything of him.*"

Mrs. Dundyke explained. Mrs. Hardcastle, hearing their voices, came out of her room and helped her.

"Is that all?" he exclaimed: "oh, he will soon be back. If he is not in in time for dinner, Mrs. Dundyke, you can go down with us. Don't alarm yourself."

"But have you not seen him?—not been with him?" urged poor Mrs. Dundyke.

"I have never seen him since breakfast."

"We thought you might have walked round by the shore to join him, as you saw this morning where the boat was making for," remarked Mrs. Hardcastle.

He turned savagely upon her, his eyes glaring like a tiger. "No, madam," he said, with concentrated passion, "none save a fool would undertake such a walk to-day. I have been in the town, executing various commissions," he added, changing his tone, and addressing Mrs. Dundyke, "and a pretty accident I had nearly met with: in avoiding a restive horse on the dusty quays, I slipped down, with my face on some flint stones."

Mrs. Dundyke would not go down to dinner, but Mrs. Hardcastle fetched her into her own room to tea afterwards, and they were both very kind to her, buoying up her spirits, and laughing at her fears. Her husband had only lost his way, they urged, and would be home fast enough by morning—a rare joke they would have with him about running away, when he did come.

It was eleven o'clock when Mrs. Dundyke wished them goodnight and retired to her chamber, feeling like one more dead than alive. It is

probable that few, if any, can form an adequate idea of her sensations, and always in vain, since, has she attempted to describe them. It was not the actual absence of her husband that seemed to affect her, but that horrible, mysterious dread, which had come over her without cause or warning, and still clung to her. She knew now, she *felt*, that it had reference to him; she felt a conviction, deep and certain, that some untoward fate had overtaken him. Can the reader understand this? Perhaps not; but it is truth. Mrs. Dundyke stood at the open window of her room, leaning far out, and looking down into the street, hoping—stay, not so much *hoping* as wishing—to see him come round the corner, footsore and travel-worn, having lost his way and found it again. He had never been to her a fond, loving partner; still he was her husband; was associated with her every-day hopes and pleasures, with the past and with the future, and in that dread hour of suspense and agony, she would have given up her own life to see him return. She began wondering whether any one was still up, to let him in—if he did come; if not, she would steal down stairs herself, and work at the door-fastenings till she undid them. While thus thinking, she became aware that strange sounds were proceeding from the next room, though not at first had she paid attention to them, and drawing back and closing the window, she found that a fearful quarrel was taking place between Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle. Its substance she could not hear, and did not wish to hear, but wild sobs and wailings, as if caused by deep grief, mingled with bursts of reproach, seemed to come from the lady, and were met by fury and oaths from him. Mrs. Dundyke twice heard her husband's name mentioned (or her own, "Dundyke"), and one sentence of Mr. Hardcastle's came quite distinctly upon her ear. It appeared to be uttered in reply to some threat or remonstrance of Mrs. Hardcastle's, and was to the effect that she might leave him as soon as she liked, and welcome, might start off then, in the midnight hour, for that no lawful tie bound her to him. After a while the quarrel appeared to subside, silence supervened, and Mrs. Dundyke watched through the livelong night.

The morning brought its events with it. Mrs. Hardcastle, between whom and her husband there now appeared to be perfect peace, came to Mrs. Dundyke's room, and said they had received letters which would oblige them to leave that day on their route to Genoa. The money they had waited for was forwarded to that city, as they had suspected—how the mistake came to be made Mr. Hardcastle could not comprehend yet—and some relatives of theirs were posting on, expecting to meet them there.

"But—but," shivered poor Mrs. Dundyke, "will Mr. Hardcastle leave me in this dreadful suspense?—will he not stay and endeavour to find out what has become of my husband? I know I have no claim on his kindness, ma'am, and that the attentions you have already shown us were more than we could expect; but think of my position! Alone in this strange place—in debt to the hotel—without money in my pocket—not speaking the language—without a single friend near me! What am I to do?"

"Had it not been for this, we should have left this morning," said Mrs. Hardcastle, "but my husband says he will remain with you till the evening, ill as he can afford the delay. Mr. Dundyke must appear by that time; safe and well we hope; never fear!"

In the course of the morning, Mr. Hardcastle went with the two boatmen to the place where they had landed Mr. Dundyke on the previous day, and a gentleman named by the proprietor of the hotel accompanied them. But not the slightest trace of him could be found, though some hours were spent in exploring. In the evening, by the six o'clock diligence, Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle left Geneva, the former handing to Mrs. Dundyke an order upon the house in London, Hardcastle and Co., for the 20*l.* he had borrowed of her husband. He regretted, he said, his inability to furnish her, then, with any funds she might require, but he had barely sufficient to carry himself and wife to Genoa. If Mrs. Dundyke approved, he would with the greatest pleasure forward from that city any sum she chose to name, for being known there, his credit was unlimited. Mrs. Dundyke declined his offer, with thanks: she reflected that if her husband returned, he would have his money with him, and in the event of his mysterious absence being prolonged, she might as well write home for money as borrow it from Mr. Hardcastle at Genoa. She wondered, but did not presume to ask, how he had procured funds for his own journey, and to discharge his hotel bill, which he paid before starting.

The days went on, and no tidings could be heard of Mr. Dundyke: no tidings ever were heard of him. Through the exertions of an English clergyman, who arrived at the hotel the day after the Hardcastles left, and hearing of the matter became interested in it, all means were employed to discover some traces of him, but without effect. A Swiss peasant, or very small farmer, a man of known good character, and on whose word reliance might be placed, came forward and stated that on the day in question he had seen two gentlemen, whom he took to be English, by their conversation, walking amicably together *away* from the lake, and about a mile distant from the spot of Mr. Dundyke's landing. The description he gave of these, tallied with the persons of the missing man and Mr. Hardcastle. The stouter of the two, he said, who wore a straw hat and a narrow green ribbon tied round it, carried a yellow silk handkerchief, and occasionally wiped his face, which looked very red and hot. The other, a tall, dark man, had a cane in his hand with a silver top, looking like a dog's head, which cane he several times, as he walked, whirled round and round, after the manner of a child's rattle. All this agreed exactly. Mr. Dundyke's hat was straw, its ribbon green and narrow, and the handkerchief, which Mrs. Dundyke had handed him, clean, that morning, was yellow, with white spots. And again, that action of whirling his cane round in the air, was a frequent habit of Mr. Hardcastle's. The country was scoured in the part where this peasant had seen them, and also in the direction that they appeared to be going, but nothing was discovered. Mr. Wheeler, the clergyman who had taken the matter in hand, reminded Mrs. Dundyke that there were more yellow silk handkerchiefs in the world than one, that straw hats and green ribbons were common enough about Geneva, and that many a gentleman, even of those staying at the hotel, carried a silver-headed cane, and might twirl it round as he walked, so that these might not have been the parties. Mrs. Dundyke acquiesced. "And besides," she observed, unsuspiciously, "what motive could Mr. Hardcastle have had in denying that he had seen him since breakfast, if he had indeed been with him?"

The two halves of the 30*l.* note forwarded to Mr. Dundyke had been

of course lost with him, but its number was obtained from England, and the note traced. It had been changed in Geneva, on the day after Mr. Dundyke's disappearance. The money-changer could not recollect who changed it, except that it was an Englishman; he *thought*, a tall man; but so many English gentlemen came in to change money, he observed, that it was impossible to recollect them all with any degree of certainty.

It was Mr. Wheeler who ascertained these particulars. He came into his daughter's room, which was the one formerly occupied by the Hardcastles, thinking how he should break this additional news to Mrs. Dundyke, who was sitting there. Before he could speak, his daughter accosted him.

"Dear father," she said, "I wish you would assist me to move these drawers a little, they are heavy. My needle-case has fallen behind."

The clergyman advanced, and the chest of drawers was drawn from the wall. A clink, as of something falling, was heard, and a silver pencil-case rolled from underneath, towards the feet of Mrs. Dundyke. Miss Wheeler saw her needle-case close to the wall, and picked it up from the accumulated dust gathered there, but she dropped it again in terror, for a startling scream came from Mrs. Dundyke.

"It is my husband's pencil-case!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands, "it is my husband's pencil-case!"

"Dear, dear madam," interposed the clergyman, "do not let the sight of it agitate you thus!"

"You do not understand," she reiterated; "he had it with him on that fatal morning. If this has returned here, why not he?"

"How do you know he had it?" asked Mr. Wheeler. "He may have left it in the hotel."

"No, no!" she earnestly exclaimed. "The very moment before he left, I saw him make a note with it in his memorandum-book, and I saw him return both to his pocket, the book and the pencil. How could he have written the letter after the men landed him, telling us to join him there, without it?—he never carried but this."

The clergyman looked puzzled.

"He took the pencil with him that day, believe me, sir," she continued, impressively, "and the note was written with it: the men said so. What has brought it back here?—here, in Mr. Hardcastle's room?—Oh, sir!" she broke abruptly off, shuddering, and seizing the good clergyman's hands in excitement, "the scales seem to fall from my eyes! But it is a horrible thought!"

"What mean you?" said Mr. Wheeler.

"It is a horrible fear—horrible—horrible! God forgive me if it be an unjust one. *Could he have been murdered by Mr. Hardcastle?*"

"Good Heavens!" cried the clergyman, greatly shocked, "do not let your imagination run away with you in this way, my poor lady! A gentleman in Mr. Hardcastle's position of life—and Mr. Dundyke's friend! It is quite unnatural to admit such thoughts."

"Mr. Hardcastle's position! Is it his position? Is he indeed Mr. Hardcastle?" she murmured. "A thousand doubts and suspicions rush upon me now. I never thought the lady was quite what she ought to be. Oh, sir, if this dread uncertainty that enshrouds my husband's fate should not be cleared up, these doubts will never more be set at rest."

They never were set at rest; they never will be. The clergyman,

after weighing well all that he heard from her of the Hardcastles since their first meeting, allowed that there were strong grounds for suspicion. The travelling *incog.*, as Mr. Dundyke called it—the scene with the waiter, which she knew now had reference to their unpaid bill—the discharging that bill with her husband's money, and the repeated excuses for its non-repayment—the wild impulsive glance shot on her husband by Mr. Hardcastle, upon hearing that he had received the 30*l.* note—the long absence of Mr. Hardcastle on the day of the disappearance, and his sneaking up-stairs, hurt and scratched, warm and dusty, as if he had walked far, and his changing colour when she asked after her husband—the description given by the peasant of the two gentlemen he had seen walking together—the savage look Mr. Hardcastle turned upon his wife when she suggested that he might have been with Mr. Dundyke—the strange quarrel she had heard that night between them, in which her husband's name was more than once mentioned—the changing of the 30*l.* note, known to have been in the pocket of Mr. Dundyke—their sudden departure, and the payment of the hotel bill, when it was suspected that previously they were not in funds to do either—and now the finding the pencil in Mr. Hardcastle's room! Grave, grave causes for suspicion! The clergyman admitted so: but, at the same time, they were *but* suspicion; all *might* be answered satisfactorily, and who was to run after Mr. Hardcastle and accuse him?

The reader must draw his own deductions. Nothing was proved, nothing more ever heard of Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle. It is possible the man was innocent, but it is probable he was guilty. It is a prolific theme for discussion, ay, and often is discussed, by those who knew the common-councilman.

Mrs. Dundyke returned to England when all hope had left her. The order she carried with her for 20*l.*, drawn on the house of Hardcastle and Co., was dishonoured: that firm disclaiming all knowledge of the drawer, and when she said it was the nephew of Mr. Hardcastle, senior, they begged to refer her personally to that gentleman. She went up to see him at Kensington, and the old gentleman received her very courteously. He had a nephew, he stated, who made his home on the Continent, a thankless scapegrace, who had caused him a world of trouble. "But this is not his handwriting, madam," he observed, putting on his spectacles to look at the paper.

"I saw him write it, sir," said Mrs. Dundyke.

"Madam, it is no more like his writing than it is like yours or mine. And—what is this signature, 'B. Hardcastle'? My nephew's name is Thomas. Besides," continued the old gentleman, reflectingly, "he could not have been at Geneva at the date of this order. I had a letter from him about the period, written from Brussels. Stay, I will fetch it."

Mr. Hardcastle produced the letter. Singular to relate, it bore the very same date, the 10th of August, the post marks agreeing with it. It is impossible, madam, you see: I will swear that this is my nephew's handwriting. You may read the letter: it is about family affairs, but no matter. You must have been imposed upon."

"Have you two nephews, sir?"

"I never had but this one in my life, ma'am: and I have found him one too many."

"His wife is a fine woman, pale, with handsome features," persisted Mrs. Dundyke. Not that she disbelieved that venerable old man, but it all seemed such a mystery.

"His wife! my nephew has no wife: I don't know who'd marry him. I tell you, ma'am, you have been taken in by some swindler who must have assumed his name: though egad! my nephew's little better than a swindler himself, for he gets into debt with everybody who will let him."

Mrs. Dundyke sat silent a few moments, and she then told her tale—told everything that had occurred in connexion with her husband's mysterious fate. But when she came to hint her suspicions of Mr. Hardcastle's having been his destroyer, the old gentleman was visibly shocked and agitated.

"Good God!" he uttered, "no! Spendthrift as he is, he is not capable of that awful crime. How do you suppose your husband lost his life? In a struggle? Did they quarrel?"

"I know nothing," wailed Mrs. Dundyke. "A quarrel and struggle it may have been. Mr. Hardcastle was a powerful man."

"A what? A powerful man, did you say, this Mr. Hardcastle?"

"Very powerful, sir; tall and strong. Standing six foot high, and as dark as a gipsy."

"Thank Heaven for that relief!" murmured Mr. Hardcastle. "My nephew is one of the smallest men you ever saw, ma'am, short and slight, with fair curls: in fact, an effeminate dandy. There's his picture," added the old gentleman, throwing open the door of an inner room, "and when he next comes to England, and he is threatening it now, you shall see him. But, meanwhile, I will refer you to fifty persons, if you like, who will bear testimony that he is, in person, as I describe. There is no possible identity between them. Once more, thank Heaven!"

Mrs. Dundyke returned to her home. An opportunity was presented to her soon after of seeing the real nephew of Mr. Hardcastle; but it needed not this to convince her how completely she and her husband had been imposed upon. An ample income is allowed her from the tea-establishment, according to the articles of partnership; more than she will ever spend. She sits in her solitary home, her thoughts cast back into the past. Ten or eleven years have elapsed since, but her mind rarely wanders from that dreadful mystery. Many different aspects of the affair appear to her, each looking probable in its turn. Now, it seems they must have had a tussle for life and death, and that a random blow killed her husband, that his bones are still whitening in some unexplored spot near where he was last seen: now, she sees Mr. Hardcastle rushing round to the landing-place that morning, murder and robbery on his hand and heart: and now she asks, could her husband have fallen accidentally into the lake, and his effects have slipped in some way into the hands of some dishonest passer-by, while Mr. Hardcastle was wholly innocent? Her brain is nearly wearied out with thought, and there comes an occasional burst of anguish from her usually quiet lips, as she exclaims to some friend who has dropped in to chat with her, "Oh that my poor husband should ever have taken it in his head to go that tour to Geneva!"

DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

The Cupola of St. Peter's and Sistine Chapel—The Opera, 2nd Part: the *Trovatore*—The Museum at the Lateran—San Pietro in Vincolo and the "Moses."

A GREAT deal has been said and written about the ascent of the cupola of St. Peter's, in which I cannot agree; and, as I went up yesterday, I conceive myself—minnow though I be—entitled to an opinion among the great Tritons of the goose-tail. From the church we entered a door to the left, where sits a functionary to whom the ticket is delivered up; each holder of a ticket being responsible for the safety of the party of five which it admits, for fear of any *sinistro accidente*. A broad staircase, a *cordoni* (meaning that there are no steps, but a steep inclined plane, to ascend) circles round and round; a horse or donkey, biped or quadruped, might go up with perfect ease—all except a puffy alderman—so gradual is the ascent. Many emperors, kings, and princesses have so far condescended to stretch their royal legs, as is set forth on the marble slabs that line the walls. We arrived on the roof, which is like the roof of any other great building, before we were conscious we had done anything. I saw no fountains or workshops save a few sheds in corners, and I could quite realise that I was walking on a roof, and not in some debateable country, extending to a fabulous extent, midway between earth and heaven. I did not see anything astonishing except the size, for which one comes prepared by a knowledge of the vast proportions of St. Peter. One circumstance is wonderful, and I note the fact, that upwards of six or seven thousand a year is annually expended in keeping the exterior in repair. Standing there, I could not but contrast in my own mind the bald and bare aspect of the leaden plain before me, broken only by the vaulting arch of the central nave, and the huge dimensions of the statues over the façade—great clumsy giants of Bernini parentage—to the delicate tracery; the forest of airy pinnacles and spires, each different and all beautiful; the stars, the crosses, the bosses, pure in colour as when drawn from the marble bosoms of the Carrara mountains; the world of statues; the long vistas of overarching supports, light and bold as the recollection of a dream, seen on the roof of the wondrous cathedral at Milan—that stupendous yet graceful fabric, which in bridal whiteness and purity challenges the snowy Alps, whose crested summits, mingling with the clouds, fringe the Lombard plains. There, as I contemplated the elegant confusion of the roof, at certain points perfectly symmetrical, at others absolutely labyrinthal in confusion, like the Fata Morgana turned topsyturvy, I was not for an instant reminded of the solidity of the structure, but my eye dwelt alone on the incomparable decorations, the inimitable coquetry with which the solid walls are festooned, surmounted by the arrow-like spire dashing upwards into the heavens with a transparent lightness quite miraculous; the walls being divided and the staircase visible, as it were, in air, twisting up cork-screw fashion between the apertures, looking altogether of a material more akin to the vapoury

clouds than marble and stone. I must, therefore, again commit the delinquency of declaring that I prefer the exterior of Milan Cathedral as decidedly as I do the interior, with its deep, half-revealed Gothic aisles, to the gaudy trappings and glaring light of St. Peter's. But to return.

The great cupola of St. Peter's rises perpendicularly from the roof in a manner so sudden ascent appears impossible; but entering a small door at the base, we addressed ourselves to the labour, proceeding crab-wise up flight after flight of stairs, one-sided and lurching, like a ship in a gale of wind, and making one feel about as giddy. These curiously-shaped ascents run between the exterior coating and the interior vaulting of the cupola, and are bent to accommodate its arching form. Just as I had squeezed myself into a corner for a few moments' rest, down came from above, with a large party, the Marchese —, making the vaults echo with their laughter. Great were the greetings with my party, which, as I hate uncongenial people in remarkable places distracting one's thoughts by their unpertinent babblings, I was glad to escape, being quite overlooked by the triumphantly handsome heir of the Dukes of Vetimiano in my snug corner. At length we gained the gallery of the dome, and looked down from the immense elevation on the church beneath, and the altar and tomb of the apostles. The four figures of the Evangelists—to my mind incomparably the finest mosaics in the world—now appeared in their true gigantic proportions; we were the pigmies, and the people below, like dots, darkening the bright marble pavement; while the great letters in the inscription round the entablature grew taller than the tallest man that ever lived. Above was the superb arched roof of burnished gold, covered with mosaics; a glorious firmament, dotted with sparkling stars, and a radiance quite celestial, as the sun poured down his rays through the central aperture, lighting up the angels that hovered above in the upper portion, and the holy religious forms of apostles, saints, and martyrs, who from above keep eternal watch and ward over the sacred tomb below, where burn by night and day the emblematic lamps. The celestial hierarchy around me, prefiguring the elders surrounding the great white throne, seemed planted there in expectation of the last trumpet, at whose solemn sound the breath of divinity shall revivify the spirits of those whose images we gazed on with feelings of wonder and of dread. Their mission shall be then accomplished, when the tomb beneath renders up its dead; while the vast fabric falls asunder, its deep foundations upheaved by the quaking globe, flying like Eve from the awful presence of its Creator into the shades of chaos. Some more steep climbing up eccentric stairs and the great outer balcony was reached, and the noble view stretched around. From this Belvidere of the eternal city it looks beneath like the palm of a man's hand, intersected by a thread of water flowing beside the tombs and ruins and the busy haunts of men, towards the desolate Maremma, where a curse lies heavy on the land—a curse of sterility, and poverty, and sickness, where life becomes but a living death. Rome lies like a corpse at one's feet. The glory of the seven hills is humbled, their undulations scarcely susceptible at the foot of their modern rival, the vast Basilica standing like Calypso among her nymphs, pre-eminent in height and dignity. Twice mistress of the world, Rome can now only be deemed queen of the desert around. The murmurs of the multitude, confounded with the hum of the fountains,

were borne aloft in the sighings of the scented breeze, forming the orange-terraced gardens of the Vatican, like a lamentation, a complaint from the Rachel of ages calling for her children, and not to be comforted because they are not! How can vain words do justice to this noblest panorama of that land, revered by all mankind as the centre from whence power, arts, religion, laws, history, beauty, bravery, civilisation have risen—the Cybele of Europe, and this its capital. Where the stones are more eloquent than living men, and in the preservation of whose proudest monument the very existence of the world is involved, as the great spring moving the timepiece of the universe; for, when the Colosseum falls, shall not earth be rent asunder? Taken *en masse*, the aspect of the Campagna is barren and stern, without a single tree to shade the stony valleys, or fringe the long hard lines of the square-shaped mountains, looking as though cast in bronze. The weird fantastic pine-trees of the Villa Doria were all that barren nature displayed of inky, sober green around that monumental island; the great city beneath, born as if by enchantment—a marble oasis in a sandy desert. “Alas! the lofty city, and alas! childless and crownless in her voiceless woe,” she stands still to bear the whips and scorns of time as of yore; still to be chronicled as the protomartyr of the earth.

At this altitude the volcanic Alban mountains, veiled in deep forests, and the calcareous summits of the Sabine heights, Mount Soracte and the encircling Apennines looked but low hills, marking the limits of that vast upheaving plain the Campagna, nowhere level yet nowhere precipitate, bounded on one side by the Tyrrhenian Sea, on the other by the mountains, dry, naked, solitary, a lonely pine here and there crowning a rounded hill. I thought on all the theories extant accounting for the strange peculiarities of the Roman Campagna; that it had been once an ocean, those heights its shore; Mount Soracte a rocky island, against whose sides the roaring billows beat; that nature had formed it from the beginning for a great battle-field, whereon the destinies of mankind were to be fought out as long as time endured; that it had once contained countless volcanoes, whose united action formed the unnatural substratum of lava of which it consists. None of these fancies pleased me save the battle of life, that is the impress the heavy lines bear, as though the very hills had hardened after having gazed for untold centuries on the blood and horrors, the death and destruction, piled heap above heap in that vast carnage; ground where powers, nations, and potentates have fallen, “the Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire”—the pale faces of the slain turned upwards, making death hideous. The islands on the sea towards Ostia were visible, like clouds of morning mist obscuring the empyrean blue—all, save heaven, was dead, brown, dried up, a very skeleton of nature—even Hope had fled back to the regions from whence she came, leaving beneath death, the grave, and blank despair.

Some persons are possessed with a foolish ambition of climbing up into the ball, which will hold about five persons, in an atmosphere resembling the black-hole of Calcutta. I have a desire to be rather than to seem, and never go to anything for the sake of saying that I have been, so I gazed at the scene around me, and allowed others to laugh and joke at the mishaps that befel them. After our descent we strolled into the Sistine Chapel, rigidly guarded by a Cerberus looking out for Paul’s.

It is by no means so large as I dare say people fancy who have never seen it, yet there is a chastened elegance in its aspect quite peculiar; solemn yet rich, and admirably blending in general effect. I never could endure the "Last Judgment;" it is to me a scene of unutterable Titanic confusion; no peace, no joy, no hope, but all terror, horror, dread, and *Torsos*, Michael Angelo having twisted about the doomed and the blessed in equal degrees of contortion; indeed, it requires no little study to realise which are the sheep and which the goats, so generally uneasy do the entire mass of saints and sinners appear. A great work of art may be invaluable as a study to cognoscenti, and yet most unpleasing and unpalatable to the multitude. The sombre brown of the figures on the blue background reminded me of the grave-like colouring of all nature in the prospect I had just quitted. The attitude of the Saviour has every attribute of a Jupiter Tonans rejoicing in the chaos he again calls forth for the destruction of the creatures he had formed; and the graceful action of the Madonna, veiling herself at the sight of the sufferings she cannot avert, may sound poetical on paper, but is quite lost in the agonised mass around her. To me, the charm of the Sistine Chapel consists in the beautiful frescoes that adorn its walls, on whose calm outlines the eye rests with complacency after the uneasy action of the "Last Judgment." Beautiful is Perugino's delineation of our Lord's temptation; the three movements combined into one picture with the quaint arrangement common to the early schools; beautiful, also, perhaps the finest of all his works, is "Christ delivering the Keys to Peter," the general arrangement and grouping of which served as the precise model to Raphael in his lovely picture of the "Sposalizio," now in the Brera at Milan. Here, too, Ghirlandaio, Roselli, Botticelli, and Signorelli, the great fathers of the Florentine school, have striven in noble emulation, and all united to produce a result not only artistically of the highest excellence, but pleasing and sympathetic to the admiring crowds who rendezvous here from all quarters of the civilised globe.

The *Trovatore* has been acting here with great success; indeed, the Italians care for no other music but Verdi's, and if he always writes such operas as "Ernani" and "Rigoletto," I should be inclined to agree with them. There is a gush—a flow of the sweetest melody, reminding one of Bellini in his happiest inspirations. Somehow or other the German classicalities—Beethoven, Handel, and Mozart—are uncongenial in the sunny south, and never have taken deep root in the soil. Where the gay chirrup of the castanet, or the ringing joyous ritornel of the tamborine, far better suit the jocund glee of the romances and notturnos they accompany on the vine-terraced hills, or on the blue shores of the myrtle-shaded lakes, where, under the pillars of some ruined temple, the genuine Italian enjoys his festa, dressed in the gay national costume. The plot of the *Trovatore*, taken from the Spanish, is very dramatic, though full of mystery and inconsistency. Why such a superb knight, radiant in plumes and silver as if fresh from "the glimpses of the moon, keeping watch over Diana sleeping with Eudymion," comes to move in general society as the son of a poor gipsy woman, is passing strange; and why the basso, or the *Conte*, permits him to be perpetually escalading his castle and singing serenades to his lady-love, without cutting him off like a tall poppy in his rage, is equally astonishing. The serenades are,

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however, most acceptable to the audience, being quite delicious, though Boucardé, by reason of a very urchinlike hoarseness, by no means did justice to them. The *Zingara*, his mother, has some of the most original and taking melodies allotted to her the fertile fancy of Verdi ever conceived. Her famous song in the minor—her cries for vengeance, "Ah mi vendica," floating like a death-cry all through the opera—her misery—her description of the burning of her *own* child on the pile she had raised for the son of the *Count*, all mark her character as a new and rich dramatic conception, far too good to be wasted in opera, where *vraisemblance* and nature must give way to trios, duets, and choruses, invariably in the most *mal-à-propos* situations.

I am not aware if the plot of the *Trovatore* be known in England, and therefore venture a short sketch of a story interesting enough to madden with delight the largest and most poetical portion of civilised Europe. The opera is divided into four acts, or *tableaux*. The first, called the *Duel*, introduces us to the palace of the *Conte di Luna* in the year of grace 1409. In the opening scene his attendants, in some amazingly clever choruses, more nearly approaching the intonations of human voices speaking than any imitative music I ever heard (except, perhaps, John Parry), relate how a child, the heir of the house, was stolen away and burnt to death by some gipsies, and the ineffectual efforts of the *Count* to discover the particular delinquent, seeing that Spain swarms with gipsies as the desert with sand. Then enters the *Lady Leonora* and relates to an attendant her concealed love for an unknown knight, the *Trovatore*, whom she prefers to her affianced husband the *Conte di Luna*.

In the next scene she is joined by the *Count*, and soon after, from behind the scenes, is heard the exquisite serenade of the strange knight, accompanied by a harp, in a rhythm full of originality, and most catching to the ear; the burden of the love-lorn ditty being complaints of his solitary fate—unloved and unknown. He follows up the song by his bodily appearance in a superb suit of armour, with the haughty bearing and romantic beauty proper to a mediæval knight-errant, to the delight of the lady and the exasperation of the much-injured *Count*, who really suffers innumerable insults all through the opera at the hands of this doubtful personage. They *exercent* fighting, after harmoniously singing a trio with the lady.

The next act introduces us to the gypsy camp, and *Ayucena*, picturesquely attired in radiant silks and barbaric gold, with a Moorish-looking handkerchief twisted about her, outlandish enough to recal that one Othello gave to Desdemona, "which had magic in the web of it, and could almost read the thoughts of people." *Maurice*, her son, the *Trovatore*, now sits in repose beside her; after an excellent chorus, in which the effect is heightened by smiths' hammers striking in unison, she sings her famous song, abounding in a strange, mystic, grotesque expression, blended into a savage but striking melody, that, once heard, haunts one like a spell. This song purports to be the description of the burning of her own child instead of the *Count's*; but when *Maurice*, recalling her to herself, reminds her that he lives and is her son, *Ayucena* becomes confused, and still calls wildly for vengeance. This prepares the audience for the *dénouement* of the sequel. Sybil-like she stands,

uttering her dark sayings and wild forebodings. That weary cry, "Mi vendico," goes to one's heart, and her heavy eyes, now dull with grief, now burning with love or rage, convey forcibly the contending emotions warring in her bosom.

In the next scene the *Count*, with the assistance of mother Church's authority, forces *Leonora*, *noles volens*, into a cathedral to be married. The *Trovatore* and his gipsy band break in and carry her off, to the undisguised satisfaction of the lady herself. This abduction leads to act the third, the most uninteresting part of the opera. The gipsy, in endeavouring to penetrate into the camp of her son, is taken prisoner by the followers of the *Count*, on suspicion of being the person who burnt the lost child. The *Trovatore*, on the point of marriage with *Leonora* (a lady whom fate perpetually leads to the steps of the "hymeneal altar" without ever permitting her to reach the summit), on hearing of his mother's imprisonment, rushes forth to rescue her. The last act discovers *Maurice* a prisoner in the *Count's* castle of Aliaferia. *Leonora*, favoured by the night, endeavours to speak with him, and hears again that delicious ritornel of the serenade sung by her lover from the interior of a Moresque tower, to the inexpressible satisfaction of the audience as well as herself. The *Count* enters, and *Leonora*, after vainly imploring the liberation of her lover, consents to marry him rather than permit the *Trovatore* to be sacrificed. The scene then changes to a dungeon, where the *Zingara* and her son are imprisoned. The poor *Zingara* is nearly mad; horror at her approaching death—for she is to be burnt alive—has disordered her already unsettled brain, and she raves in the most touching and exquisite music. She fancies herself again in the open sierra, in the wild valleys buried amid the deep mountains, where encamp her gipsy followers, far, far away from the terrible prison. Peace and happiness breathe in her soul; she imagines that the *Trovatore* is playing on the lute while she sleeps beside him; again she faintly hums the air of her charming melody of the first act, low and faint as in a blissful dream, and at last sinks insensible into the arms of her son. *Leonora* then enters, urging the *Trovatore* to fly, having obtained his pardon at the sacrifice of her own happiness. *Maurice* refuses to accept his liberty on such terms, and curses her for supposed unfaithfulness; but hears with horror that she has swallowed poison, in order to avoid marrying the *Count*. She dies, and the *Count* appearing, orders *Maurice* to be dragged to the funeral pile. In the mean time the *Zingara* is restored to consciousness, but too late to declare the truth that it is not *her son*, but his own brother that the *Count* has caused to be burnt alive. She flings herself out of a window, and so ends the opera most dolorously.

Getting away from the opera here is an operation of difficulty—a regular exercise of patience—seeing that the French soldiers, who have everything their own way, favour the dukes and princesses, keeping the unfortunate *profusus vulgus* waiting for unknown periods of time amid a crowd of Italian *buckees*, with long moustaches and ample beards, and cloaks draped à l'antique, smelling vilely of garlic and bad tobacco, to say nothing of the fevers one is in danger of catching from the damp exhalations of the neighbouring Tiber. There is a French theatre open four times a week, in which one entire tier is devoted to the modern

conquerors of poor old Rome; where, however, these Alphas and Omegas of life at Rome appear in a milder mood under the influence of their native tongue. The other night I went to see "*La Dame aux Camélias*," wondering, however, how so exceedingly immoral a drama was permitted in the same holy place which declines any connexion with that dear, naughty, abominable "*Lucrezia Borgia*." *They* say (that is, Mrs. Grundy says, a lady whose ubiquity leads her to Rome as well as all other places) that on the morning of the day for which it was announced a *veto* was issued against its performance; but that the French general, or the French prefect, or the French somebody, insisted on its production. Certain it is, the French ambassadress was present, and sat out the entire evening's amusement, including a farce about as *grossier* as the lowest French audience could have desired; including a number of *double entendres*, so barefaced one knew not where to look. Count — happening to be in our box, increased my confusion; but, with the tact of a high-bred Italian, he suddenly became bereft of all his five senses, and appeared impassively stupid, spite of the roars of the French Olympus in the upper boxes. The drama was well acted, the heroine looking her part so perfectly, one could but deem it quite natural. She died well, and looked particularly *piquante* and pretty in bed. Good Heavens, what strange times! when *such* sights are even tolerated in Rome—moral Rome! Not the most innocent girl could mistake the drift and meaning of *this* play!

The folly of endeavouring to form separate galleries of sculpture in the same city as the Vatican Museum is apparent. Even Rome, were all her subterranean treasures revealed, could never hope to form another such temple to sculpture. The overcrowded rooms of the Capitol Museum present an aspect of confusion proper only to a lumber loft, while the bare walls of the spacious halls at the Lateran are in the other extreme, and appear so nude and unfurnished it is quite desolating to look on them. Why should not the gems of both collections be placed in that boundless Vatican, whose countless galleries and corridors might yet receive thousands of fresh statues, and still have room, and to spare? On the whole, I was more pleased with the Lateran collection than the Capitol, where, excepting the Dying Gladiator—if gladiator we are to call him, with that cord and horn—and the Flora and Faun, I never could see much to admire. At the Lateran I was enchanted with the *Braschi Antinous*—a colossal statue of miraculous beauty, second only to the *Apollo Belvidere*—if, indeed, second to that, which I am not prepared to assert it is. Antinous appears in the character of Osiris, crowned with ivy berries and leaves, a *Lotos* flower placed in the centre of the garland,—a rich, varied, and classical head-gear of the utmost beauty. The hall appropriated to Augustus' family is wonderfully grand and interesting: ranged around the walls stand the solemn statues of the imperial house in calm majestic attitudes, monumental in character. The statue of *Livia* has a lovely face, and stands in an attitude full of grace and dignity, with one hand upraised; the flowing robes and stately bearing breathing a very atmosphere of imperial majesty tempered by womanly sweetness. Augustus and Drusus wear the eternal togas—those classical bedgowns I so detest. Tiberius appears crowned with oak and acorns, a face full of youthful beauty and god-like repose, passionless as the calm surface of

the summer heavens. Who could imagine such vices lay dormant under so winning an exterior? Agrippina bears her proud character and great beauty stamped on her lofty brow. Her attitude is less pleasing than that of Livia, masculine determination preponderating over more feminine charms. Two statues of Germanicus, habited in full armour, express an amiable, gentle character, appealing to our sympathies by its unassuming yet manly expression of perfect goodness. His head is unadorned, and both statues of high value, from the admirable likeness and perfect state of preservation in which they are come down to us.

Very interesting is the rough Dacian heart, mentioned by Murray, with the sculptor's points still visible. But most of all was I struck by an admirable basso-relievo on a marble tomb of Orestes pursued by the Furies—wildly horrible in their hideous aspect—his murder of Clytemnestra and her lover in the centre—and, in the other corner, the shade of Agamemnon, an old man, wrapt in a deep, mysterious cloak, with a hood over his face, inciting Orestes to revenge. This is one of the very finest basso-relievos in Rome. Opposite is an inferior work—the destruction of Niobe's children, on another tomb. Near by are two splendid marble pillars of Ravonazzetto, taken from the bed of the Tiber; whose beauty suggests the question: What must Rome have been, availed with such colonnades?

One of the finest statues here is that of Sophocles, bearing the name of the Antonelli family inscribed on the pedestal. It was discovered by a curious accident. A poor man, working in his vineyard, near the campagna of Conte Antonelli, brother of the cardinal, came upon a block of stone that resisted all his blows. He dug, and dug, until he discovered a statue, which he threw upon *terra firma*. Off he goes to his patrone, the conte, to relate to him the occurrence. But, says he, “cosa importa a me? I have neither a cart to carry it, or horses or oxen to drag the cart; via, there it must lie. Perhaps, however, sua eccellenza the conte would give him something for it?” The conte returned his query like a Quaker, by asking another—“What did he want for the thing?” At last, after a great deal of *discorrera*, fifteen scudi was agreed on (three pounds), and the contadino went away gloriously contented. The statue was dragged to the cortile of the count's casino, and lay forgotten in a corner until Gregory, the late Pope, during one of his provincial progresses, passed by Terracina, and breakfasted with Count Antonelli. Passing through the cortile, the saintly eyes turned on the recumbent statue. “Ma-che cosa abbianio qui? What is this? Qualche cosa di bello mi pare.” So the statue was raised and examined, and pronounced entirely excellent. The count begged to present the fifteen scudi worth to his holiness, who gladly accepted the offer, and ordered the statue to be packed off to Rome, where it was cleaned and repaired by benevolent antiquarians, who, acting as sponsors, named it Sophocles, under which title it now appears, the principal attraction of the third best gallery in Rome, and all for fifteen scudi! The thing *now* is priceless. The interior court of the Lateran Palace is surrounded above and below with an arched colonnade, richly painted in fresco, which produces a very noble effect. Indeed, the whole building is grand and palatial in the extreme, forming as it does a kind of wing or addenda to the most chastely elegant and classically imposing church in Rome, far more perfect

exteriorly than St. Peter's, however inferior to the great leviathan in size. I ascended the stairs, and found the upper suite of apartments of fine proportions and decorated with much splendour, but desolate, damp, and forlorn. They are now the cradle of an infant picture-gallery, but as yet in a hopelessly infantine state indeed. I remarked one picture by Caravaggio, that Molière of painting, "The Tribute-money," as fine as anything I ever remember seeing of his; and how well he could paint, when he allows one to distinguish the vivid lights and bright colouring, joined to breadth of style and earnest pathetic expression he was capable of producing. His paintings are generally such a murky mass, one sees nothing but shadows black as darkness visible. There is, too, a sweet "Annunciation," by the Cavaliere Arpino, where Mary is represented the simple gentle maiden one loves to picture her, not the made-up simpering beauty to which she is too often degraded by even the first masters. The youthfulness and freshness here are most engaging, and quite relieved my eyes, accustomed to the glare and grandeur of Parmegiano and Domenichino, who never dream but of the Queen of Heaven. The picture of "George IV.," in full "tog," is a tremendous affair. I never saw an individual so overlaid with orders, chains, ribbon, and velvet, even at the carnival. Indeed, he would make a capital *figurante* for that season. Certainly the air of Rome, and the stern classical halls of the Lateran, are by no means advantageous "to the first gentleman in Europe." Poor man! how the mighty are fallen!

During Lent there are what are called *Staziones* for prayers at all the old out-of-the-way churches; and if they possess miraculous treasures they are displayed for reverence on these occasions. I have been to-day to San Pietro in Vincolo, where the *Stazione* was held, and the church open all day. The road to this church is the identical *Via Scelerata*, so named because here the wicked Tullia, daughter of King Servius, drove over the body of her aged father, murdered by Lucius, her husband, son of the banished Tarquinius, in order to usurp his throne. Servius was slain on this very road, situated on the Esquiline, which when Tullia heard she mounted her chariot and drove to the forum, where, unabashed and untouched by her father's bloody death, she hailed her husband king! As she returned home the body of her father lay in the way. The driver of her chariot (says Arnold) stopped short, and showed Tullia where her father lay in his blood, but she *bade him drive on*, and the chariot rolled over the body, and she went to her home with her father's blood on the wheels of her chariot.

Flocks of pedestrians and numbers of carriages made the dust fly in perfect clouds about the solitary lanes and walled-in alleys in the vicinity. All the neighbourhood was up and alive. Drove of beggars sit or stand grouped on the steps mounting to the gates, and clink their boxes and ask for alms for the sake of the Madonna, and for the love of heaven, with an energy reminding one of their brigand associates, whose prayer becomes a command, and the command death if not promptly obeyed. Some French soldiers were keeping watch and ward outside the building, by no means remarkable on the exterior. Priests, nuns, fine ladies, *contadine*, perfumed beaux of the "very sopht" pattern, and liveried servants, cardinals, and monsignores were streaming in and out of the doors; some kneeling at an altar, others prostrate before a favourite saint, ornamented

for the occasion with new artificial flowers. The fine proportions of this elegant church told well as a background to the moving, animated scene, the graceful marble pillars (pilfered from some ancient temple) springing airily to the roof. On the grand altar were displayed the chains which, tradition says, bound St. Peter in prison; hence the name of the church "in Vincolo." They lay exposed to the veneration of all true Catholics in a small box lined with crimson silk. Wrapt in deep meditation and prayer numbers knelt on the steps, and so would I have knelt also, if I could have believed the tale, but, alas!—"Mi manca la fede!"—I thought the chains looked particularly modern and very weak and feeble in the links, *fancy* sort of chains, not at all the kind of articles wherewith to bind a man who had a mind to break them. I gazed with the crowd, but did *not* believe.

Flowers (of cambric) ornamented the altar all about, while the grand old Moses frowned down from the corner where he is so barbarously wedged in, with a look of supreme contempt at the scene around. The more I look at that figure the more I dislike it, profane as it is not to rave about the so-called "*capo d'opera*" of Michel Angelo "*the divine*." Nothing can be more placid than the statue, on a low seat nearly on a level with the spectator, the gigantic form squeezed between two columns, on a monument which all the while is *not* a monument. Certainly, this image does not impress one with a high idea of Moses. The grossly sensual expression tells of passions proper rather to a satyr than a lawgiver, and the oceans of woolly hair falling from the head and beard painfully remind one of a shaggy goat—faults which are unrelieved by any nobler indications save an air of arrogant command. The drapery is much below the ancient statues, ill-folded, heavy, and bad, something after the fashion of a miller. Should a great lawgiver who speaks with the Almighty appear in such a guise, with such a look? No, truly. Still, amid all its defects, this is a remarkable work of art—specially remarkable for a peculiar savage air of *grandeur* all its own, and not to be described. It has also great power, consisting in the "*anima*" which makes the cold marble *palpitate* with vivid expression. The action, too, of the figure is natural, the forms bold without being overcharged, like many of Michel Angelo's works. The modelling of the arms is particularly fine. But how wanting is the statue in all wherein the Greeks so excelled—the sedate, noble simplicity, the profound, contemplative look, communing as it were with eternity, which almost excuses the worship paid by an ignorant people to these sculptured gods. Above the Moses lies a recumbent statue of Julius II., so placed as to appear precisely like a sphinx. For this atrocity Michel Angelo is not responsible.

Over an altar there is a St. Margaret, by Guercino, rebuking a monster ready to devour her, with a cross, quite lovely—it positively riveted me. One may here admire his admirable colouring, compounded of the Roman-Venetian and Bolognese schools, with that bold opposition of light and shade in which he so delighted. Who ever had a finer appreciation of female beauty than Guercino, of that glowing, warm, gorgeous type perfected under a southern sun, flourishing along with the luscious grapes, and often brown and sunburnt as they? St. Margaret is in white, with a purple drapery, her long hair falls dishevelled over her shoulders, and the almost saucy way, girlish yet commanding, with which she menaces

the creature (whose great jaws, well furnished with teeth, are opened to devour her) with the cross, her head a little turned upwards, is uncommonly charming. I feel I never shall forget that picture of "Valiant Margaret," as Wordsworth calls her.

In the sacristy hangs Guido's "Hope," a sweet pathetic head, fit to match with the Cenci. There is a picture, too, by Domenichino of "Paul's deliverance in Prison"—*manière*, hard, and ill-coloured—the angel looks most *positive* and earthly in his stiff curls, such as one never saw except on a well-oiled wig. Certainly this "celestial visitant" brought with him "no airs from Paradise." I have no notion of admiring a picture because it is celebrated and praised by "Murray."

As I left the church the sun was just setting with a golden haze over the spires, domes, and palaces below. A single palm-tree rose out of the opposite wall, its dark leaves, black with shadow, spreading in the glorious radiance beyond. Such are we, opaque, obscure, and dark when contrasted with the heavenly radiance of those realms of light on which we may never gaze but as an affrighted shade, blotting the brightness for an instant, then to disappear—who knows where—for ever.

THE SUN SHINES OVER ALL!

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

WHEN hope is heart forsaking,
Go forth in the open day,
And watch the sunbeams breaking
As the dark clouds roll away;
Then mark how they tinge and brighten
Each dark spot where they fall,
And thy heart of each care will lighten,
For the sun shines over all!

When thine eyes with teardrops glisten,
And each tender chord is stirred,
Then hie to the woods and listen
To the sweet song of the bird;
And mark how he sings contented,
As the leaves around him fall,
You'll forget what you lamented,
For the sweet birds sing for all.

When all you fondly cherished
Has passed, like a dream, away;
The love you clung to perished,
The friendship known decay;
Seek then the woodland flowers,
They will all the past recal,
And point to happier hours,
For the bright flowers bloom for all.

A FLYING VISIT TO THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE EAST, IN JULY, 1854.

BY HENRY SPICER, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "SIGHTS AND SOUNDS," &c.

June 13th.—Wound up our affairs in Naples, and embarked on board the fine French steamer, *Merovée*, en route, as we hope, for the scene of great events. My companion, H. W., has already witnessed eastern strife, having, through the lucky toss of a penny, stood by the side of the gallant Omer Pacha, during the struggle of Oltenitza. Unable to decide in what direction the impending battle was likely to take place—Oltenitza or Turtukai—the question was submitted to the simple arbitrement of heads-and-tails, and the former representing Oltenitza, and winning, the party arrived in ample time to witness the first Turkish triumph of the war. It was through W.'s opera-glass that the Pacha viewed the retreat of his baffled foe, W. receiving, in acknowledgment of his politeness, a medal and a bloodstained Russian sword.

Omer Pacha's sight is remarkably keen. M., who was one of the small party of English present, told me that, during the second, and most determined attack, while every eye but his own strove in vain to pierce the thick cloud of smoke that veiled the actual struggle, Omer Pacha turned to his visitors, and quietly observed: "*Repoussés, messieurs, en grand désordre.*"

But few passengers on board the *Merovée*; among them an old acquaintance, Colonel St——, proceeding on special mission to the East. Believed he was to command the mounted portion of a corps of bashi-bozouks, to be organised and disciplined after the English mode. Left Naples at 4 P.M.

14th.—Smooth and beautiful. At 5 A.M. passing Stromboli; no signs of activity. Ran into Messina at 9. Quarantine, of course. Sailed again at 4, with cool, refreshing breeze.

15th.—Reached Malta at 9. The French steamer from the Levant, with which ours corresponds, lying ready, with some 700 French troops, for Gallipoli, already on board. Secured berths with great difficulty, having to share mine with the eagle of the 4th French Hussars, which had got inextricably fixed into the bed-place. Landed and breakfasted at Dunsford's Hotel. Saint's-day. All shops closed. Returned to the "Caire," and sailed at half-past 6 P.M., with 700 Hussars and artillery, a large medical staff, nine colonels, fifty miscellaneous passengers, and Brigadier-General the Duc d'Elchingen, second son of the illustrious Marshal Ney.

Loud cheers from the garrison and spectators accompanied our exit from the harbour.

16th.—Oh! by Jove, how hot! No air—sea like glass—going only eight knots—monotonous—sighted nothing all day, but a remarkable object, brown and white, which called all the glasses in the ship into requisition; and, after provoking much anxious debate, proved to be a

dead horse. Interesting Turkish family on board—ancient Turk and young wife—face swathed as usual, but showing magnificent eyes and bridge of ravishing nose—two domestics, and little black slave-girl, tattooed and pretty. The whole party encamped on deck, and lived for five days on cucumbers.

18th.—Arrived in harbour, at Syra, at 5 A.M.—very, very hot. Syra resembles Algiers—a sort of cone of houses, whose apex rises half-way up a range of barren and intensely hot-looking hills. Dressed quickly, and landed with Col. S. and W. To the Hotel d'Angleterre, the bad best inn—breakfasted and sketched; but, being unable to wander in the blazing streets, we resolved to return to dine, and sleep on board. As we pulled off, an English sloop of war came in, towing a pirate prize—found it was the *Wasp*, 14, Lord John Hay. Could not board her, as she was in quarantine; but Lord John came to the side and told us all the news. Expects daily to be summoned to join an expedition against Sebastopol, in which case, kindly offers us a passage to the fleet.

There were also rumours of a severe battle having taken place between Turks (with allies) and Russians, on the Danube.

19th.—Weighed at 10 A.M., with a beautiful breeze. "*Adieu, Syra,*" cried one of our French friends, exultingly, "*puis-je ne jamais te revoir !*" a sentiment in which all coincided. Another slowish day, somewhat relieved by the presence on board of the band of the French Hussars, who performed some pieces very effectively, and then, laying aside their instruments, sang in a manner to put to the blush the best trained opera chorus I ever heard, out of Germany. A piece called "*La Garde passe*" (in which the voices imitate with wonderful accuracy and ensemble the approach and retreat of the relief), and another called "*La France et l'Angleterre*"—worthy substitute for Malbrouk—were in high favour.

20th.—Dropped anchor in Smyrna at 5 A.M., landed and breakfasted coolly and happily at the Hotel des Deux Augustes (i. e. Augustus Cæsar and Augustus Lippi, the host); after which, to the bazaars, camel-ground, &c. Whilst here we were invited to visit a gentleman, now in temporary retirement at the Castle—no less a person than the celebrated bandit-chief, so long the interest and terror of this neighbourhood. Being completely hemmed in by a body of government forces, who proved unpurchasable, the illustrious chief, with his lieutenant, surrendered themselves, not however, it would appear, at discretion, as we are informed that both these gentlemen will, in spite of their little errors, be set at liberty in a few days. Sailed at 4 P.M. for the Dardanelles and Constantinople.

21st.—Passed the Dardanelles, against strong breeze right a-head, and powerful current. 11 A.M., brought to for half an hour, took a few more passengers and bags. Sailed again, and reached Gallipoli at 3 P.M. Many vessels, nearly all French, were here; among others, the ships of the line, Suffren, Napoleon, Ville de Marseilles, &c. Landed to reconnoitre, with S. and W. Met Brigadier-General Sir J. C——, who tells us, as the latest news, that the Russians entrench themselves on the Danube, 70,000 strong, while the allies concentrate at Varna with the utmost speed—action impending. Visited what remains of the French and English camps, and returned on board to dine. Disembarked the whole of our gallant allies, and four horses, one of which, a noble charger,

belonging to the Duc d'Elchingen, fell head-foremost into the sea, and a long and interesting chase ensued; the horse, though loaded with clothing, swimming faster than the boats could row. At last he was hunted to the steamer's side, and hoisted into a tender, none the worse for his hour's exertion.

22nd.—Sailed at 3-30 A.M. The vessel free—clear, and cool, lovely day. Reached Constantinople at 5 P.M., landed almost immediately; no custom-house worries, nor any trouble with luggage, except the usual fight for it among the facchini on landing. To Missierie's Hotel—four good rooms, excellent *table-d'hôte*, and prompt attendance, at fifteen francs a day, terms certainly not extravagantly high, from which, during the greatest pressure, Missierie has never varied, and which have, it is said, nevertheless, enriched him to the amount of some 30,000*l.* S., to his delight, found letters awaiting him from Colonel Beatson (Shemsi Pasha), acquainting him that he was to take command of a regiment of bashi-bozouks, and desiring him to join. S.'s title to be "Naymi Bey."

Curious hand-rocket exhibited after dinner by an American gentleman present, constructed to discharge thirty bullets at a distance of 1200 yards. Hear that Silistria still holds out, but that St. Arnaud declines to advance until his *reserve* is ready. Nothing like caution, and acting with "reserve!"

De H—— writes that it is rough work in camp; only salt provisions, and those bad; recommends W. to bring lots of pack-saddles, brandy, and "*les Mystères de Paris*."

23rd.—About 2 P.M. engaged caique to Valley of Sweet Waters, a two hours' pull. Encountered Abdul Medjid, pulling sulkily over in his barge to Scutari, various pachas following. It is the first day of Ramazan, and the unfortunate monarch may neither eat, drink, nor smoke, till sunset. He looks melancholy, and his aspect is, it is to be feared, a too faithful index of the soul within. He looks like one whom nothing could excite, nothing gratify,—a royal Endymion:

For there were some who feelingly might scan
A lurking trouble in his nether lip,
And note that oftentimes the reins would slip
Through his forgotten hands.

Even at the magnificent cavalry review at Scutari, which aroused from his apathy the gravest of the grave, the Sultan never changed look or muscle. Absent and listless, he looked like one who scarcely comprehended the military pageant defiling before him; while Lord Cardigan, riding well out from his brigade, and mounted on his celebrated five-hundred-guinea charger, appeared the real hero of the day.

Being the Ramazan, none but a few Armenian families were to be seen at the Sweet Waters, and we consequently proceeded to Therapia. Left W. there, and returned to Constantinople.

25th.—Lionising, and preparing for camp; provisioning for a fortnight. Tragical event to-day at Scutari: a Turk, shot and stabbed, rushed into the room during the *table-d'hôte* at the hotel, and expired upon the floor. The murder was the work of three ruffians, the father of one of whom is said to have been shot some years since by the man now murdered. The unfortunate had, it seems, made compensation in money, according to

Eastern custom, but could not secure immunity from revenge. The murderers escaped to the forest of Belgrade, and will probably become professional brigands.

26th.—News, authentic, that the Russians have abandoned Silistria, and retired across the Danube. Thus end our hopes of seeing an action. Will St. Arnaud still wait for his "reserve," before advancing upon the flying foe?

27th.—To Therapia, cool and beautiful; fine breeze on the hill, and first view of the Black Sea. Dined at the Hotel d'Angleterre—very good. Elliott and Conolly came down. The Russians withdrawing. Lord R., impatient for troops, sent A. Hardinge to Adm. Boxer to urge the utmost haste.

29th.—Rose at 6. Embarked with W. for Constantinople at 7. Boat crammed; twelve Turkesses, and an unusually large assemblage of flat-eyed children. At 11.30 embarked for Varna in the *Bosforo*. A scene of wild confusion—fearfully laden with coals, passengers, and baggage. Off Scutari, ran back two miles to pick up a brig, by way of increasing our speed—cast her off again, off Bayukderé, and proceeded slowly, till past the mouth of the Bosphorus, and fairly in the Black Sea, when, alas! . . . the engine, which had, it seems, been for some time in a precarious state, suddenly succumbed. We anchored, and dined. Consultation of engineers and officers. Discontent of passengers, chiefly of the third class, who are accustomed to victual themselves, and are only provided for a twenty-four hours' voyage. Engineers think we *might* reach Varna in a few days; but as it would be impossible to repair engine there, recommended return. Did so, and re-entered Missirie's at 11 P.M., very much out of humour, W. especially. Learned, on entering, the sad catastrophe of the *Europa*, and loss of my old friend, the gallant Willoughby Moore.

30th.—Sailed once more, on board the *Stamboul*, chartered, *pro tem.*, by the Austrian Company. Good, roomy ship—clean and well supplied. New mishaps, however. Before W. and I had removed our light baggage from the caique, and while our attention was diverted, the steamer suddenly unmoored, and the caique, to escape the swell, cast off, leaving the hotel-porter on board, but taking with her two carpet-bags, four coats, and a writing-case containing all our money and papers. The captain being appealed to, declared it was impossible to stop, which was indeed the case, as we were in the midst of a crowd of shipping, from which it needed all his ingenuity to get fairly free. Before reaching Therapia, however, an opportunity occurred of sending off the captive porter in a caique, charged with solemn messages respecting the lost effects, and visions of immense rewards in the event of their speedy transmission to the consul at Varna.

July 1st.—Ran into Bourgas about 7 A.M., and, having landed huge quantities of silver specie, left again for Varna, and steamed into the bay at 1 P.M. A horrible town, without an attempt at accommodation of any kind, but occupying a beautiful and picturesque site nearly in the centre of a valley, some ten miles in width, bounded by finely wooded hills, and watered by a chain of fresh lakes, the lowest of which approaches within half a mile of the sea. The crowd and bustle beyond conception. To the consul's—found that unfortunate gentleman at his wit's end—appealed

and referred to by everybody, pestered by authorities, petitioned by his bewildered countrymen, and handing three-fourths of his applicants over to the care of his dragoman—a fellow who kept a kind of lodging-house somewhere in the town, and charged about the price you would be asked for a first floor in Brook-street, Grosvenor-square. Forbearing to add to his troubles, we were about leaving, to make some general investigations, when a happy chance threw us in the way of Captain M., an old acquaintance of W.'s, present with him at Oltenitza. M. is in the Company's service, and, being on sick leave, recruits his shattered health by roughing it in Bulgaria, where he ably fulfils the office of military correspondent to a London journal. This gentleman most kindly invited us to his house, pleasantly situated, commanding an excellent view of the busy bay, and begged us to use it so long as we desired to remain in Varna. Guards marched to-day for Aladeyn, another division being pushed on to Devnos, ten miles further. A few regiments still encamped just beyond the walls; a picturesque lot of bashi-bozouks, Yusuff Aga's, about half a mile off; English fleet at Baltschik, eighteen miles off.

W., impatient to reach camp, borrowed a mount from an old comrade in the Guards, armed himself, and started, I remaining at Varna to procure horses, &c. Passed an agreeable evening with M.

2nd.—Rose not long after the sun. M.'s mansion overlooks a Turkish ten-gun battery; and the prolonged howl, like that of a jackal, with which their sentries are accustomed at intervals of four minutes to disturb the night's tranquillity, considerably interfered with my repose; lots, moreover, of "biting things," from which no Bulgarian house is free, contributed to this undesirable result. Passed the day preparing for camp. Varna is well supplied with stores of a coarse description; but an enterprising merchant, Mr. Grace, has obligingly freighted a vessel with the luxuries of life, and his arrival is eagerly looked for. Order from Admiral Dundas for five ships of the line, at anchor here, to proceed to Baltschik. Under weigh instantly, and, forming a magnificent column, moved majestically round the headland. Mr. G., special correspondent of another London daily paper, arrived at M.'s from Schumla, where he has remained during the siege of Silistria. He had just visited the latter town, and gone over the extensive works of the Russians. The place was much knocked about. A cart-load of shot and shell might have been picked up in one street. The inhabitants must have suffered great loss, familiarity with danger having induced many to venture out of the subterranean holds they had constructed, while children might at all times be seen playing in the streets. On one occasion a shell penetrated to the cellar of a house and killed seven women. Marshal St. Arnaud, who has just visited the celebrated outwork of Arab-Tabia, declared that its safety lay in its own insignificance, it being impossible to assault it with sufficient men. The Russians, though full of passive courage, have no "dash;" and hence their frequent failures in attacks upon entrenched positions. No amount of loss will entirely stop their advance; but so sluggish is their movement, that by the time they reach their object, their numbers are too few to overcome a determined defence.

During the siege, frequent communications took place between the belligerents; sometimes with, sometimes without, a *parlementaire*. On one occasion, the Turks sent to request that the enemy would avoid

directing his fire upon the hospitals, which was carefully complied with. On another, the Russians sent a flag with a request for a supply of tobacco! It is possible a stronger motive may have been concealed under the tobacco. At all events, in acceding to the request, the eager smokers were recommended not to try it again.

Poor Butler died, it appears, on the very day the siege was raised. He was lying reconnoitring in a masqued embrasure, the Minié balls of the enemy singing rather thickly over his head and that of N., who was near him. Finding they did no execution, the Russians adopted the plan of underebarging. The balls dropped nearer. At length one struck the work so close as to cover N. with a shower of dust and earth, nearly blinding him. "A good shot!" said N. "Yes," said Butler, "and I am hit"—and exhibited a flesh wound on the brow, which, though seemingly not dangerous, made N. "sick to look at." As the brave soldier withdrew, "This shall not," he said, "prevent our making a *sorvie* to-morrow."

The wound assumed a very favourable aspect, and Captain Butler was seated at breakfast with his friends on the third morning, when tidings were brought that the besiegers were in full retreat. All rushed to the walls, and poor Butler became much excited, talked wildly of driving the Russians into the Danube, and greatly alarmed his friends. Towards evening his condition became worse, and in a few hours he expired, no doubt from concussion of the brain. His diary of the siege—a most interesting document—has been sent, it is said, to the Duke of Cambridge.

3rd.—Engaged a Bulgarian servant, and, with great difficulty, an araba or rough cart, to carry our luggage. The villanous-looking driver came sulkily, and evinced such evident tokens of a desire to evade his bargain, that we thought it wiser to take his horse out until we were prepared to start. Apparently anticipating our intention, the wretch bolted at once, and tore away at full speed. Chase ensued, but in vain; and, after a short distance, no trace of the game could be found, but the fragments of sundry bottles of pale ale, which had unluckily remained in the araba, and been smashed during the race. Obtained a bullock-cart from commissariat, and despatched effects under escort. Omer Pacha came to Varna for a council—saluted by all the Turkish batteries and ships.

4th.—Restless night; yelling sentries, howling dogs, screaming cats, stamping horses picketed in the yard, biting insects, and the thermometer at fever heat. Rose at 8 A.M., strolled through Varna, and towards the cavalry camp on the south of the bay. The place looked uncomfortable; ruffians of all descriptions, in every conceivable attire, lounging about, or lying asleep in dusky corners; St. Arnaud's spahi escort slumbering on a convenient dung-heap under the marshal's window; prowling bashi-bozouks and sullen Bulgarians; immense herds of buffaloes going to the marshes; slaughtering of bullocks going on untidily along the fragrant beach; horses of the 11th Hussars exercising. After breakfast, to the horse bazaar—some fifty animals, all diminutive; nothing good under 1500 piastres (about 11*l.*), nor anything bad worth ten. At length, chiefly through the kind offices of Mr. G., arranged my stud, and left for the camp, M., who had to visit the 50th, accompanying me a

part of the way. Met the consul, who rode with us. Council last night; peaceful prospects; Russia quits the principalities, Austria occupies them. Took leave of kind host, and rode to camp of bashi-bozouks to see S. Found him delightfully *planté*, on the brow of a green hill overlooking the lower lake, Varna, and the bay. Poor S., disgusted with the present aspect of things—organisation of his b. b.'s awaiting regular warrant from Government;—Omer Pacha understood to be opposed to the plan of submitting these men to a rigid discipline. Went on to Aladeyn, a beautiful, solitary ride, scarcely a dwelling or a living creature to be seen for miles together. The oak-woods, with which are mingled wild fruit-trees, apples, pears, cherries, almonds, vines—in abundance—teem with animal and insect-life, the noise of the cicadas being absolutely deafening; cranes and pigeons were numerous; the linnet and oriole; magnificent dragon-flies, and huge gaudy moths floated about—lizards, and very often a tortoise, crossed the track. Of course there are snakes in this paradise, and I had the luck to encounter the largest (out of the Zoological Gardens) I ever beheld. The creature lay directly in my way, and, as he decamped through the bushes, making as much disturbance as a hare, I can't say I was sorry that he had not compelled me to force the line of his Danube. I hate snakes.

A soldier of the 41st, while the regiment lay outside of Varna, caught a curious brown snake, with two legs placed near the tail, and covered with small teeth like a cat's. Colonel Carpenter told me he was anxious to preserve the interesting biped as a *cadeau* for the Hunterian Museum, but unfortunately no bottle could be found big enough to contain it.

Rode first to the 3rd division camp. While talking to Colonel C., St. Arnaud, Omer Pacha, and an immense retinue, skirted the camp, riding towards Shumla, the soldiery loudly cheering as they passed. On to the Guards' camp; found them in a beautiful locality, in the clearings of an oak-forest, crowning the range of hills sloping down to the upper lake; game and fish abundant. A mass of fine old ruins, like those of a temple (the only token of man's handiwork in the vicinity), was occupied by an outlying picket; W. and De H. out riding, so rode on with Colonel C. to explore. Returned; was fortunate enough to obtain the tent of Captain K., absent at Varna. Capital dianer, and jolly evening. But fourteen men smoking at once in the tent of *one*, is to be avoided when possible!

5th.—Woke by the *réveillés* at 5 o'clock—camp in full bustle and conversation. Tents are great conductors of sound—it is possible to hear distinctly words spoken in a common colloquial tone several tents off; and I've not the slightest doubt that Richard III., in his eaves-dropping excursions, heard a great deal more than he relished. Rode to Devnos on Colonel C.'s Arab, a fine fractious brute; beautiful ride of twelve miles across the hills; reached camp at four. Visited 7th and 23rd, then across to cavalry; found W. and M'D. in M.'s tent—M. ill in bed; kindly offered me the tent of his brother aide, Lord D——, absent on service with Lord Cardigan. W. returned to Aladeyn. Dined with the 7th; passed evening with the 23rd; much grumbling at early drills, &c. Mr. —, correspondent of the *Times*, established here, in a spacious Egyptian marquee, giving frequent champagne dinners to eighteen and twenty guests, and otherwise upholding the dignity and

liberality of the English press. The broad red stripe upon his trousers is a singular illustration of the dulness of Turkish tailors. Mr. — having written to Constantinople for a pair of *black inexpressibles*, the tailor, seeing the order dated "Camp," decided that it must proceed from an officer, and affixed the scarlet badge on his own responsibility!

At 10 p.m. back to cavalry camp. Very dark—lost way—blundered into a Turkish encampment—conducted to colonel—directed to English cavalry—got into river—*item*, into fields of standing corn. At last reached camp at 11.30. Excellent tent, full of field luxuries; roll of French papers, which kept me awake till one. Slept beautifully, only disturbed by little camp occurrences; escape of charger of the 17th, stamp of relief, cat in tent, &c.

6th.—Rose at 5, meaning to reach Aladeyn to breakfast. Took leave of M. (awake, and better); rode slowly; cool, delightful day; pleasant wind. Half-way, at a fountain, first indications of the march of Evans's division—expected to move to-day. Soon, the gallant general himself, with an aide; then, in a beautiful gorge, three regiments, artillery, and baggage; a little further, the remaining regiments—halted. Colonel C. told me Omer Pacha was coming immediately to an open spot close at hand, to inspect the Guards and others. Guards came up, in imposing columns, moving through the forest—(here very open)—then the 42nd Highland regiment, and some horse-artillery. Omer Pacha came galloping up, with his spahis—looking not unlike fierce old ladies with red hoods—all splendidly mounted, and each man a perfect little armoury of weapons. St. Arnaud, Lord Raglan, the Duke of Cambridge, and a crowd of English and French officers, were present. Short review—admirably executed, except that the Guards invariably cheered in charging—a practice strongly reprehended and repressed by Napier. Omer Pacha, charmed, paid the usual compliments; but was especially delighted with the horse-artillery, who charged over a ditch and hedge, which the pacha imagined would bring them to a halt,—up to his very nose!

"With such troops," he said, "I would mow the Russians down like sheep!"

Dined, on a barrel, with W. and De H.; rude camp-dinner. Soup à la *Julienné*, salmon (preserved), stewed duck *au riz*, fried ham and beans, stewed cherries; Madeira, bottled beer, brandy, pale ale. Slept to-night in De H.'s green bower; cooler than tent, and not many earwigs.

N.B.—Two fellows stung last night by centipedes; painful, but not dangerous.

7th and 8th.—No hope of an advance; resolved to return to Varna; sent baggage back by araba; sold stud to De H. for the same price I gave. Made adieux and set forward. On reaching camping-ground of bashi-bozouks found tents struck, and Colonel Beatson (Shemsie Pasha) and Colonel S. (Naymi Bey) gone to Schumla. Breakfast at Maxwell's—great bustle; found our missing effects at the consulate. Scrambled on board the *Ferdinando Primo* at mid-day; few passengers. An American colonel, with immense sword, who had been to Silistria after the siege and gone over the Russian works. An innocent youth, about twenty, agent to a mercantile house, who had been despatched to Varna to obtain orders for

wine. He had obtained *one* for six bottles of champagne, and had been handed over by the worried consul to his rapacious dragoman before mentioned, as his only chance of shelter. The latter ushered him into a filthy den, already tenanted by six other individuals, and proffered a dirty sheepskin for a bed—charge 7s., English! No breakfast; and the luckless youth wandered about from 4 A.M. to 8, when he obtained a handful of cherries, his first meal for eighteen hours. Constantinople again.

10th.—While shopping with W. and S., met Lord John Hay, who told us the *Wasp* had been peremptorily ordered to Baltschik. Prospect of something doing. Offered us a passage to the fleet, but we had previously decided on going to Broussa. Sweet Waters, and *fête aux fleurs*.

11th.—Embarked in our old friend, the *Ferdinando Primo*, for Broussa. Weather fine at first, but a sudden and severe squall of wind and rain overtook us, and drove all the thinly-clad below. Mundagna at 1 P.M.; took seven horses, for selves, guides, and baggage, and rode through a beautiful, wild, and broken country to Broussa, the residence of Abd-el-Kader—and of many millions of silk-worms, whose cocoons covered acres of the ground like snow. Passed parties of armed Turcomans, and long strings of very fine camels. Reached the city at 7. It occupies a truly splendid site, at the foot of Mount Olympus; so near, however, that the snowy forehead of the majestic mountain is not visible within several miles of the city itself.

12th.—Note from the consul, Mr. Sandison, that the Emir would receive us a little after mid-day. Sketched a mosque—then with W. and S. to Abd-el-Kader's residence—a strange, straggling old place, like a Flemish chateau, in the skirts of the town. He has a farm a mile or two beyond it, in which he spends much of his time. The renowned Emir received us with great cordiality. He wore a plain mollah's robe, and a white turban, which might have been a trifle cleaner; but well might the noble head that wore it afford to dispense with extrinsic ornament! It is hard to conceive a more kingly countenance—fair as that of a European—a high, smooth forehead, brilliant eye, and the most remarkable and engaging smile I ever noticed. Pipes and coffee were introduced, as usual, and the Emir, tucking his legs up comfortably on the sofa, prepared to listen to the latest news of the war, in which he expressed the most eager interest. As he speaks neither French nor English, the conversation had to be carried on through two interpreters, by means of whom we conveyed to him all the information in our power. Anecdotes of the heroic defence of Silistria especially awakened his attention; and as we related a well-known incident of the siege, in which a column of Russians, who had actually penetrated into the works under cover of a fog, were pitched out of the embrasures after a struggle of half an hour, during which no shot was fired nor word spoken, the chief became greatly excited. His eyes flashed; he almost wrung his hands with a sort of nervous delight, and evidently enjoyed with the intensest pleasure the repulse of the "Moskov" by the unaided sons of the Crescent. After a most interesting interview of three-quarters of an hour, we reluctantly took leave of the caged eagle, and, distributing "backshish" among the ever-ready domestics, repaired to the silk bazaar, cool and curious with delightful fountains of ever-flowing water.

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I

To the jessamine garden, where the stalks are trained to a great height, for pipe-stems. Bought a stalk of seven years' growth, twenty feet long, for 2*l*. Divided it with M'D., who got the best half!

14*th*.—Thunderstorm at 3 A.M. Most vivid sheet lightning. Then heavy rain, which, passing off, opened to us a beautiful day—comparatively cool.

Coffee, and started at 6 A.M. for the residence of the gods. Mount Olympus takes six hours to ascend, four to return. Rode for five hours, including two halts; and being still two hours from the top, and our horses nearly done, agreed to breakfast. Did so, on a beautiful knoll, surrounded by gigantic masses of pine, cedar, and cypress. After the meal, an extraordinary lassitude seized the majority of the party; the two hours' climb yet remaining was voted a bore, and the whole of the enterprising travellers shortly commenced that inglorious retreat, which resulted in a comfortable dinner at the Hotel d'Angleterre at 5 o'clock, P.M.

15*th* and 16*th*.—St. Swithin opened fine, hot, and dusty. Started at 7 for Mundagna, on a road, or rather track, a little different from that by which we came. Excellent quail and partridge shooting here—and—only two days' journey from Brouse—bears and jackals are to be found in great abundance. Captain F., who has lately traversed the country, offered a bet in my hearing that he would bag one hundred bears in the course of a calendar month! Mundagna at 12. No steamer. Wind unfavourable; arranged for a large caique, pulling eight oars, to sail whenever the wind lulled or changed. Sketched and basked, the old Pacha sending down some people to keep the populace from crowding the sketchers. Dined in a wretched hovel upon some greasy mess concocted in one huge basin, by a Greek; had beds made up on the floor, and, rashly occupying them, were bitten out. Rose, therefore, at 12:30, and ordered the caique, the wind having fallen.

Caiquees came, with a solemn face, pointed to a great black cloud to windward, and asked if, under such circumstances, the signors were prepared to "risk it?" The signors intimated that nothing short of a tornado would defer their voyage longer than was necessary to place water and provisions on board.

Sailed at 1:30—partial starlight—nearly calm—atmosphere heavy and oppressive. Slept soundly, wrapped in our burnouses, for four hours, only roused by the men making sail, the wind having risen and come fair. In a short time, however, the wind shifted to its old quarter, and, the sea rising, we pulled to some unknown country and landed. A curious old sycamore, its immense trunk nearly hollow, stood on the beach, and apparently represented the entire foliage of the country. Went to the interior in search of food—spies returned with eggs and plums—re-embarked—heat intolerable—the rays of the vertical sun, concentrated in the heat and reflected from its shining inner sides, made it a sort of gaudiron. All suffered greatly from the intense heat.

A large sea-snake was visible for some minutes, enabling the crew, and all who were well enough for the effort of sitting up, to form various estimates of his dimensions. From a careful comparison of authorities, I should place it at fifteen feet. The boatmen affirmed that these creatures were not unfrequently seen in the Sea of Marmora. Wind, rising, fair, ran into Prince Edward Island at sunset.

18*th* to 25*th*.—At Constantinople, awaiting news—rumours of a

speedy movement, but both the time and object uncertain. Cholera increasing in all directions. Determined to return home by Tuesday steamer, the *Sinai*, Marseilles line. Learned she had been despatched with mails to Varna.

26th.—*Sinai* returned and sails to-day—not to touch at Gallipoli, where the epidemic is raging terribly.

Poor General Ney—Duc d'Elchingen—our gentlemanly fellow passenger coming out, has died at Gallipoli after nine hours' illness. He was an excellent and zealous officer, and had just completed and forwarded to his government a well-matured plan for keeping at bay, or lessening the sway of the dire scourge to which he fell one of the earliest victims.

Sailed at 11 P.M. "Adieu Constantinople." Only ten or twelve passengers—half French, half British.

27th.—The *Sinai* proved a fast boat—made Gallipoli at 12 to-day—landed mails. The French commandant laid an embargo on the boat, and insisted on our embarking certain passengers, chiefly cholera-convalescents, French officers. Thus we are rendered liable to quarantine at Smyrna, Syra, Malta, and heaven knows where besides. Our captain made but a faint resistance, and off came three boat loads of pale-faced wretches, one of whom had to be lifted up the side, and carried down at once to his berth. Reached the Dardanelles at 5; after a brief detention proceeded. Fine weather. Ten first-class passengers, two ladies, and a stork.

28th.—Ran into Smyrna at 8 A.M. Refused pratique, of course, and passed a hot, tedious day in harbour, ship coaling. Sailed at sunset. Alarm of fire during the night. Got under without difficulty or much damage.

29th.—Syra at 8 A.M. In quarantine, as usual. Tired and impatient. Much chess. Sailed at 5—fine breeze—going twelve knots. Boused at night by second alarm—great noise on deck—splashing of water—vessel stopped—went up—found hot ashes falling in all directions as from a volcano, and men everywhere with buckets extinguishing them as they fell. No danger—everybody being on the alert. Turned in again.

30th.—Much sea—all ill except self and three others. Only four at dinner, and those with meagre appetites. The poor man who was lifted on board at Gallipoli expired in the night, a result that possibly may have been hastened by his having swallowed a bag of plums and half a bottle of brandy on the preceding day. The body was placed in one of the boats, carefully covered, few persons on board being aware of the fact. The deceased officer was a chief inspector of military hospitals.

31st.—Reached Malta at 5 P.M.—ran into quarantine harbour—refused pratique—but, after inquiry as to the nature of the death on board, admitted the following morning.

August 2nd.—Parted company—W. and S. to Civita Vecchia and Naples, I to Marseilles—left at the same instant, but soon dropped our consort. But few passengers, chiefly French.

5th to 7th.—Marseilles at 5 A.M.—fresh and cool—landed and breakfasted at Hotel Imperial—city half deserted—80,000 persons having fled from fear of cholera. Deaths 200 each day. At 1, took train for Valence; the next day by boat, twelve miles an hour against tide, to Lyons, whence, on the following day to Paris by rail, making the whole journey from Marseilles to Paris in twenty-two hours actual travelling

GERALD MASSEY'S "BALLAD OF BABE CHRISTABEL."

If any indication, or token, were required as a mark whereby to testify the increasing intelligence of the present age, the little volume of most modest appearance bearing the above title might very aptly be taken for such a demand. It is, indeed, a striking production, and merits an attentive consideration. In the memoir attached, we learn some very curious particulars.

"Gerald Massey was born in May, 1828, and is, therefore, barely twenty-six years of age. He first saw the light in a little stone hut near Tring, in Herts, one of those miserable abodes in which so many of our happy peasantry—their country's pride!—are condemned to live and die. One shilling a week was the rent of this hovel, the roof of which was so low that a man could not stand upright in it."

In another portion of this biography we are told that Gerald "went into a silk manufactory at eight years of age, toiling there till half-past six in the evening," and so on from day to day, "till the mill was burned down, and the children held jubilee over it."

From such a life-commencement, passed without any education, Gerald Massey taught himself, and as time advanced became suddenly conscious of an inherent poetic faculty. His mother sent him to a penny school, where he was taught to read, and he soon manifested an eager desire to glean all the knowledge that books could convey to his dawning mind.

On his subsequent arrival in London he frequented all the book-stalls he could meet with, and devoured the contents of all such works as he could possibly procure. Oftentimes it was his delight to purchase a book, and by so doing lose a meal; and the still small hours of the night would as frequently find him unresting—reading and reading with a keen relish, and a most pertinacious assiduity. Surely here is a notable instance of the times we live in, and the great necessity which exists for cultivating and developing latent excellence. Gerald Massey is in all respects a real poet; he has a fine imagination, knows the true flow and fall of musical rhythm, and can shape his ideas into language of true poetic character. His appeals on behalf of his fellow-men are of necessity tinged with democratic ardour; he speaks in a vigorous tone when his verses roll towards the political horizon, and suggest the passionate truth which are indicative of the writer. On these, however, we do not care to enlarge, but rather turn to the principal poem, which is full to overflowing with new and beautiful images. The subject is a sad one, the birth and death of a little child, but it is interspersed with sentiments redolent of Nature and her divinest influences. What a picture is this:

Ah! bliss to make the brain reel wild!
The star new kindled in the dark—
Life that had fluttered like a lark—
Lay in her bosom a sweet child!

Of children there is this sweet expression:

Wide worlds of worship are their eyes,
 Their loyal hearts are worlds of love,
 Who fondly clasp the stranger Dove,
 And read its news from Paradise.
 Their looks praise God—souls sing for glee;
 They think if this old world had toil'd
 Through ages to bring forth their child,
 It hath a glorious destiny.

Nothing in modern poetry can surpass some of the lines in this poem. They are as rich as Cleopatra's pearls, and appeal with all a poet's love and fervour to the true human heart. They make the brain burn with emotion, and the coldest fancy awaken to a recognition not only of their extreme aptness, but also of their genuine beauty. No mournful wail, or plaint of sorrow, was ever tuned to a more appropriate key, or conveyed with more melodious utterance than that in which the parent laments the loss sustained by Christabel's early death.

All last night-tide she seemed near me like a lost beloved Bird
 Beating at the lattice louder than the sobbing wind and rain,
 And I called across the Night with tender name and fondling word;
 And I yearned out thro' the darkness all in vain.

Heart will plead, "Eyes cannot see her, they are blind with tears of pain,
 And it climbeth up and straineth for dear life to look and hark
 While I call her once again: but there cometh no refrain,
 And it droppeth down, and dieth in the dark."

Here is poetry of that plaintive and pleasing kind which awakes echoes in the hearts of those who read it. Here are sentiments which could proceed only from a singer whose heart and mind are in his song. The divine faculty of poesy has been won by this self-educated man. He is a poet in the fullest acceptation of the word; and it is but proper and consistent that all lovers of that fine art should greet him with an honest hearty welcome, and admit him to the select realms of English verse. Faults he has undoubtedly; sometimes his ear does not seem to be quite correct, and that he is occasionally wanting in that refinement of taste which should invariably accompany the course of sweet verse, can be no marvel to those who reflect on his early life, and the way in which he has been compelled to pluck at learning at all times and in all seasons. Blemishes such as these are trivial in comparison with the beauties which abound, and time alone will eradicate them. The wonder is not that faults are to be found, but that they are so few. Consider well the poet's history, and then, if allowance of the most ample kind is not freely bestowed for any and whatever defects there may be, as certainly will his melodious utterances be unrecognised. Again, we say, here is no ordinary minstrel. If any line, or thought, or simile seems to sound harshly, or too fiercely in its appeals, yet it must be confessed that there is nothing to be found analogous to the sickly rose-water school, whose sentiment so frequently begins in bombast and terminates in nothing. As a lyricist, Mr. Gerald Massey is eminently successful, and we quote the following "Lover's fancy" to record our conviction:

Sweet Heaven, I do love a maiden,
 Radiant, rare, and beauty laden;

When she's near me, heaven is round me,
 Her dear presence doth so bound me !
 I could wring my heart of gladness,
 Might it free her lot of sadness.
 Give the world and all that's in it,
 Just to press her hand a minute,
 Yet she weeteth not I love her,
 Never dare I tell the sweet
 Tale, but to the stars above her
 And the flowers that kiss her feet.
 O! to live and linger near her,
 And in tearful moments cheer her !
 I could be a bird to lighten
 Her dear heart—her sweet eyes brighten,
 Or in fragrance like a blossom,
 Give my life up on her bosom !
 For my love's withouten measure,
 All its pangs are sweetest pleasure,
 Yet she weeteth not I love her,
 Never dare I tell the sweet
 Tale, but to the stars above her
 And the flowers that kiss her feet.

This is easy, natural, and winsome, partaking somewhat of the style in which Quarles, and Withers, and others of the old love-songsters were wont to address their lady-loves ; yet it is tersely expressed, and the rhymes are as devoid of labour as they are of conceit. It is something to be proud of, surely, that we live and breathe and have our being in an age when such noble and stirring ditties as are to be met with in this volume proceed from the pen of so lowly a poet. Full of nerve, and vigorous is the manner in which he appeals to the powers that be, though we care not to linger on passages which have a political tendency. Poetry culls her choicest flowers from quiet places ; the stormy arena where are fought the sharp combats of right and wrong, of vexed questions and strife-ful arguments, is not adapted for the poet's path. It lies by fair meads, in orchard crofts, on swelling plains, in forests, and in the gentle and peaceful haunts of birds and murmuring insects. True, the trumpet that she oft-times uses tells of deeds of arms and chivalrous enterprise ; but the poet's aim, and the poet's influence, certainly belong to a more gentle sphere. Gerald Massey can describe Nature with a painter's sense of the beautiful. Listen to his praise of Spring :

Earth weareth Heaven for bridal ring,
 And the best garland of glory, Spring
 From out old Winter's world can bring.

The green blood reddens in the Rose,
 And underneath white-budding boughs
 The violets purple in rich rows,

The boy beloved Whitebeams blow,
 The live-green Apple-tree's flush bough
 Floateth a cloud of rosy snow.

The ascent to the lofty Mount Parnassus is notoriously steep and toilsome ; the poet's crown, the laurels and the bay are not to be given

indiscriminately to all and every of the numerous aspirants for their honours; nevertheless, when one appears with earnest purpose, lofty thought, and the true musical voice within him, it behoves those who hear the singing to encourage and support the singer for the Muses' sake. Mr. Massey may not be ready for the honours of the Capitol, but it were as well that we should strew flowers on his way, and aid him by all means in our power to pursue his peaceful calling. That he is already a poet this recently published volume sufficiently indicates. No one can peruse any single page without discovering beauties of matter and manner. Felicities of description abound, grace, love, and tenderness characterise in no stinted measure all that he sings. Gracefully let us welcome his entrance into the enchanting regions of sweet song.

GOSSE'S AQUARIUM.*

GOSSE is one of those rare spirits who have won for themselves a niche in the temple of fame as a naturalist. It is by no means sufficient to be versed in the dry details of scientific nomenclature and of technical definitions to constitute a true naturalist. He must be an independent observer of habits and economy; the detailed knowledge of structure will follow, and with the greater interest, as each detail will be associated with some physiological fact. As Mr. Gosse himself observes, the most interesting parts by far of published natural history are those minute but most graphic particulars which have been gathered by an attentive watching of individual animals. Many examples crowd to the mind; Wilson's picture of the Mocking-bird; Vigors's of the Toucan; Broderip's of his Beaver "Binny;" Wollaston's of the Water-Shrew; Bennett's of the Bird of Paradise; and multitudes more.

Gosse is, *par excellence*, the historian of those strange creatures which inhabit our shores and dwell on our rock-bound coasts. His rambles on the Devonshire coast opened the subject. The present work continues it; and the Marine Aquarium, to found which is its object, bids fair to complete in time whatever may be wanting in this most interesting branch of natural history. Nothing can equal its popularity just now; and for that result we are entirely indebted to this amiable, pious, and indefatigable observer and collector.

It was with the view of supplying certain tanks in the Aquarium of the Zoological Society that Mr. Gosse directed his steps early last spring to Weymouth, on the coast of Dorsetshire. The hunting-ground presented by this magnificent bay is most various. There is the shingly beach of Belmont, with its broad bank of rotting black sea-grass (*Zostera*), the accumulation of years; there are the rocky ledges of Byng cliff, with their green and slippery boulders, which afforded many a harvest of marine plants and animals; there is the majestic mass of Portland rising

* The Aquarium: an Unveiling of the Wonders of the Deep Sea. By Philip Henry Gosse, A.L.S., &c. John Van Voorst.

out of the sea to the south, with its long breakwater and that wondrous barrier, the Chesil Beach; there are, indeed, rocks and caves, bays and beaches, all more or less worthy of exploration, from Whitenose to Church-Hope, and from Saint Oldham's Head to the Bill.

One of the first things to be done in founding an Aquarium is to collect sea-weeds:

The first point to be attended to, is the procuring of living sea-weeds, the vegetable element in the combination which is displayed in an Aquarium. And this must naturally be the first thing, whether we are stocking a permanent tank, or merely collecting specimens for temporary examination, as we cannot preserve the animals in health for a single day, except by the help of plants to re-oxygenate the exhausted water. By their means, however, nothing is easier than to have an Aquarium on almost as small a scale as we please; and any visitor to the sea-side, though there for ever so brief a stay, may enjoy with the least possible trouble, the amenities of zoological study in a soup-plate, or even in a tumbler. It is easy to knock off with a hammer, or even to dislodge with a strong clasp-knife, a fragment of rock on which a minute sea-weed is growing, proportioning the surface of leaf to the volume of water,—and you have an Aquarium. A wide-mouthed phial,—such, for instance, as those in which sulphate of quinine is commonly sold by the chemists,—affords a capital opportunity for studying the minute Zoophytes, Bryozoa, Nudibranch Mollusca, &c., as they may be examined through the clear glass sides with perfect ease, by the aid of a pocket-lens. The influence of light should be allowed to operate on the sea-weed, to promote the elaboration of oxygen, but at the same time, if the weather be warm, care must be taken that the subjects be not killed by the sun's heat.

Let me describe my ordinary mode of obtaining the sea-weeds which I transmitted to London.

Suppose the time to be the first or second day after full or new moon, when the tide recedes to its greatest extent, laying bare large tracts of surface that are ordinarily covered by the sea. This is the most suitable time for procuring sea-weeds, for these must be taken in a growing state; and hence the specimens which are washed on shore, and which serve very well for laying out on paper, are utterly useless for our purpose.

With a large covered collecting basket, a couple of wide-mouthed stone jars, a similar one of glass, two or three smaller phials, a couple of strong hammers, and the same number of what are technically termed "cold chisels," tipped with steel, I proceed with an attendant to some one of the ledges of black rock that project like long slender tongues into the sea. An unpractised foot would find the walking precarious and dangerous, for the rocks are rough and sharp, and the dense matting of black bladder-weed with which they are covered, conceals many abrupt and deep clefts beneath its slimy drapery. These fissures, however, are valuable to us. We lift up the hanging mass of olive weed (*Fucus*) from the edge, and find the sides of the clefts often fringed with the most delicate and lovely forms of sea-weed; such, for example, as the winged Delesseria (*D. alata*), which grows in thin, much-cut leaves of the richest crimson hue, and the feathery Ptilota (*P. plumosa*) of a duller red. Beneath the shadow of the coarser weeds delights also to grow the *Chondrus*, in the form of little leafy bushes, each leaf widening to a flattened tip. When viewed growing in its native element this plant is particularly beautiful; for its numerous leaves glow with refulgent reflections of azure, resembling the colour of tempered steel. This weed when dried is useful for making jellies, and constitutes the Carrageen Moss of the shops.

We may observe among the sea-weeds many tufts of a small species, whose leaves are much and deeply cut, with the divisions rounded, and the general outline of the leaf pointed. Some specimens are of a dull purple, others of a rich yellow hue; and I refer to the species as an interesting example of the

influence of light on the colour of marine plants. The yellow specimens are exposed to the sun's rays, the purple ones are such as have grown in deep shadow. The species is the *Laurencia pinnatifida* of botanists.

Turning from the hidden clefts, we explore the deep pools that lie between the ledges. High wading-boots are necessary for this purpose, as we have to work in the water. The great Oar-weeds and Tangles (*Laminaria*) are growing here, large olive sea-weeds that wave to and fro with the undulations of the sea; the former a long narrow quattered frond of brown colour; the latter a broad smooth leathery expanse of deeper colour on a slender stalk, splitting with age into a number of lengthened fingers or ribbons, and hence called the fingered Tangle (*Laminaria digitata*). Among these grow clusters of an elegantly frilled species, of delicate thin texture, and yellow-brown hue, bearing no slight resemblance to the tresses of some fair lady: this also is a *Laminaria*, but I am not quite sure whether it is the young state of the former species, or entitled to a name of its own. In the latter case, it is the *L. phyllitis* of botanists. One result of the establishment of Marine Aquaria will be a more general acquaintance, and consequently a better and more satisfactory one, with the tenants of the sea, than has hitherto been practicable; since they can now be studied to far greater advantage than when blanched in bottles of spirits, or pressed between the leaves of a book.

In these deep pools grew also those bunches of broad dark-red leaves, which are probably the most conspicuous of all the marine plants in the collection. My readers will recognise them, when I say that they are generally about as large as one's hand, smooth and glossy, of a dark crimson hue, but apt to run off into a pale greenish tint towards the tips; their edges have often little leaves growing on them. This plant is the Dulse or Dillís (*Rhodymenia palmata*), which is eaten by the poor of our northern shores as a luxury. The soldiers of the regiment quartered here, many of whom are Irish, may be frequently seen on the ledges, searching for the leaves of this plant, which they eagerly eat raw, to the entertainment of the children, who are sailing their little boats in the pools.

The leaves of the Dulse soon decay, spots of an orange colour speedily appearing. As a rule, the appearance of an orange colour, on crimson or purple weeds, is always a sign of the death of that part, and is the infallible precursor of decay. As soon as it appears, or at least if it begin to increase, the specimen should be ejected without mercy, as the diffusion of the gases from decaying vegetable matter is speedily fatal to most animals.

A weed is found growing in dense mossy patches on the perpendicular and overshadowed edges of the rocks, which, when examined, looks like a multitude of tiny oval bladders of red-wine, set end to end in chains. This pretty sea-weed is called *Chylocladia articulata*. In the same spots grow also the stony coralline, of which it is a mistake to collect such specimens as are purely white, that being the condition of death. One of the most valuable plants for an Aquarium is the sea-lettuce, *Ulva latissima*. It is abundant in the hollows of the rocks between tide-marks, extending and thriving even almost to the level of high water. This species will grow prosperously for years, giving out abundantly its bubbles of oxygen gas all day long. It is readily found, but owing to the excessive slenderness of its attachment to the rock, and its great fragility, it is not one of the easiest to be obtained in an available state. The *Enteromorpha* have the same qualities and habits, but their length and narrowness make them less elegant. The *Cladophora* are desirable; they are plants of very simple structure, consisting of jointed threads, which grow in dense brushes or tufts of various tints of green. In order

to transfer sea-plants to an Aquarium, a portion of the rock on which they are growing must be removed. Upon this subject Mr. Gosse makes the following remarks :

These plants have no proper roots, and, therefore, cannot be dug up and replanted like an orchis or a violet, but adhere by a minute disk to the surface of the rock, and if forcibly detached, die. I therefore bring the hammer and chisel into requisition, and split off a considerable fragment of the solid stone, which then, with the plant adhering to it, is placed in the Aquarium. This is often a difficult, always a delicate operation; the rock is frequently so hard as to resist the action of the chisel, or breaks at the wrong place; sometimes, on the other hand, it is so soft and friable as to crumble away under the implement, leaving only the isolated plant deprived of its attachment; and sometimes at the first blow, the sea-weed flies off with the vibration of the shock. Often we have to work under water, where the force of the blows is weakened and almost rendered powerless by the density of the medium, and where it is next to impossible to see with sufficient clearness to direct the assault.

.As the plants are detached they are placed one by one in security. The finer and more delicate ones, as the *Delesseria* for instance, are immediately dropped into a jar of water; for only a few minutes' exposure of their lovely crimson fronds to the air, would turn them to that dull orange colour, already mentioned as the sign of incipient decay. The hardier sorts are laid in the basket,—a layer of damp refuse-weed being first put in to receive them,—and covered lightly with damp weed. The degree of moisture thus secured is sufficient to preserve many species from injury, for hours. Then they are brought home.

We have been speaking of the haunts of the living Algæ, and of the manner of procuring them; because, in the sequence of ideas, as Mr. Gosse has it, these come first into consideration. But in point of fact, the search for animals goes on simultaneously with the process just described; the same haunts which are affected by the marine plants conceal various animals; and it is, our author enticingly observes, one of the great charms of natural history collecting, that you never know what you may obtain at any moment. The expectation is always kept on the stretch; something new, or at least unthought of, frequently strikes the eye, and keeps the attention on the *qui vive*:

Close examination of the fissures, of the pools, of the rough and corroded stones that have been fished up, and even of the sea-plants themselves,—reveals many curious creatures of various kinds and forms, each of which, as it is discovered, is seized and consigned to one or other of the collecting jars appropriated to this purpose. Some of the subjects, indeed, require little research; the tangled masses of olive bladder-weed, that sprawl, like dishevelled locks, slovenly and slippery, over acres of these low-lying ledges, are studded all over with those little smooth globose shells that children delight to gather, attracted by the variety and gaiety of their hues, brown, black, orange, yellow, often banded with black, or marked with minute chequers. This most abundant little wrinkle, for it is one of that genus (*Littorina littoralis*), feeds on the fucus, like the unowned cattle on the American Pampas, and it must be owned that a spacious and fertile pasture-ground is allotted to it.

Among these we see, less numerous but sufficiently common, the more bulky and still more familiar form of the periwinkle (*L. littorea*), marching soberly along beneath his massive mansion, stopping to munch the tender shoot of some alga, or leisurely circumambulating the pretty tide-pool which he has chosen for his present residence. You may tell that all his movements are marked by gravity and deliberation, for if he does not let the grass grow under

his feet (I beg his pardon, he has but one foot; though, as that is somewhat of the simplest, he is not deficient in *understanding*), he lets it grow over his head. It is quite common to see one of these mollusks adorned with a goodly alga or other sea-weed that has taken root on the summit of his shell, so that he habitually sits under the shadow of his own roof-tree.

The humble periwinkle, exclusively a vegetable eater, is of the greatest utility in an Aquarium; he delights in devouring the green scurf which is constantly accumulating on its transparent sides, and which, if examined with a lens, is found to be composed of myriads of tiny plants. The pretty *Trochus* may be used for the same purpose. It is almost needless to remark that there are other things besides periwinkles and trochi to be found on these cleft and weed-draped ledges. Among these Weymouth has its own *Actinia*—*A. clavata*—a species of great beauty, which is quite common on these ledges, of which it appears to be characteristic.

Mr. Gosse did not confine his researches to the shore, he also went dredging for the living things of the deep, and we must follow him in one of his excursions:

The morning was clear, and promised a fair day; there was breeze enough to enable a boat to work, enough in fact to raise what sailors call a "cats' paw" upon the surface of the sea, and not sufficient to cover it with "white horses." It was a nice time for a dredging excursion, though rather cold; and I sent word to Jonah Fowler to bring his boat over, and we would try a haul. The sun came out while we were waiting, and penetrated through the clear water to the bottom; and the reflection of his rays from the dimpling surface threw up on the boat's quarter a running pattern of reticulate lines of light, as if to give me in that bright net a good omen of success. Little urchins stood on the quay-edge watching the preparations with curiosity, whose hanging ringlets, and free attitudes as they stood with hands in the pockets of their loose trousers, looked like copies (*tableaux vivants*, if you will) of the well-known print of our nautical little Prince of Wales. The trim boat's crew of the revenue cutter were lying at the steps, or lounging with folded arms on the quay, waiting for their officer; but it was far beneath their dignity to manifest curiosity or interest in any such matters.

The preparations are made, the dredges and keel-drag are overhauled, a goodly array of pans, tubs, jars, and bottles are put on board, my mackintosh and swimming-belt are on (for you can never tell what eventualities of weather or accident may occur), and a stout packet of sea-stores are snugly thrust into the locker. "Shove her off! Up with mainsail and jib! and away to go!"

Pleasant it is to start on such an excursion. The day all before us; hope dominant; fancy busy with what treasures of the deep the dredge may pour at our feet; the sun's rays cheerful; the breeze exhilarating; a good, stiff boat, clean and light, under foot, and an agreeable companion, for such is our friend Jone;—and thus we swiftly glide out into the bay.

This Jone is a character in his own way, and deserves to be introduced to the reader:

A clever fellow is Jone, and though only bred as a fisherman, he is quite an amateur naturalist. There is nobody else in Weymouth harbour that knows anything about dredging (I have it from his own lips, so you may rely on it); but he is familiar with the feel of almost every yard of bottom from Whitnose to Church-Hope, and from St. Aldham's Head to the Bill. He follows dredging with all the zest of a servant; and it is amusing really to hear how he pours you forth the crackjaw, the sesquipedian nomenclature. "Now, sir, if you do want a *Gastrochæna*, I can just put down your dredge upon a lot

of 'em; we'll bring up three and four in a stone." "I'm in hopes we shall have a good *Cribella* or two off this bank, if we don't get choked up with them 'ere *Ophiocomas*." He tells me in confidence that he has been sore puzzled to find a name for his boat, but he has at length determined to appellation her "*The Tarrilella*," "just to astonish the fishermen, you know, sir,"—with an accompanying wink and chuckle, and a patronising nudge in my ribs. Jone is a proud man when he gets a real *savant* alone in his boat; and he talks with delight of the feats he has achieved in the dredging line for Mr. Bowerbank, Mr. Hanley, and Professor Forbes. I will say, I found him no vain boaster, but able to perform his professions; and can heartily recommend him to any brother naturalist who may desire to "dredge the deep sea under" in Weymouth Bay, as one who knows what is worth getting and where to get it.

And now for a haul with the drag:

Well, here we are in the bight, just off the mouth of Preston Valley, the only bit of pretty scenery anywhere near. This, however, is a little gem; a verdant dell opening to the sea, through which a streamlet runs, with the sides and bottom covered with woods, a rare feature in this neighbourhood. We are over the *zostera*; the beds of dark-green grass are waving in the heave of the swell, and we can make out the long and narrow blades by closely looking down beneath the shadow of the boat. Here, then, is the place for the keel-drag. Down it goes, and sinks into the long grass, while we slowly drag it for a couple of hundred yards or so.

When disposed to try our luck we hauled on the rope, till we brought the mouth of the drag to the top of the water; a turn or hitch was then taken round a belaying pin with the two side-lines of the bridge, and the point of the net only was then hauled on board, put into a pan of water, and untied. Here was congregated the chief part of the prey taken, and hence the need of having the meshes so small in this part. Out swam in a moment a good many little fishes that haunt the grass-bed; as Pipe-fishes (*Syngnathus*) of several species, Gobies (*Gobius unipunctatus*, *G. Ruthersparrii*, &c.) and bright-hued Conners (*Labrus* and *Crenilabrus*). With these were two or three active and charming Cuttles (*Sepiola*); and clinging to the meshes of the net in various parts, were several species of Nudibranch Mollusca, creatures of remarkable elegance and beauty. All these demand more consideration than I can now stay to give them; so that I propose to return to them in detail presently, describing them to you, not from the hurried glances we can give them in the boat, but as they appear when at home in the Aquarium.

Such are the pleasant records of which a naturalist's journal is made up. With Mr. Gosse, sketches of scenery of local customs and manners, and of personal adventure, made during the prosecution of his researches, enhance the charm of his copious details of the peculiar habits and instincts of the living things of our shores. Among these, first in rank, we must place a walk through Portland:

Some jottings of the amenities of Portland, which I hastily put down in the course of a pedestrian excursion through it, may not be unacceptable to such of my readers as have not had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with it; for it is rather an *original* little isle, and has some claims of its own to attention.

After clearing that city of stone blocks, which I have before mentioned, I wound round the foot of the hill, and mounted the steep village of Fortune's Well, with its pretty houses and nice shops, all of stone of course (on the principle of patronising the home manufacture), and the substantial church, and neat rectory, where dwells—a blessing to the inhabitants—my venerated friend, the Rev. Mr. Jenour. As I toiled up the precipitous road in the summer's sun,

it was a relief to turn, at times, and solace my eyes with the almost boundless prospect that expanded behind,—everywhere, indeed, except just in front. The villages of Fortune's Well and Chesil, united into one, lie just beneath; then stretches away in a line, of which the eye fails to detect the termination, the Chesil Beach dividing two waters, both beautiful; the one undulating with the long swells of the Atlantic, the other smooth, or at most but rippled. Wyke crowns the hill just opposite with its tall tower and the hedge-rowed fields chequering the slopes around, and beyond it sweeps a long blue line of coast with dim headlands here and there, as far as Torquay.

I passed the Quarries rapidly, for I wished to get to the southern end of the island by low-water, desiring, as the time was favourable, to explore the rocky caves and coves that indent the precipitous coast; and posted on through two other villages, Highstone and Wakeham, which, like the former two, merge into one. I met here with a garrulous old man, a characteristic specimen of the island population. Like nine-tenths of his fellows he had united the trades of smuggler and stone-cutter; gave me some graphic anecdotes of the adventures of his younger days, when "running tubs," and described the sad fate of his hopeful son, a stone-bearer like himself, who was suddenly snatched from his side by a block of stone falling upon him, from the seaward cliff where they were quarrying. "The stone split my poor boy right open," said the old man; and pathetically added, "I've never worked a stroke since!"

Few specimens of vegetation can Portland produce that attain the dimensions of a tree; but near the middle there is a pretty grove of horse-chestnut, maple, elm, and other trees, of no great altitude, certainly, but imparting a rural aspect to the vicinity of *Pensylvania Castle*, the quondam seat of the governor of the island. Beside this a narrow road scarped out of the rock brings the traveller to a far more ancient structure, which tradition assigns to

—That red king who, while of old
Through Bolderwood the chase he led,
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled.

It is named indifferently *Rufus Castle*, or *Bow-and-Arrow Castle*, from the square loopholes with which its solid walls are pierced. A single square tower remains, on the summit of an almost isolated mass of rock scarcely more than commensurate with itself, along which the road winds forty feet deep, through the arch of a bridge, which leads to the castle-door from the adjacent heights.

A most magnificent prospect expands as we pass under this bridge. We are on the verge of a precipice, with a little cove below, called *Church Hope*, the only landing for a boat along this coast. Broken masses of stone are heaped in the wildest confusion on every side, and all up the craggy slopes a wilderness of grey stone, of which the aspect is painfully desolate, and, so to speak, ruined. A steep and difficult road has been cut down to the beach, and about half-down is a hollow, whither the inhabitants resort for water. Beneath a stone a stop-cock is inserted, that none may be wasted of a fluid so precious: a woman with her pails coming down informed me that every drop they drink has to be fetched in this laborious manner, and carried up the steep precipice. To make it worse, the spring fails in droughts, when they must resort still lower, to a little stream that breaks out of the cliff below.

A little way beyond *Church Hope*, going southward, there is a vast chasm, produced by some convulsion of nature prior to all tradition. Its general course is straight, and parallel with the coast; running perhaps a quarter of a mile in length, and thirty yards in average width (I speak conjecturally, for I had no means of measuring it); the stone sides rising perpendicularly, exactly like walls, with the stratification imitating courses of regular masonry, but of cyclopean dimensions. Long brambles, shooting from the fissures, spread in patches, which assist the glossy ivy to throw a graceful drapery over the walls of this yawning gulf; and the suspicious blackbird that shot out of her nest at my approach, and the lesser birds that hopped about, showed that, however

awful the scene appeared to me, it was not without its charms for these gentle denizens.

I was struck with the resemblance which this phenomenon bears to a chasm in Lundy, that I have elsewhere described. No doubt in each case the effect was produced by the partial separation and recession of a *slite* (if I may use so undignified a term) of the precipice, which, instead of proceeding to a fall, which would simply have opened a new line of the coast-edge, became, from some hindering cause, prematurely arrested midway, and has remained so fixed. This is not the only instance which I remarked of parallelism to Lundy in phenomena; though the geological formation of that rocky islet is very different, being granite.

At length I approached the southern extremity of the isle, passing through another village called Southwell, or, as it is pronounced "Suthill," and coming into sight of the two white lighthouses that are erected above the Bill. It is remarkable how generally the names of the hamlets contain the word "well," showing, doubtless, that the existence of a spring of water was the determining cause of the position of a village. Here I turned off to the left, deferring to another occasion a sight of the extreme point or Bill, for lack of time, as I was desirous of exploring another singular natural curiosity, Keeve's Hole. Over a breadth of ploughed land, sown with clover in strips, I made my way towards the edge of the cliff, but before reaching it came suddenly on an oval pit about eighteen yards long by eleven wide, and ten feet deep in the middle where the flat bed of stone is uncovered. The central part of this bed has dropped away, and through the aperture, the thickness of the stratum being about three feet, I looked down into an ample cavern. The interior was somewhat dark, but sufficient light was admitted to allow of the sides and bottom being obscurely discerned; a light which came not from the orifice in the roof through which I was peering, but from a gallery which, with some windings, opened on the face of the cliff, and through which the waves of the sea were dashing with a reverberating roar. I could scarcely look down into the abyss without a shuddering dread, which was not diminished by the story told me by a lad near, of a foolhardy fellow who, to elicit the admiration of his comrades, must needs jump across the chasm. He failed to make good his footing, and fell through into the cavern, which, as well as I could judge, is about fifty feet deep. Strange to say, he was not killed, nor materially hurt; and his companions having procured ropes from the neighbouring lighthouse got him out, frightened, and it may be charitably hoped, somewhat instructed by the adventure. Whether the name of Keeve's, Kieve's, or Care's Hole, as it is variously written, was derived from this involuntary explorer, I could not learn.

The sea-cliffs all about this part are highly picturesque and romantic. The strata of stone are quite horizontal, resembling courses of masonry; and the action of the waves and weather in the lapse of ages has worn away the softer portions, producing a succession of caverns, supported by uncouth pillars, with projecting gables and buttresses. Sometimes these caves run into the solid land; at others they open out again upon the sea at a little distance, making long corridors, or short series of arched vaults, and, occasionally, as in the example of Kieve's Hole just described, the yielding of the roof makes a skylight in the interior; so that the various effects of the light struggling with the gloom in these caves are the most picturesque imaginable.

The scene of grandeur, too, is greatly augmented by the perpetual moaning and roaring of the sea, which breaks upon the foot of the rocks, and as it rolls inward reverberates from the interior;—a sound indefinitely prolonged along the sinuous coast.

— κύμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,
 Αἰγυλὴ μεγάλη βρέμεται, σπαραγὲ δ' αἴτε πόντος.

A slender thread of water falling from the top of the cliff over the mouth

of these cavities, greatly increased the romantic effect; after rainy weather I can well suppose it a fine columnar cascade, though now it was small.

South of these arches the cliffs become low and abelving, so that it was not difficult to scramble down to the water-side. The wash of the sea, however, was much too great to make it anything of a collecting ground. Besides the smooth Anemone, a few *Trochi* and *Purpure*, a Tansy or two (*Blennius pholis*), and other equally common things, no animal life was visible. Algae were fine, of certain species. *Laminaria digitata* was waving in great magnificence; and that singular plant *Himantalia lorea*, consisting of long and slender thongs springing from the centre of a flat button: *Chondrus*, *Rhodymenia*, *Ceramium* and *Polysiphonia*, of common sorts, were all luxuriant in the sheltered nooks between the boulders. I got also some deep-red mossy tufts of the delicate *Callithamnion byssoides*, growing on the stems of other Algae; but on the whole my excursion was fruitless in respect to natural history, though prolific in entertainment.

A trip to Dardle Door is also pleasantly described; we prefer, however, some account of the long narrow inlet called the Fleet, which is divided by the renowned Chesil Bank—one of the most singular and most extensive ridges of pebbles in the world—from the sea of West Bay; and which runs up to a length of ten miles, forming at the extremity a swannery of about a thousand swans. This creek is the resort in winter of the wild swan, as well as of many other species of water-fowl:

I was curious to observe what zoological features so remarkable a water might furnish; and though I did not obtain much, some peculiarities were noticed. The little pools left isolated, and the shallow indentations of the muddy shore were tenanted by multitudes of little fishes, which were lying motionless in great numbers, but shot away so invariably on the approach of a footfall that it was difficult to ascertain their nature. By perseverance, however, I captured several, and found them to be the One-spotted Goby (*Gobius unipunctatus*); a tiny fish about two inches long, and well marked by a spot of rich dark blue on the dorsal fin. It proved a lively and pleasing tenant of the Aquarium.

Lying flat on the mud, in many cases with not more than an inch of water above them, enjoying the light and warmth of the sun, were multitudes of *Pleuronectidae* of several species, such as the Brill, the Plaice, the Dab, and the Sole. All that I saw were very young, from an inch to two inches in length. Though easily caught, they are of little value, for they do not live long in a tank, and are uninteresting from their sluggish habits, as they lie perfectly still on the bottom for hours together, trusting for concealment to the similarity of their russet colour to that of the sand.

By digging in the sand some specimens of the Lance (*Anemodites*) were discovered; a slender silvery fish, which has the habit of burrowing into the wet sand on the retreat of the tide; and also some Bivalves, as *Pallastracarea*, and *Venus casaea*. But the most interesting thing to me was the great multitudes of *Actinia* that were expanding their flower-like disks on the surface of the mud below the shallow water. I was for some time disposed to consider this as a strange species, partly from its colour, but principally from what appeared to me its unusual locality and habit; but I am at length persuaded that it is the Daisy Anemone (*A. bellis*); though widely differing from those individuals which dwell in the hollows of the honeycomb limestone near Torquay.

Still more striking is the description of the fishing village of Chesil, and of its neighbourhood:

It has an aspect of venerable antiquity, arising chiefly from its being built,

even to the poorest fishermen's huts, of massive stone; the door-posts, the window-sills, the lintels, all of the grey freestone, which constitutes the staple of the island. The vast overhanging cliffs of the west side, add to the grandeur, and impart an awfulness to the scene, which reminded me of an exhumed town. The people visible were few, and those were still, grave, and seemingly only half awake, quite unlike the "fast-living" people that one is accustomed to see in these days. Two or three sailors lounging in as many of the little stone-porches, a superannuated fisherman with palsied fingers weaving a mat of spun yarn, a little girl with pitcher on her shoulder going for water to the brook, and a woman or two half up the steep, and almost over the houses, hanging out clothes, made up about the sum total of the moving population.

Indications of the habits and doings of the village, however, there were. At every second door nets were hung out to dry; and pieces of water-logged timber, splintered and torn by tempests, collections of rusty nails and iron-work, crumpled sheets of green copper, old blocks, and fragments of cordage, were heaped up beneath the windows, or lay in the porticoes at every turn. Fishing and wrecking were evidently the characteristic means of living here.

I walked along the margin of the shore, where the transparent wavelets of the wide, horizonless sea were washing the pebbles, and producing a constant succession of whispering cadences, that fell musically, the voices of the many-sounding sea. Medusæ, by scores, were washed up, the common *Aurelia aurita*, lying helpless on the shingle like cakes of jelly, each marked with four rings of purple. These were the first Acalephs I had seen this season, and well pleased I was to see them.

Wearisome walking it is over the pebbly beach; the loose stones give away beneath the tread, and at every step the foot sinks in above the shoe-top. How wonderful to reflect that, with such an apparently feeble, ever shifting material, the Almighty has curbed the wildest fury of the raging sea, and made its very rage build up its own barrier!

"Who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb? When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band for it; and brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors; and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed?"—JOB, xxxviii. 8—11.

Several mackerel boats were hauled up on the beach, and, while I stood, a party of stalwart fellows in Guernsey frocks and deck boots came running down with rudder and oars, and, launching one of the skiffs, put to sea, for a report prevails that a shoal of mackerel has been seen in the offing, their first appearance this season. Enormous lobster-pots lay about, to which those used in Weymouth Bay are toys, and a stout rope beset at intervals with great cork-floats, displayed the device by which the position of these cages is marked, and the manner in which they are raised for examination; while just off shore a line of well-boxes was floating, in which the captured Crustaceans are kept prisoners of war, till occasion serves for conveying them to market.

And with this characteristic extract, which reminds us of a picture by a Dutch master, we must bid good-by to Mr. Gosse, hoping to meet him again another summer still surveying his inexhaustible fields of research, and taking us in his agreeable company to some other pleasant spot, made doubly pleasant by his instructive observations.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

LIFE OF LORD METCALFE.*

CHARLES THEOPHILUS, first and last Lord Metcalfe, was born in Calcutta on the 30th of January, 1785. His father, Major Metcalfe, realised a fortune as "agent for military stores," returned to England when Charles was still young, and having bought a house in Portland-place, became soon after M.P. and an East India director.

There were other sons besides Charles, and after a brief schooling at Bromley, in Middlesex, the two eldest, Charles being then eleven years of age, were entered at Eton. As a schoolboy, it appears that he was quiet and retiring—was neither a cricketer nor a boater, but a great reader, and with a strong literary turn, sending anecdotes to the *Naval Chronicle*, and enlivening the *Military Journal* with his Etonian lucubrations.

Major Metcalfe being an East India director, the career of his sons was chalked out for them before they were almost old enough to know what to anticipate. A China writership, Mr. Kaye remarks, was, in those days, the best bit of preferment in the world. It was a certain fortune in a very few years. And, accordingly, Theophilus, the eldest, was despatched to China, while Charles had his writership assigned to him in Calcutta.

Charles was not at this time so young but that, before he left this country, he owned that power which is destined to sway all some time or other in their lives.

It was arranged, therefore, that Theophilus should sail for China in the spring, and that Charles should embark for Calcutta in the summer. In the mean while the boys were to enjoy themselves as best they could. Charles, though of a retiring disposition, did not dislike society; and there were a few families, in the neighbourhood of his father's house, to whom he was a frequent visitor. In one of these there was a young lady, a little older than himself, with whom he fell in love at first sight. He was first introduced to her, on the day after he left Eton, at a ball in his father's house. After that event he frequently saw her, either at his own house or her mother's. The charms of the young lady, not merely those of external beauty and grace, made a deep and abiding impression on his mind; and he was long afterwards of opinion, that this boyish attachment, pure and disinterested as it was, had a beneficial influence on his character. He corresponded with her for some time afterwards, and her "sensible letters heightened his admiration." They are almost the only part of his correspondence which has not survived him. The exception tells its own story.

The circumstance was, however, notwithstanding the kindly view the

* The Life and Correspondence of Charles, Lord Metcalfe; late Governor-General of India, Governor of Jamaica, and Governor-General of Canada. From Unpublished Letters and Journals preserved by Himself, his Family, and his Friends. By John William Kaye. London: Richard Bentley. 1854.

"fervent biographer" has taken of it, much to be regretted in a youth placed as Charles Metcalfe was, and it led to subsequent discontent and yearning for home, when with the best prospects in the world there was nothing but progress to be looked to.

The ideas associated with a writership in India are a close adhesion to the desk, a zealous study of languages, and a gradual initiation into those mysteries of East Indian politics by which a host of the most heterogeneous materials are held together in some sort of harmony. Whatever it may be with others, it was not so with Charles Metcalfe, who belonged to a great privileged class; the son of an East India director, he had many friends in the settlement, and he had a passport to the best society in Calcutta.

Accordingly, the entries in the young writer's journal for some weeks after his arrival seem to be the only writing he cared to be troubled with, and these are mere records of the places at which he dined and at which he danced. We find him, for a "diffident youth," "short, and somewhat homely in appearance," launching forth into the gaieties of Calcutta with great nerve and spirit: getting first a cocked hat (20 rupees), then a palanquin (160 rupees), and next a khitmudgar, an hircarra, a masaulchee, and a tailor!

True, he did bethink himself amid all these gaieties of studying the language, and he secured the services of a moonshee; but after two days' trial he dismissed him, finding him of no use; and it was not till he was admitted on the rolls of the College of Fort William that he set himself seriously to work to acquire Oriental knowledge.

Charles was then in his seventeenth year; and Lord Wellesley, who had always befriended him, was not unwilling to sanction his premature escape from college, by an appointment as assistant to the Resident at the Court of Dowlut Rao Scindiah.

And so (says his biographer) ended Charles Metcalfe's first year in India. The experienced Anglo-Indian reader will see in it, peradventure, the reflexion of his own trial-year. When throughout the hot months and the rainy season of this year 1801, the young exile felt an irresistible desire to return to his old home, with all its charming associations of love and liberty, his longings were only those of a large proportion of the young exiles who, in loneliness of heart and captivity of person, struggle feebly through this first dreary season of probation. By the old, forgetful of their own experiences, this despondency, attributable as it is in part to physical and in part to moral causes, may be regarded as boyish weakness. But it is weakness better than any strength. Charles Metcalfe had a very warm human heart; and I do not think the reader will admire him the less for being forced to love him more.

Charles Metcalfe's destination was those remote provinces which lie between the Jumna and the Nerbudda, and which had at that time been but little explored. The Mahrattas were then dominant in that fine country. The hereditary enmity of Scindiah and Holkar was rending, and distracting it. It was what the natives call a time of trouble. British interests were represented at the Court of the former by Colonel Collins—an officer of the Company's army—who, in more than one political situation, had done good service to the state; but whose private amiability, we are told, was not equal to his diplomatic address.

On his way to Oujein, Charles Metcalfe travelled from Cawnpore to Lucknow in the suite of Lord Wellesley, and the pageantry he witnessed

first made him begin to think that the bright Oriental tinting of the "Arabian Nights" had nothing fabulous about it. The official connexion of Charles Metcalfe with Scindiah's Court was, however, brief and unsatisfactory. "My situation was very disagreeable," he wrote in his journal, before he had been more than a few weeks attached to the Residency; and he very soon formed the resolution of seeking more congenial employment elsewhere.

So great was the influence of the East India director, or so strong an impression had his son made upon Lord Wellesley, that the throwing up of his situation at the Court of Scindiah, instead of hurting his prospects, opened the way to his employment at the presidency itself, as an assistant in the office of the chief secretary to government—a situation which the ambitious commonly turn their eyes at the stepping-stone to ultimate greatness.

From this time Charles Metcalfe looked steadily forward. There were no more vain retrospects—no more idle regrets. He had formed the resolution of not leaving the country until the governor-generalship of India was in his hands. And that such would be the end of his career, we are told by his biographer, was not a mere passing thought—an impulsive hope—but an abiding and sustaining conviction.

All through the year 1803, and the earlier part of 1804, Charles Metcalfe continued to graduate in Indian politics, under the directorship of Lord Wellesley. It was a season of unusual excitement. Our relations with the Mahratta states was just beginning to involve us in the greatest war in which we had ever been engaged in India. Lake and Wellesley were in the field, waiting the opportunity to strike. When the campaign began in earnest against Holkar, young Metcalfe was despatched to the camp of the commander-in-chief as a political assistant. He started in good spirits, and under happy auspices; but he did not proceed far without meeting with an adventure.

Before he reached Cawnpore, at some point of the road which I cannot precisely indicate, he was set upon by robbers. He was asleep in his palanquin when he fell among these thieves, and, according to custom, was abandoned by his bearers. One of his assailants had a club in his hand, which young Metcalfe seized; another then struck at him with a tulwar, or sword, cut off the ends of two of his fingers, and wounded him on the head and on the breast. Single-handed, it was impossible to save his property, but his life he might save; so, finding resistance useless, he staggered away from his assailants, and following a path through the jungle, he soon found himself on the bank of a broad river or stream. There, faint from loss of blood, he sank down; and, as he lay on the ground, thoughts of home came thick upon him. It flashed upon his mind that his parents were not improbably at that very time at Abingdon races, talking with some friends about their absent son, and little thinking of the danger and the suffering to which he was at that moment exposed. These thoughts made a deep impression on his mind; but he presently roused himself to action, and tottered back as best he could to the spot where his palanquin was lying; but found that the robbers had not yet made off with their spoil. After a little while, however, they went, having despoiled the traveller of all the baggage which he carried with him—never any great amount on a dawk-journey—and effected their escape. Metcalfe was then carried on to Cawnpore, where, under the care of his aunt, Mrs. Richardson, he soon recovered from his wounds, and proceeded onwards to the camp of the commander-in-chief.

Lake was then on the banks of the Jumna, Holkar was hanging on his rear, and in the full indulgence of the predatory habits of his tribe. When Charles Metcalfe arrived at head-quarters, he was received with all courtesy and kindness, but, unfortunately, he was also regarded with some mistrust. He was a civilian in the midst of a community of soldiers. He was called a clerk, and sneered at as a non-combatant. But Charles Metcalfe, though he wore neither the king's nor the company's uniform, had as much of the true spirit of the soldier in him as any officer in camp, and an opportunity of showing this was not long in presenting itself :

The fortress of Deeg, distant some forty-five miles from Agra, was garrisoned by the allied troops of our enemies, Holkar and the Rajah of Bhurtpore. In the month of December, General Lake, who had determined upon the reduction of the place, encamped within sight of it, and awaited the arrival of his battering-train from Agra. On the 18th, having been joined by his guns, he took up his position before the fortress, and commenced an attack upon the outworks. On the 17th the breaching battery was ready for action, but such was the strength of the walls, that it was not until the 23rd that the breach was reported practicable, and dispositions made for the assault on the following day.

The storming party was told off, and Metcalfe volunteered to accompany it. He was one of the first who entered the breach. There are soldiers now living who remember that memorable Christmas-eve, and delight to speak of the gallantry of the young civilian. The "clerk" fairly won his spurs, and shared with the most distinguished of his comrades the honours no less than the dangers of one of the most brilliant achievements of the war. In the commander-in-chief's despatch, the name of Metcalfe was honourably mentioned. "Before I conclude this despatch," wrote Lord Lake, "I cannot help mentioning the spirited conduct of Mr. Metcalfe, a civil servant, who volunteered his services with the storming party, and, as I am informed, was one of the first in the breach. Afterwards, the fine old soldier called him his "little stormer."

Upon this exploit, which nothing but the peculiar position in which the youth was placed can excuse, his mother wrote sensibly enough—"One would think you imagined that your prospect in life was desperate instead of its being one of the finest." The fact is, it is one of those acts which reason condemns, but which the heart cannot help admiring. Charles Metcalfe had also several objects in view: there was not only the desire to show to his military companions that he was ready and willing to share their dangers, but there was also nothing to be left undone to increase an influence already in the ascendant, in order to arrive ultimately at the goal of his ambition.

From Deeg the grand army marched upon Bhurtpore, and when a light brigade was detached under General Smith, to drive back a threatened relief under Ameer Khan, young Metcalfe conducted all the diplomatic business of the campaign. This was the most responsible situation he had yet filled, as he was thrown entirely on his own resources. As his biographer remarks, he was now fast becoming a personage of some political importance—taking, indeed, a place in history—and that, too, before he was of age.

When peace was concluded with the Rajah of Bhurtpore on the 21st of April, 1805, Metcalfe wished to return to Calcutta, the more especially as his patron, Lord Wellesley, had just been superseded by Lord Corn-

wallis; but he was dissuaded by Sir John, then Colonel, Malcolm, who induced him to remain at the scene of action. At this time, Lord Lake's army was cantoned among the ruined mausolea and decaying palaces of Muttra, Agra, and Secundra. The still unsettled state of the north-west provinces gave the "politicals" constant work and uneasiness, and young Metcalfe was soon called upon to render the same services to General Dowdeswell's division in the Doab which he had rendered in the spring of the year to General Smith. Sir Theophilus Metcalfe used to call this kind of employment "nursing king's officers;" but these "nurses" have since come to be called "politicals," and Charles Metcalfe was almost the first of the race.

Charles Metcalfe was now only in his twenty-second year, but he had passed nearly six of these in the public service, and was already a ripe diplomatist. By all who knew him—by his principal friends and official associates—he was held in such estimation that not one of them hesitated to predict his speedy attainment of the highest honours of his profession. He had not, therefore, long to wait before he received an appointment as first assistant to the Resident at Delhi. Time was when he would have regarded this appointment with some contempt; but, as his biographer justly remarks, the political service was not then what it once had been in the palmy days of the "glorious little man" who had set Charles Metcalfe on the high road which leads to fame and fortune. Mr. Seton had lately succeeded Colonel Ochterlony as Resident at Delhi, and he held young Metcalfe in the greatest possible esteem.

Our young diplomatist was thus for a time fairly and comfortably settled at Delhi—the imperial city of the Great Mogul. The necessity, however, of building a house on a city of ruins, caused an increase of expenditure which led to some temporary embarrassments, but which prudence and resolution soon enabled him to recover from. Disliking as he did the combination of revenue and judicial employments with political, still he was obliged to work actively at all three, till, on the accession of Lord Minto to office, he was sent on a special mission to Lahore. This was at a time when all Europe was bound in a league against Great Britain, and the shadow of a gigantic enemy advancing from those vast tracts of country which lie beyond the Sutlej and the Indus to the conquest of India, already haunted the imaginations of British statesmen. To meet the emergency of the case, Sir John Malcolm was despatched to the Court of Persia, Mountstuart Elphinstone to Cabul, and Charles Metcalfe to the Court of Runjeet Singh. He thus, at twenty-three, became the pioneer of that great scheme of diplomacy by which Persia, Afghanistan, and the Punjab were to be erected into friendly barriers against Russo-Gallic invasion.

The Maharajah received Metcalfe with outward demonstrations of good-will, but his want of good faith soon led to difficulties and misunderstandings. Runjeet was jealous and suspicious of the British government, and it required all the tact and perseverance of the young diplomatist to do anything with him. Great difficulty was experienced at the very outset to get the Rajah even to receive the propositions of the British government. When this was got over, it led to nothing but a series of consultations, each less conclusive than the other. The difficulties which the young diplomatist had to contend with were indeed

many and great. He soon perceived, that in Runjeet Singh he had to deal with a man inordinately ambitious himself, and out of measure suspicious of the designs of others. This distrust of the British mission was not long in assuming the form of open discourtesy. The native bankers were afraid to cash the envoy's bills, and supplies were refused to the mission. All intercourse between the camp and the Sikhs was especially interdicted. But Metcalfe had certain great ends to accomplish, and he would not be arrested or turned aside by any obstructions but those of the greatest national import and significance.

But that which most embarrassed him at this time, was the unscrupulous course of territorial aggrandisement which Runjeet was determined on pursuing in the face of the British mission. On the 25th of September, he, without any previous notice, broke up his camp at Kusaor, and prepared to cross the Sutlej, his object being to capture the fortresses and surrounding territory of Fureed-Kote—a tract of country in the domain of the Rajah of Puttealah, one of the chief of the group of the Cis-Sutlej states, and at that time in the hands of rebels.

But while Metcalfe was thus being dragged about in the suite of the predatory Sikh, Lord Minto decided that this aggressiveness on his part should be stemmed, and that the lesser chiefs between the Sutlej and the Jumna should be supported. A division was ordered for service on the banks of the Sutlej, under Colonel Ochterlony, and after the usual amount of delay, dissimulation, and tergiversation, Runjeet was induced to sign a treaty, which, during a subsequent reign of thirty years, was never violated.

Metcalfe, on his return to Delhi, was summoned to Calcutta, and appointed Deputy-Secretary to the Governor, at that time about to depart for Madras, where disturbances had broken out among the British troops. Nothing particular occurred in this mission, and on his return he was appointed Resident at the Court of Scindiah. But this second residence at the same Court was not destined to be of long continuance: at the commencement of the following year, 1811, he was translated to the Delhi Residency.

It was at this period of his life, when he had just completed his twenty-fifth year, that Metcalfe laid the foundation of a fortune which would have creditably sustained the peerage he ultimately won, by not only making a resolution to lay by 800 rupees (100*l.*) out of 2000 he received per month, but by having the firmness and constancy to carry it into practice. With all this prudence it is but just to observe, that Metcalfe was throughout life a liberal, a generous, and a charitable man; indeed, it is only your prudent men who can afford to be either.

It is needless to enter into the details of diplomatic and administrative labours at Delhi. Stripped of his externals, the *burra sahib*, or great lord of the imperial city, says his biographer, was but a solitary exile, continually disquieted by thoughts of home. But he lived with the harness on his back, and incessant occupation preserved him from despondency or depression.

Among the troubles of the Residency, not the least were those which arose out of the folly of the Mogul, Akbar Shah, who had succeeded to the old blind emperor, Shah Allum, and the wickedness of his family and dependents.

There were things done in the palace, and duly reported to the Resident, in violation of all laws human and divine. The crimes which were thus committed, sometimes behind the sanctity of the *pardah*, greatly disquieted Metcalfe, for it was difficult either to prevent their commission, or to deal with them when they were committed. One day it was reported to him by the officer in command of the palace-guard, whose duty it was to take cognisance of all that passed within the limits of the imperial residence, that two of the young princes had been playing the parts of common robbers—oiling their naked persons, then rushing with drawn swords among the startled inmates of the zenana, and forcibly carrying off their property. Another time it was announced to him that one of these princes had murdered a woman in the palace, either by beating her to death or compelling her to swallow opium. Again tidings came to him that one of the ladies of the emperor's establishment had murdered a female infant. Then it was reported to the Resident that the imperial quarters had been rendered a general receptacle for stolen goods and sequestered property. Then a knotty question arose as to whether the slave-trade, having been prohibited in the city of Delhi, should be allowed to survive in the palace. Then it appeared that the emperor himself, after sundry intrigues at Calcutta, was intriguing with the Newab Wuzer of Oude, through the agency of his favourite son, the Prince Jehanguire, who, on the pretext of attending a marriage festival, had gone to Lucknow, from Allahabad, where he was a state prisoner, to beseech the Newab to intercede with the British government for the augmentation of his father's stipend.

Notwithstanding Metcalfe's prudence in money matters, his liberality and hospitality involved him in a rather unpleasant position at Delhi. Misconduct on the part of the Bhurtpore Rajah, and other symptoms of general inquietude, also came to disturb the routine of general political duties. The greater part of the long administration with which this narrative occupies itself, is indeed like the rest of the modern annals of Indian rule—marked by continual hostilities with neighbouring states. Such are the inevitable penalties of the juxta-position of civilisation and barbarity. Among the first of these was the war with Nepal—the events of which are not connected with the biography of Charles Metcalfe by any other link than that of the correspondence which he carried on with many of the chief actors in it.

Metcalfe's views upon the settlement of Central India were of a rather arbitrary character; they were to the effect that, with regard to all the great military states and predatory powers, it was clearly our interest to annihilate them, or to reduce them to a state of weakness, subjection, and dependence. And with regard to the weak, and harmless, and well-disposed petty states, though it was not so indispensably necessary for our vital interests that we should support them, yet it was a just and proper object of wise and liberal policy. These plans, however, adopted by Lord Hastings, were not approved of by the home authorities.

At length, in October, 1818, Metcalfe's residence in Central India was brought to a close by his appointment to the conjoined situation of Private and Political Secretary to the Governor-General. There was irksomeness, however, even in this elevated position. There is, indeed, it is well known, no perfect, unalloyed happiness here below. "Mornings and days," he wrote to a friend at this time, "I have been at work, and as hard as possible; and every night, and all night, at least to a late hour, I have been at all sorts of gay parties. I have been raking terribly, and know not when it will stop; for, to confess the truth, I find

I rather like it. But I hope the hot weather will check it, for though I do not dislike it, I cannot approve what is contrary to all my notions of what is wholesome for body and mind."

Charles Metcalfe solaced himself amidst the discontents of what is designated, upon rather debatable grounds, "a dreary present," with dreams of a brilliant future. When that airy fiction was converted, fifteen years afterwards, into a substantial fact, was he in reality any happier? Certain it is that before he had been a year in Calcutta he had grown weary of the place and of his high office; and after dreaming of a lieutenant-governorship of Central and Upper India, he accepted the appointment of Resident at the Court of the Nizam at Hyderabad.

It was no insignificant task for the editor and biographer of Charles Metcalfe's life and career that each new government that he entered upon had to be preceded by a general history of the political and administrative condition of the country, before our diplomatist entered upon his projected reforms or remedial measures. Hyderabad was, no more than any other of his posts, destined to be a scene of unalloyed triumphs to the laborious administrator; a dispute arose between the Resident and the house of Palmer and Co., generally known by the name given to it by Metcalfe himself, as the "Plunder of the Nizam," which caused an estrangement between Lord Hastings and Metcalfe, and which was only healed on the former quitting the seat of government, but afterwards broke out with furious activity in England.

At length sickness overtook our diplomatist, now Sir Charles Metcalfe, and obliged him to quit the scene of most vexatious conflicts. He returned to Calcutta, and it appears to have been during the leisure of convalescence that he first entertained those views on the great question of the liberty of the press, a practical solution of which was among the greatest measures of his public life.

It was not, however, till after Sir Charles had once more visited the scene of his earlier administrative labours, Delhi, and the fall of Bhubharpore had been achieved, that he obtained a seat in the Council of India. "The highest prize in the regular line of the service," his biographer remarks, "was now gained. It was his privilege to take his seat at the same Board with the Governor-General—to make minutes on every possible subject of domestic administration and foreign policy—to draw a salary of 10,000*l.* a year—to be addressed as an 'Honourable'—and to subside into a nonentity."

Certain it is, that Sir Charles did not work well with his colleagues; society he enjoyed tolerably, so much so as to have thought of building a grand ball-room, which was to cost 20,000 rupees; but his letters at this date, and which are replete with interest, show a mind dissatisfied with itself, and with all from whom he sought public co-operation. Nor was this untoward state of things much improved when Lord William Bentinck succeeded Lord Amherst as Governor-General. Metcalfe soon discovered that "they did not approximate—that there was little sympathy between them." This coldness was, however, of brief duration. "If Lord William Bentinck had arrived in India with any foregone conclusions hostile to his colleague, they were soon discarded as unworthy prejudices utterly at variance with his growing experience of the fine qualities of the man. There was the same simplicity of character, the same

honesty of purpose, the same strength of resolution—in a word, the same manliness of character in them both; and Metcalfe soon ceased to complain that they did not draw toward each other. Before the Governor-General commenced his first tour to the Upper Provinces, a friendship had grown up between the two statesmen which nothing but death could terminate or diminish.”

On the 20th of November, 1833, Sir Charles was appointed to the newly-created government of Agra, and a month afterwards he was nominated Provisional Governor-General of India on the death, resignation, or going away of Lord William Bentinck. Allahabad was designated as the seat of the new presidency; and when at length Sir Charles took his departure, all classes, Europeans, natives, and Eurasians (mixed races), vied with each other in doing honour to the departing statesman. The ladies gave a fancy ball, and the missionaries presented an address. Yet four sentences suffice to describe his government of Agra. He went to Allahabad—he pitched his tents in the fort—he held a levee—and he returned to Calcutta. He had scarcely reached the seat of his government, when advices of the speedy departure of the Governor-General, and the certainty that no successor would be immediately appointed, compelled his return to the presidency. He arrived just in time to take an affectionate leave of Lord and Lady William Bentinck; and on the 20th of March, 1834, he became, what more than thirty years before he declared that he would become—Governor-General of India.

This was however only, after all, a provisional governorship; the Whig government at home held that it was more expedient to appoint an English statesman, than one trained in either of the Indian services, to so high and responsible a situation; but while they were looking about for a fit person, the Tories, with Sir Robert Peel at their head, came in, and at once nominated Lord Heytesbury. Before, however, the latter could even get away, the Whigs were again in power, and Lord Auckland ultimately received the appointment. It was during this brief enjoyment of power that Sir Charles Metcalfe liberated the press of India—an important measure, which made him lose caste with many of his oldest friends, but which received the sanction of the new Governor-General.

As an indemnification for the loss of the provisional governor-generalship, Lord Auckland brought out with him the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Bath; a public investiture took place, and Sir Charles was induced to accept the lieutenant-governorship of the North-Western Provinces. He did not, however, retain this appointment long; so early as the 8th of August, 1837, he addressed a letter to Lord Auckland, saying that it was with great regret he found himself compelled to resign his office on or about the following 1st of January, in order that he might embark for England during the approaching sailing season, and retire from the service of the East India Company. The cause of this application is discussed at length by his biographer, and it appears to resolve itself into a justifiable sensitiveness upon the subject of the legislation of the liberty of the press, and a feeling that he had lost the confidence of the Board of Directors.

So correct was this almost intuitive feeling of the position in which he was placed, that scarcely an effort was made to induce him to alter his resolve, and as the time for his departure grew near, public entertain-

ments were given, and addresses began to pour in upon him. Nothing could exceed the demonstrations of respect and attachment which greeted the departing statesman. Soldiers and civilians, merchants and tradesmen, Europeans and natives, united to do him honour. His residence in Calcutta was brief; but from first to last it was a great ovation, and at last, on the 15th of February, 1838, Sir Charles Metcalfe, after thirty-eight years of constant labour for the welfare of India, left that country for having done too much for it—at least, more than was acceptable to those who wished to rule irresponsibly, and with a gagged press.

Sir Charles Metcalfe took up his abode, on his return to England, on his paternal estate of Fern-hill, near Windsor. Transplanting thither the exuberant hospitality of the East, he soon found that what would do at Alipore and Garden-reach would not answer in Berkshire. Money, the high-minded man felt, was made for better uses than to be thrown away on dinners and balls, horses, coaches, and servants. He did not care to thrust the paternal inheritance and his own hard savings into the plush pockets of fastidious flunkies. Nor did idleness without leisure, and obscurity without retirement, suit either his temper or his disposition. A Radical in politics, he had always coveted a seat in Parliament, yet now that such distinction was within his grasp, he disliked a mere purchase on the one hand, and shrunk back on the other from the large amount of solicitation involved in being returned by a great constituency. His hesitations upon this point were set at rest by the offer of the government of Jamaica. The offer was not a tempting one. He was invited to brave an unhealthy climate; to administer the affairs of a disorganised government; and to grapple with a convulsed state of society. Metcalfe, however, believed or felt that he was wanted once more in the breach, and he accepted.

Metcalfe's policy in Jamaica was of an especially conciliatory character. There was the labour question—the new difficulties that had arisen between the proprietary classes and the emancipated slaves—the missionaries and the stipendiary magistrates, fomenting discord: Metcalfe endeavoured to inculcate charity and harmony. Among all these incoherent materials he succeeded to that degree during his short administration, that, as his biographer justly remarks, his success is almost without a parallel. He reconciled the colony with the mother country; he reconciled all classes of colonial society; and whilst he won the approbation of his sovereign, he carried with him, also, the hearts of the people.

Unfortunately, the progress of a fatal malady compelled him to quit the scene of such useful labours. The first slight symptoms of a painful local disease, which gradually ate into his life, had made their appearance some years before in India. A red spot upon the cheek—a drop of blood, to which a friend called his attention one day in Calcutta, had been the first visible sign of the slowly-developed mischief. From that time the progress of the disease had been steady, although gradual and almost imperceptible. It assumed the form of an ulcerous affection of the cheek, at first painless, but under the influence of a West Indian climate it became both painful and malignant. He bore up against it with heroic firmness—took arsenic till his fingers swelled, yet never com-

plained; but he was forced to leave a climate so unfavourable to his complaint.

On his return to England, a consultation was held whether the malady was to be treated medically or surgically—the latter was chosen, and Sir Charles was put to the most grievous tortures, in vain attempts to eradicate the disease by caustic. But although there was such a disturbance of the system as to excite some apprehensions for his safety, not a word of complaint escaped from him. Some improvement was obtained, and he was recommended to favour it by retirement and country air. Metcalfe had felt himself all this time neglected, the responsible advisers of the crown having taken no notice of him since his return. He was rejoiced, then, when the improvement in his health enabled him to accept the royal command to dine at Windsor Castle, and where he met, for the first time, Sir Robert Peel, who was then at the head of the government.

As a result of this interview, the government of Canada was offered to him; and although in such shattered health, Sir Charles had but one standard of right whereby on all such occasions to regulate his personal conduct. The decision had nothing to do with self. The only question to be considered was, whether he thought he could render service to the state, and the result was that he did not hesitate to place himself at the disposal of the crown.

Thus a few weeks of happiness at Deer Park, chequered by severe bodily suffering, had barely elapsed before he was again on his way to a new country and a new government. If Jamaica was in an unsettled state when Sir Charles took up the reins, it was worse with Canada during the short period of Sir Charles's government, from 1843 to 1845. He, however, addressed himself to his work in a quiet, resolute spirit, with the calm consciousness of a man knowing that he was about to do his best in all honesty and sincerity, and that there were no personal considerations to cause him to swerve one hair's breadth from the path of duty. He had not come to Canada to serve himself—but to serve the state. If he failed, therefore, his failure would have been forced upon him; it would not be self-incurred.

The system of toleration and conciliation adopted, however, with such success in Jamaica, was lost upon such violent antagonism as existed in Canada between the loyal or English, the reform or Irish-American, and the alien or French parties. The very attempt to conciliate brought down the whole English council upon the new governor, led to an open rupture, and a temporary state of suspension of the constitution. Never was Sir Charles Metcalfe, with all his administrative experience, placed in so trying a situation as he was by the rupture in Canada. Only his fine temper, his high courage, and his sustaining sense of rectitude, could have enabled him to bear up against such trials. His firmness and consistency in this great struggle between the British rule in Canada and the popular branch of the legislature, and the unwonted energy he displayed in fighting the battles of the crown, were rewarded by the peerage. Alas! the tardy honour came when Sir Charles, now Lord, Metcalfe was racked by the severest bodily anguish; threatened with total loss of sight, and in apprehension of being soon deprived of the powers of articulation!

It has been said that half the sorrows of life are included in the little words "Too late." It would be easy, looking only at the outside of things, to make special application of this pregnant truth—easy to moralise on the vanity of human wishes, and to show that Metcalfe had clutched a bauble, which he had yearned for all his life, when he was past the power of enjoying its possession. But they who have read aright the character of the man will make no such application of the apborism. If Metcalfe had died that night, the honours conferred upon him by the crown would not have come too late. They would not have come too late to convince him—not that he had done his duty, for on that subject the testimony of his conscience was most conclusive—but that what he had done was appreciated by the State which he had so faithfully served. They would not have come too late to assure him that sooner or later, even in this world, such honesty of purpose, such rectitude of conduct, such fidelity to the throne, such love for the people, such abnegation of self, as had distinguished his career of public service, will secure their reward. It would not have come too late to encourage others, and to be a lesson to the world.

Lord Metcalfe remained, however, at his post to the last; he would not leave it while there was work to be done; but he was dying—dying no less surely for the strong will that sustained him and the vigorous intellect that glowed in his shattered frame. A little while and he might die at his post; but the Queen had graciously expressed her willingness that he should be relieved, his own council besought him to depart, and at last he consented, ere another winter set in, to embark for England. He left the colony, which he had so ably ruled at the turning-point of its career, cheered by a chorus of gratitude and praise, swollen by the voices of all parties.

Soon after his return to England, Lord Metcalfe retired to Malshanger. He never took his seat in the House of Lords. The Garter King-of-Arms wrote to him, with a formula of the prescribed ceremony; and court robe-makers sought his lordship's patronage. But he smiled sorrowfully as he thought, now that the dreams of his ambitious youth had been realised, and the doors of Parliament thrown wide open to him, that he would never be suffered to cross the threshold.

His patience and fortitude under a severe affliction remained the same to the last. In the words of his biographer, "All his old tenderness—his consideration for others—his pure unselfishness—still beautified his daily life." He never uttered a word of complaint, and it was a privilege to attend upon one so grateful for small kindnesses, so unwilling to give trouble, and so resigned under every dispensation.

He never betook himself to the sick-room, but, as far as his infirmities would allow him, went about his daily avocations, or rather lived his habitual life, with little outward alteration. He received visits from his friends. He received letters, many suggesting remedies for his disorder, and he dictated answers. His last days were cheered, not only by the sympathy and admiration of his friends, but by expressions of respect and admiration from the Eastern and Western worlds. The Oriental Club voted him an address—the Canadian Council sent another. The Metcalfe Hall, erected in Calcutta by public subscription to commemorate the—to Lord Metcalfe untoward—act of the liberation of the press, was completed, and his bust was placed in it—a worthy memorial of a worthy man.

The dreadful progress of his disease having caused the bursting of a vein in his neck, the hæmorrhage was so alarming that Mr. Martin, who had continued to visit him, was summoned from London by electric telegraph. When this gentleman arrived at Malshanger, he found the patient in his usual sitting-room, greatly exhausted by loss of blood. The members of his family had been vainly endeavouring to persuade him to suffer himself to be carried up-stairs to his sleeping apartment. Against this he had resolutely protested; and he now said to Martin, "I am glad you are come; for I feel rather faint from loss of blood. They wanted to carry me up-stairs, but to that I have strong objections—what do you say?" On ascertaining the state of Metcalfe's circulation, Mr. Martin stated his opinion that, with some little aid, the patient might be able to walk up to his bedroom. The decision seemed quite to revive him. "That's right," he said; "I thought you would say so. I would not allow them to carry me." He then sent for a bundle of walking-sticks, collected in different parts of the world, and taking one brought from Niagara, said to Martin, "You keep that." He then selected another, a bamboo, known in India as a Penang Lawyer, and grasping it firmly, said, "Now, with Martin on one side and the Penang Lawyer on the other, I think we shall make it out." Thus he went up-stairs to his chamber. And in spite of the increased faintness which the exertion occasioned, all rejoiced that the inclinations of the noble sufferer had not been thwarted.

Mary Higginson, the daughter of a dear friend, a child of merely seven years of age, read God's blessed word to the dying statesman, and he received the glad tidings of salvation as if he himself were also as a little child: so great was the simplicity and sincerity of his heart. At length he was relieved from pain, and on the 5th of September, 1846, with a calm sweet smile on his long-tortured face, Charles Theophilus, first and last Lord Metcalfe, rendered up his soul to his Maker.

The life of such a man is a national record. All the honours are not, with the successful warrior alone. Lord Metcalfe was not a conqueror, but he was more—he was a pacificator of worlds. As Macaulay has nobly said, "He was tried in many high places and difficult conjunctures, and found equal to all. He calmed evil passions, he reconciled contending factions." He upheld the honour of the British name, and he consolidated British rule by pacific measures only, and that, perhaps, to as great an extent as any one of his more warlike contemporaries. This is a lesson not to be lost sight of; Mr. John William Kaye has placed it before the world in a clear, eloquent, and attractive form—there could not be a more suitable or a more gratifying monument to the memory of a great man than that which is contained in his own biography, honestly and pleasantly written.

LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. XXIV.—“FIRMILIAN.”*

THE “Rejected Addresses” are said to have met with a clerical critic, an unsophisticated vicar in one of the midland counties, who candidly owned, after careful perusal, that, for *his* part, he didn’t see why they should have been rejected; some of them seemed to *him* to be very good. We can readily suppose a brother clerk, “simple, grave, sincere”—some Reverend Abraham Plymley, who Lives in the Country—to take a similarly earnest view, at the present time, of “Firmilian, a Spasmodic Tragedy.” The good parson has not very long since read Mr. Bailey’s “Festus;” he has also groped his way, dark with excessive bright of sun, moon, and stars, through Mr. Alexander Smith’s “Life-Drama;” and he has followed up this trying undertaking by a long pull and a strong pull at Mr. Dobell’s “Balder.” Each of these works he read in perfect good faith. Then why not “Firmilian?” He did not suppose Festus to be mocking him, or Walter to be in mere make-believe convulsions, or Balder to be laughing in his sleeve. Then why not give credit to the Student of Badajoz for genuine soul-strife? or why impute to that impassioned Mr. Percy Jones the indignity of sham spasms? If “Firmilian” contains abrupt transitions from the lofty to the low, and sometimes oscillates apparently between the sublime and the ridiculous, and indeed is quite open to the charge of neglecting that austerity of classical taste, and that scrupulous observance of sound critical canons, which genius and talent used to follow when he, the good parson, was a younger man,—why, the same thing, you know, may be said of the Smith and Yendys’ wares; and, at the worst, the distinction seems to be rather in degree than in kind.

For some time past, the Spasmodic School has been a growing nuisance. Its poets and critics have multiplied exceedingly, till the multiple threatens to become n , an infinite power, even as the mystic matter they work upon is x , an unknown quantity. The spasms were for a while sporadic, but are now epidemic. Bad cases have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished.

Now, any one acquainted with the parodies and burlesque ballads of Bon Gaultier, must have been convinced that Bon could, if he pleased, do yeoman’s service in putting down this nuisance. He, who could “take off” Tennyson so languishingly, and Macaulay so closely, and Moore so melodiously,—how tempting, and again how legitimate, a field for his powers of travestie lay open in the Spasmodic School! The bait was irresistible, and it took. And the result is, “Firmilian; or, the Student of Badajoz: a Spasmodic Tragedy, by T. Percy Jones.” As in the case of previous bravuras from the same composer, this performance comprises passages that look like sparkling poetry, expressed in rhythm now sweetly,

* Firmilian; or, the Student of Badajoz. A Spasmodic Tragedy. By T. Percy Jones. Blackwood: 1854.

now sonorously musical, as well as flights of rhodomontade the most ludicrous, and ravings in King Cambyzes' vein the most bombastic, and farcical associations duly accommodated to the theme. Such a synthesis of antitheses, such a composition of opposing forces, is, indeed, characteristic of the writer, who loves to dally between jest and earnest, and to show that he can be a poet while he chooses to be a parodist. Placed between the serious and the comic Muses, he pays court to both, not in succession but at once; and instead of singing, "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away," he makes himself happy in the dual number, and will on no account let go his hold of either.

Amusing and effective as "Firmilian" is, it is not, however, so effective or amusing as its clever writer might have made it. He has made too much of it in one way, and not enough in another. Too long and too complicated for a mere *jeu d'esprit*, it is too brief and fragmentary to answer its own purpose. It drags at times. The wit is often in high condition, and sparkles with effervescent "*up-pishness*;" but not unfrequently it has the look and taste of heel-tap, without body, soul, or spirit. Or it may be, after all, our inability to descry the dramatist's scope; and our own eye, instead of his wit, that is dull as ditch-water: certainly we do not pretend to be sure of all his side-blows and allusions, many of which may, to the fully initiated, be very telling, though they do not tell upon us. One or two of the most decided personalities and most palpable hits we will quote, in such piecemeal shape as our limits allow. About these there can be no mistake; and we prefer giving a taste of the quality of "Firmilian" in this fashion, to sketching an outline of the action, which is designedly preposterous, though such an outline would by no means be more difficult in the case of the parody, despite its extravagant and erring spirit, than in those of the furibund life-and-death-and-judgment dramas which it "takes its change out of."

Those who remember the sort of reception *Blackwood* vouchsafed to the *Latter-day Pamphlets*, will be prepared for the following masque of the pamphleteer:

There was a fellow, too, an Anabaptist,
Or something of the sort, from the Low Countries,
Rejoicing in the name of Teufelsdröckh.
I do not know for what particular sin
He stood condemned; but it was noised abroad
That, in all ways, he was a heretic.
Six times the Inquisition-held debate
Upon his tenets, and vouchsafed him speech,
Whereof he largely did avail himself.
But they could coin no meaning from his words,
Further than this, that he most earnestly
Denounced all systems, human and divine.

He, too, spoke.

But never in your life, sir, did you hear
Such hideous jargon. The distracting screech
Of waggon-wheels ungreased was music to it;
And as for meaning—wiser heads than mine
Could find no trace of it. 'Twas a tirade
About fire-horses, jötuns, windbags, owls,
Choctaws and horsehair, shams and flunkeyism,
Unwisdoms, Tithes, and Unveracities.

'Faith, when I heard him railing in crank terms,
 And dislocating language in his howl
 At Phantasm Captains, Hair-and-leather Popes,
 Terrestrial Law-words, Lords, and Law-bringers,—
 I almost wished the Graduate back again :
 His style of cursing had some flavour in't ;
 The other's was most tedious.

Now for that Graduate. Again we may assume, that whoso remembers how *Blackwood* dealt with Ruskin's Lectures, will be prepared for the scene between "A PRIEST and a GRADUATE :"

GRADUATE. Believe me, father, they are all accurs'd !
 These marble garments of the ancient gods,
 Which the blaspheming hand of Babylon
 Hath gathered out of ruins, and hath raised
 In this her dark extremity of sin. . . .
 Call them not Churches, father, call them prisons ;
 And yet not such as bind the body in,
 But gravestones of the soul ! For, look you, sir,
 Beneath that weight of square-cut weary stone
 A thousand workmen's souls are pent alive !
 And therefore I declare them all accurs'd.

PRIEST. Peace, son ! thou ravest.

GRADUATE. Do I rave indeed ?
 So raved the Prophets, when they told the truth
 To Israel's stubborn councillors and kings—
 So raved Cassandra, when in Hector's ear
 She shrieked the presage of his coming fall.
 I am a prophet also,—and I say
 That o'er those stones, wherein you place your pride,
 Annihilation waves her dusky wing ;
 Yea, do not marvel if the earth itself,
 Like a huge giant, weary of the load,
 Should heave them from its shoulders. I have said it.
 It is my purpose, and they all shall down !

Later in the piece, the Graduate is walked off by the Inquisition satellites to an *auto-da-fé*, for his "monstrous deed in blowing up the church." At the pile, having craved and obtained the Inquisitor's permission to say a word or two,—

His speech was worse than any commination.
 He curs'd the city, and he curs'd the church ;
 He curs'd the houses, and he curs'd their stones.
 He curs'd, in short, in such miraculous wise,
 That nothing was exempted from his ban ;

and albeit the indignant populace hailed him with a whole storm of cats and baser missiles,

Yet he curs'd on, till the familiars gagg'd him—
 Bound him unto the stake, and so he died.

Excellent fooling, possibly, of its kind. But if the Graduate never meets with more damaging onslaught than this, he can afford to be tolerably quiet from fear of evil. Far more pungent is the ensuing account of the North country gentleman who signs himself Apollodorus and "does"

critiques of an intensely *sui generis* description in the pages of the *Critic* and the dissenting magazines. We had for some time anticipated that this magnus Apollodorus would be sooner or later taken notice of, in no complimentary way, by the author of "Firmilian"—so sedulous appears to be his "bilious attacks," acute as well as chronic, on Professor Aytoun—their bitterness savouring of that personal ill-will which makes one suspect that Apollodorus may have been a rejected contributor to *Maga*, or in some such experience have contracted the plethora of spleen he takes little pains to subdue or to disguise. To give one example out of many: speaking of Aytoun's Lays of the Cavaliers, Mr. George Gillfillan says, they "are but Scott's cast-off clothes." Of Scott's sincerity there can be no doubt—of Aytoun's there may be much. . . . Aytoun's is the small spite of a schoolboy who confounds impudence with cleverness, and thinks that, because connected with Christopher North, he may indulge in similar freaks of fancy, and present the distaff without the Hercules—the contortions without the inspiration—the buffooneries or profanities of Falstaff without his wit, his *bonhomie*, or his rich originality." Now for the retort courteous:

Enter APOLLODORUS, a Critic.

Why do men call me a presumptuous cur,
A vapouring blockhead, and a turgid fool,
A common nuisance, and a charlatan?
I've dashed into the sea of metaphor
With as strong paddles as the sturdiest ship
That churns Medusæ into liquid light,
And hashed at every object in my way.
My ends are public. I have talked of men
As my familiars, whom I never saw.
Nay—more to raise my credit—I have penned
Epistles to the great ones of the land,
When some attack might make them slightly sore,
Assuring them, in faith, it was not I.
What was their answer? Marry, shortly this:
"Who, in the name of Zerneck, are you?"
I have reviewed myself incessantly—
Yes, made a contract with a kindred soul
For mutual interchange of puffery.
Gods!—how we blew each other! But 'tis past—
Those halcyon days are gone; and, I suspect,
That in some fit of loathing or disgust,
As Samuel turned from Eli's coarser son, (?)
Mine ancient playmate hath deserted me.
And yet I am Apollodorus still!
I search for genius, having it myself,
With keen and earnest longings. I survive
To disentangle, from the imping wings
Of our young poets, their crustaceous slough—

the poems at whose nativity Apollodorus has played Lucina, being those specifically assailed in this satire on the Spasmodic School,—as the Life-Drama of Alexander Smith, Bigg's Night and the Soul, &c. To Apollodorus on the *qui vive* for a new discovery, there enters one Sancho, a Costermonger, singing as how

Down in the garden behind the wall,
 Merrily grows the bright-green leek;
 The old sow grunts as the acorns fall,
 The winds blow heavy, the little pigs squeak.
 One for the litter, and three for the teat—
 Hark to their music, Juanna my sweet!

A very godsend for Apollodorus! Seraphic melody to him is the costermonger's strain. He thanks heaven that here he has lighted on a genuine bard, a creature of high impulse, and unsoiled by coarse conventionalities of rule; on a heaven-born minstrel, who labours not to sing, because his bright thoughts resolve themselves at once, artlessly, with grace beyond the reach of art, into truest divinest poesy, without the aid of balanced artifice, and in all the freshness and simplicity that besem the songster's profession. And therefore Apollodorus greets his new *protégé* in poem with an emphatic "All hail, great poet!" The great poet, thus arrested in his inspired career of minstrelsy, wonders what the civil-spoken giant is after, and evidently suspects him of a design to chaff him. "Save you, my merry master," answers the great poet, in courteous return for the All hail. And then, with an eye to the main chance, he continues: "Need you any leeks or onions? Here's the primest cauliflower, though I say it, in all Badajoz. Set it up at a distance of some ten yards, and I'll forfeit my ass if it does not look bigger than the Alcayde's wig. Or would these radishes suit your turn? There's nothing like your radish for cooling the blood and purging distempered humours."

APOLLODORUS.

I do admire thy vegetables much,
 But will not buy them. Pray you, pardon me
 For one short word of friendly obloquy.
 Is't possible a being so endowed
 With music, song, and sun-aspiring thoughts,
 Can stoop to chaffer idly in the streets,
 And, for a huckster's miserable gain,
 Renounce the urgings of his destiny?
 Why, man, thine Ass should be a Pegasus,
 A sun-reared charger snorting at the stars,
 And scattering all the Pleiads at his heels—
 Thy cart should be an orient-tinted car,
 Such as Aurora drives into the day,
 What time the rosy-finger'd Hours awake—
 Thy reins——

but here the costermonger puts in his oar. He has been patient up to this swell in the rhapsody; but 'tis the last ounce breaks the camel's back, and the costermonger, who has put up with the allusions to his donkey and his drag, finds the meddling with his "reins" too much for him. So he says, says he, "Lookye, master, I've dusted a better jacket than yours before now, so you had best keep a civil tongue in your head. Once for all, will you buy my radishes?"

APOLLODORUS.

No!

SANCHO.

Then go to the devil and shake yourself!

[Exit.]

APOLLODORUS.

The foul fiend seize thee and thy cauliflowers!
 I was indeed a most egregious ass,
 To take this lubber clodpole for a bard,
 And worship that dull fool. Pythian Apollo!
 Hear me,—O hear! Towards the firmament
 I gaze with longing eyes; and, in the name
 Of millions thirsting for poetic draughts,
 I do beseech thee, send a poet down!
 Let him descend, e'en as a meteor falls,
 Rushing at noonday——

[He is crushed by the fall of the body of HAVERILLO.]

This too literal fulfilment of the suppliant's petition, is occasioned by Firmilian's hurling the said Haverillo, a well-to-do bardling, from the top of the pillar of St. Simeon Stylites, upon which Firmilian has taken an unfurnished lodging, and beneath which the ill-starred Apollodorus is standing when Haverillo comes down with a vengeance. In the dreadful *finale*, when Firmilian is hunted to despair and destruction by a set of *ignes fatui*, amid the damning charges they heap up against him they yet glance with indulgent tenderness on this one good deed, of which indirectly he was the doer, the consigning Apollodorus to "immortal smash." For they say—

Give him some respite—give him some praise—
 One good deed he has done in his days;
 Chaunt it, and sing it, and tell it in chorus—
 He has flattened the cockscomb of Apollodorus!

That the veritable Apollodorus will consider himself utterly smashed by the doughty Firmilian, is more than the most sanguine can expect. Doubtless he will be found alive and kicking in many a paulo-post-futurum "article," which, however and alas, the admirers of Bon Gaultier and readers of "Firmilian" are but too likely never to see or even hear of.

The extraordinary hero of Sydney Yendys' unfinished *magnum opus*, is answerable for the vagaries and wickedness of Firmilian himself. The murderous empiricism of Balder is illustrated in the soliloquy on the summit of the Stylites' pillar, and that among the lonely mountains where the Student of Badajoz tries to feel the luxury of remorse, and doesn't, can't; no, not for the life of him. He has been as sinful as ever he could; has done to death a batch of his bosom cronies, and a nameless crowd besides; and yet he is unable to enjoy the excitement of a fevered conscience. He has been a wholesale and retail dealer in crime, but cannot make a comfortable return, cannot "realise" a new sensation, such as his soul lusteth after. "Three days have I," he plaintively murmurs,

Been wandering in this desert wilderness
 In search of inspiration. Horrid thoughts,
 Phantasms, chimeras, tortures, inward spasms,
 Disordered spawn of dreams, distracting visions,
 Air-shrieks and haunting terrors were my aim—
 Yet nothing comes to fright me!

But he gets into trouble at last, with the *Ignes Fatui*, who lure him on to confusion and a quarry, on a certain barren moor, where, says he,

-----Two years ago,
 An old blind beggar came and craved an alms,
 Thereby destroying a tremendous thought
 Just bursting on my mind—a glorious bud
 Of poetry, but blasted ere its bloom !
 I bade the old fool take the leftward path,
 Which leads to a deep quarry, where he fell—
 At least I deem so, for I heard a splash—
 But I was gazing on the gibbous moon,
 And durst not lower my celestial flight
 To care for such an insect-worm as he.

And now the wills-o'-the-wisp make "the seeing man walk in the path of the blind"—mooting impertinent inquiries the while after the fate of one of his recent victims :

Chorus of IGNEE FATUI.

Firmilian ! Firmilian !

What have you done to Lilian ?

There's a cry from the grotto, a sob by the stream,
 A woman's loud wailing, a little babe's scream !

How fared it with Lilian,

In the pavilion,

Firmilian, Firmilian ?

So much for the Balder tragedy. Then again what admirer of *Walter* and *Life-Dramatics* but will recognise the source of inspiration of such verses as these :

Let the red lightning shoot athwart the sky,
 Entangling comets by their spooming hair.
 Piercing the Zodiac belt, and carrying dread
 To old Orion, and his whimpering hound ; &c.

or these :

I knew a poet once ; and he was young,
 And intermingled with such fierce desires
 As made pale Eros veil his face with grief,
 And caused his lustier brother to rejoice.
 He was as amorous as a crocodile
 In the spring season, when the Memphian bank,
 Receiving substance from the glaring sun,
 Resolves itself from mud into a shore.
 And—as the scaly creature wallowing there,
 In its hot fits of passion, belches forth
 The steam from out its nostrils, half in love,
 And half in grim defiance of its kind ;
 Trusting that either from the reedy fen,
 Some reptile-virgin coyly may appear,
 Or that the hoary Sultan of the Nile
 May make tremendous challenge with his jaws,
 And, like Mark Antony, assert his right
 To all the Cleopatras of the ooze—
 So fared it with the poet that I knew.

Or, once more, a passionate love-passage in the following strain :

FIRMILIAN.

My Mariann ;

MARIANA.

O my beautiful!

My seraph love—my panther of the wild—
My moon-eyed leopard—my voluptuous lord!
O, I am sunk within a sea of bliss,
And find no soundings!

FIRMILIAN.

Shall I answer back?

As the great earth lies silent all the night,
And looks with hungry longings on the stars,
Whilst its huge heart beats on its granite ribs
With measured pulsings of delirious joy—
So look I, Mariana, on thine eyes!

Surely it is quite credible that some of the “least-ways” discriminating admirers of the Spasmodic School may, on the strength of these and similar excerpts, come to one of two conclusions—either that this new poet, Percy Jones to wit, is quite equal to Alexander Smith, or that he has unblushingly “cribbed” from the “Life-Drama” its best lines by the dozen.

If there is any vital principle (as surely there is?) in poets who can write as the authors of “Balder” and the “Life-Drama” can, the satirical rogueries of “Firmilian” will do them no particular harm, and may do them a deal of good. A poetical constitution that wants stamina to survive a heavier blow and greater discouragement than this, must be too puny to deserve length of days. We have hope that the patients mainly concerned, however “Firmilian” may disagree with them at present, will one day allow, each with a cordial *experto crede* of his own, that, even if it is good for nothing else, at least it is good for spasms.

THE MAIDEN OF RODENCHILD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THE LATE DROSTE HÜLSHOFF.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

Is so sultry and close an April night,
So feverish and boiling a maiden's blood?
She shields her eyes from the taper's light,
And lists to her heart—and its ebb and flood—
Will day never dawn again on her bower?
She watches—waits 'till her clock strike the hour—
In vain—for moveless the pendulum stood.
But the watchman now drones one—two—and three,
And ever on—five—six—and seven—
Ten—twelve. That scream!—hark! what might it be?
But a hymn mounts over the cry, to Heaven!
'Tis a song of praise—and all hearts rejoice,
Whilst they greet and they hail, as with one voice,
The return of the holy Easter-even.

The lady pushes her pillow aside,
 Upstarts—as light as a fawn from its lair—
 Her bodice's strings she has loosely tied—
 Pressed under her cap her profuse hair—
 Then gently the casement, that none may hear,
 She opens—and thro' it, in hoatings drear,
 Bursts the screech of an owl, as if sent to scare.

Dark the night—and mournful the blast—
 The banners wave over the creaking door.
 Then in long procession the household passed,
 With lanterns in rows, and one before—
 The porter nods, as if he were dreaming—
 The huntsman's wick is spluttering and streaming,
 And with mouth, like an ogre, yawns the Moor.

Thro' the court-yard winds the long array;
 And proud in her office, is seen to go,
 A guard to the maids, the abigail grey.
 “But what is *that* skurrying to and fro?”—
 “Shall I thro' the parted curtain be seen?”
 All eyes are strained towards the crimson screen.—
 Then slowly they turn their heads away.

“Do I dream? What figure is seen to pass,
 And o'er the terrace in mockery to bend?
 Woe's me! it looks as I look in the glass,
 That such my features good angels defend.
 It raises its hands white as flakes of snow,
 Is that the velvet band o'er my brow?
 Oh Heaven! am I crazed—or nears my end?”

The lady pales, and the lady glows—
 The lady turns not her looks askance,
 As scarcely touching the steps, up goes
 The Shape with its spectral countenance:
 A lamp in her right hand holds the maid,
 Its flame flickers over the balustrade,
 Misty and dim, as an elf-light's dance.

Under the dome of the spangled sky,
 Like one in a trance, with dreams for a guide,
 Floats the phantom, slowly—slowly by—
 They open their ranks—and step aside—
 Her foot makes no sound, as she glides along,
 And the lights she has dimmed, seem to burn more strong,
 As they wind up the stair so broad and wide.

The lady hears not the buzz of affright,
 Heeds not the shy looks, that of panic speak;
 Fast follow her eyes the bluish light,
 That streams on the pavement with ghastly streak.
 It is now in the hall—now the record-room;
 Now 'tis lost at once in a niche's gloom:
 Ha! it comes again—ever faint—and more weak.

"I will speak to thee—yes! I will make thee stay."

Straight at her word she is gone, and behold!

Thro' the darkness she threads her devious way;

Now her foot strikes a stone—now her dress catches hold.

"Spirits have subtler senses, but still

Escape me you shall not—fly as you will."

By my faith and my truth, the lady is bold.

"Ha! bolted and barred—she has entered here!

What hopes she to find in the record's store?"

First the lady her eye, and then her ear,

Shuddering, applies to the chink of the door:

What hears she within? a sound, like the creak

Of a parchment-roll—what sees she? a streak

Like the will-o'-the-wisp flickering over the floor!

She beats her throbbing bosom down.

She holds her breath—and crouches low.

What look is that which rivets her own?

Whence comes that light with its lurid glow?

And arm against arm—one step between—

On either side of the fissure lean.

The Maid and her Image, brow to brow.

She back recoils—the form retreats—

She nearer steps—the figure also—

There they stand face to face—eye—eyeball meets:

They bore each other as Vampires do:

The self-same cap is over her brow,

The self-same night-dress, as white as snow,

Around them in like disorder flow.

Slowly they bend o'er the panel's breach;

And slowly, as from a mirror, one

In lineaments, they each to each

Stretch their right hands ringed with the self-same stone.

Lo! wavers the form—now here, now there;

See! 'tis parted now by a gust of air—

Look! it fades away—like a mist, is flown.

And when in the waltz youths and maids are joined,

You may see a damsel, lovely and wild;

For many a year she has sickened and pined,

One hand is ungloved, and I have been told

An icicle's glimmer is not more cold;

But she merrily, merrily laughs, and is styled

The crazy Maiden of Rodenchild.

THE ABDUCTION OF LADY CAROLINE CAPER.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

LADY CAROLINE CAPER, the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dançette, was the pride of Belgravia.

Her presentation, at the first Drawing Room this year, was quite the event of the season ; indeed, without it the season, as everybody knows, would have been less than nothing. The Countess of Dançette bore up under the *éclat* of Lady Caroline's *début* with all the triumphant humility of a successful mother : other fashionable ladies, whose daughters had not made so great a sensation, rather pitied their friend for the mistake they thought she had made in bringing out Lady Caroline at a time when all the young men had gone to the Black Sea with their regiments, or to the Baltic in their yachts.

The countess, however, bore up also under this calamity with her accustomed serenity, being content to know that if all the young men *were* gone, the best *partis*, somehow, were still to be met with in her saloons, the admirers of her beautiful daughter.

A great destiny, in the fashionable acceptation of the word, had been reserved—by her parents—for Lady Caroline, long before she entered her teens. Indeed, the expectations of the countess were formed while her lovely child was still in the cradle, and the earl, himself, a man of very lofty ideas, had been heard to say to a noble friend—he had no friend out of the Peerage, merely a few inevitable acquaintances in “the other House,”—that he should never think of marrying his daughter to any one under the rank of a duke. As his lineage was high and his fortune large, the earl's resolve was not so impossible as many parental anticipations chance to be ; the only difficulty was to find a marriageable duke at the moment he was wanted, and to inspire that duke with the desire to marry Lady Caroline Caper.

The last condition was a matter of course with Lord Dançette, who was of opinion that his daughter had only to be seen to fulfil her destiny, and as far as beauty and, I may add, accomplishments went, he was scarcely wrong. One can't always put oneself in another person's position, but had I been an unmarried duke—and not otherwise disposed of—I think I should have made an offer to Lady Caroline.

Pride of birth is a pre-eminent virtue in the British aristocracy. It is quite right that they should be proud of it, the long lines of ancestry of which they boast being so particularly free from blemish or interruption. It may not be the easiest thing in the world to prove a lineal descent from one of the Normans who came over with Duke William ; neither does it quite establish the question of antiquity to say that “*circa*” so-and-so, Giles de Bumblenose was “settled” in the county of Kent and “possessed” of the lordships of Thyng-e-um-erye and Whats-hys-nayme, and that by marriage with the heiress of the house of Fitzwarren or De Vere—as the case may be—he “succeeded” as fourth Earl of Devylskynne and received an augmentation to his arms from Edward the First of three pitchforks *or* on a field *vert* for his distinguished services at the battle of Knockemdowne ; nor to be told that “this great progenitor of our ancient nobility was created to the dukedom in 1397, and

being instrumental in the accession of King Henry the Fourth, was constituted Earl Boxledor of England for his life, which was passed in military and state employment," nor that "he died at a very great age on the 21st of October, 1425," having apparently lived a couple of hundred years. These matters may savour somewhat of *hocus-pocus* to the uninitiated, but they are perfectly satisfactory to "noble lords," and constitute a state of things of which, as I have said before, they are, with reason, proud.

The Earl of Dancette, whose title was purely heraklie, set great store by a patrician pedigree: it was precisely on that account that he married his countess, who, like himself, "claimed" to be descended from one—or other—of the prolific barons who accompanied the Conqueror, though whether or not the claim was fairly made out, concerned nobody but themselves. But personal qualities are not hereditary, even in the noblest families, and the notions of Lady Caroline Caper differed widely from those of her illustrious parents. She did not feel inclined, at all risks, to fall in love with a heavy old man who happened to be a duke, nor with a frivolous young one because he was a duke-expectant.

The truth is, Lady Caroline had a heart—not made of emblazoned parchment—and she gave it away to one who, not being born to "the Peerage," even by accident, ought never, according to Lord Dancette, to have been born at all. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Richard Maplehurst—that was his undistinguished name—not only came into the world without the permission of the noble earl, but justified his appearance in it by his extraordinary good looks and remarkable abilities. He was nobody, as the phrase is, having simply been educated at Cambridge, and called to the bar—and he had nothing, save the paternal allowance, which was not excessive—his first brief being still in *rubibus*: but he was handsome and agreeable, and the *entrées* of more than one fashionable house being accorded him, he met Lady Caroline Caper at a ball, danced with her, and fell in love, and she—forgetting all about dukes, their garters, coronets, and escutcheons—reciprocated his passion.

What were they to do?

Walk hand-in-hand into the earl's library or the countess's boudoir, and throwing themselves—gracefully—on their knees, avow their mutual affection, and plead for parental indulgence? Would it have been advisable for the young and briefless barrister candidly to state the fact to the proud and pompous peer, that, being temporarily endowed with the large sum of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, by his sire, a very respectable country gentleman, he solicited the honour of his daughter's hand? Would it have answered for Lady Caroline calmly to discuss with her mamma the kind of *trousseau* which the *aforsaid* temporary income was likely to furnish forth? There are no such things as *lettres-de-cachet* now-a-days—though a judge's order in chambers is, frequently, very like one;—but there are lunatic asylums, private ones, strongly barred and hard to get out of, in which peccant daughters and adventurous lovers may be very safely lodged, if they rouse the ire of implacable and influential fathers. You could not, probably, have impressed the mind of the Earl of Dancette with so complete an idea of insanity in your own person—always supposing that you are "nobody," with "nothing"—in other words, not a marquis and a *millionaire*—as by proposing a matrimonial alliance with his exalted family. Lady

Caroline knew this, and so, of course, did Mr. Richard Maplehurst, on which account they wisely abstained from any demonstration, by genuflection or otherwise, that could convey to the Earl and Countess of Dancette the slightest suspicion that they had formed a mutual attachment.

What they were not to do was, therefore, sufficiently evident; but still the question arose—What was to be done?

It is a fact more true than strange, that the younger two lovers are, the less they feel inclined to hoard their capital, which is time. The idea of waiting, as Lady Caroline said, “till Heaven knows when,” was at once discarded from their plans; but then, if they did not wait, only one alternative remained, and that was to be married immediately. How this was to be accomplished became the real difficulty.

In the infancy of railways the latest express train was the great abductor, in all those cases where the flintiness of fathers’ hearts drive daughters to desperation; but the electric telegraph has—in the most indiscriminate manner—entirely neutralised the advantages which the matrimonial express afforded. Instead of the blacksmith at Gretna, ready to forge the bolts of Hymen, runaway couples are met at Preston by railway-policeman Blackbrow, who takes charge of “the parties,” “restoring” the lady “to her disconsolate friends,” and “consigning” the gentleman, if he is refractory, which is most probable, to “safe custody,” accompanied, it may be, by a little gentle coercion, administered with fist and truncheon by Policeman Blackbrow himself. Flight by railway was, consequently, out of the question, yet how was any other kind of flight to be effected?

In an establishment so perfectly *monté* as that of the Earl of Dancette, it was impossible that the “sole daughter of his house” could stir one foot from home unattended. The *trajet* from the hall-door to the carriage-steps was the longest walk Lady Caroline had ever been permitted to take in the streets of London, and even this occurrence was always marked by the greatest publicity: the fat old hall-porter roused himself for the nonce into an erect position, four powdered and liveried “ménials” ranged themselves uncovered near the door, the door itself was thrown open ten minutes beforehand, and, guarding the approach to the carriage, two equally-well powdered and liveried, but, on this occasion, hatted-and-gold-caned-footmen were planted on the pavement, to the great admiration and surpassing delight of the butchers’ and poulterers’ boys of the neighbourhood, those intelligent youths having always plenty of time on their hands when anything in the shape of a sight—from Punch to a peer, from the Fantoccini to a fair lady—is to be seen.

Free agency was, to all appearance, impossible in a mansion so stately. Still, if Lady Caroline Caper were bent upon escaping from her father’s house, it would have been a lasting reproach to woman’s ingenuity if she could not have found out the way. Besides, there was a royal precedent for the act, the historical reference of all young ladies similarly situated, in the flight of the Princess Charlotte from Carlton House, and something like that Lady Caroline resolved to attempt.

Of course she had a confidential lady’s-maid: it is not permitted to the very highest in station to be without one—at all events upon such an emergency as this. Miss Larkins was the depositary of Lady Caro-

line's secret. Miss Larkins, therefore, for the trifling consideration of five brand-new sovereigns—"not that she would have touched gold untold, if she hadn't been forced so to do"—lent her mistress her own cloak and bonnet—the last was what ladies call "a plain straw," which means covered with ribbons and filled with flowers—and early one summer's morning stole down stairs to see if the coast was clear for Lady Caroline's departure.

When I say "early," I beg to be understood.

In the middle of June the sun gets up at four o'clock; that is the earliest of London events, but few people take any notice of it, except when they happen to be going home rather early. At "an early hour," as the newspaper writers say, the market-gardeners rumble into town, the night-cabs go off the rank, and the sweep shrilly announces his presence to deal with the kitchen-chimney. It is still early when milk is taken, when housemaids beat mats and bend their knees to soap and flannel, when bakers go round with rolls, when newspaper boys leave any paper but the *Times* at their customers' doors, when the Post-office van is first seen, when city-going omnibuses are met laden with city-clerks. All these things are positively early. There are others, too, which are early by comparison. It is early, at nine o'clock, for a West-end tradesman to take down his shutters; it is early, preternaturally so, when certain members of certain clubs assemble at the same hour for the opening of the doors to rush into breakfast and devour the earliest news; it is early—so early as to be "a positive baw"—when the Honourable Augustus Fitz-Crowquill appears, by ten o'clock, at his desk in Downing-street. It was also early at the Earl of Dancette's—though the clock might have struck eleven—when the ornamental part of the household began to address themselves to their daily avocations.

With the exception of one individual, the hall-porter aforesaid, they were scattered about the house at the time just mentioned, and when Miss Larkins performed her stealthy *reconnaissance* he was as much absorbed in his chair with the shocking department of the newspaper, as his lord and master was in his study with the far less entertaining senatorial part of his. Mr. Walrus might have been moved by the third ring at the visitor's bell to have looked round him with astonishment at the idea of any friend of "my lord's" coming at such an early hour, but nothing short of that was likely to attract his attention. It was only necessary, therefore, to avoid the hot-water and muffin-bearing valets on the principal staircase—those gentlemen being of opinion that they "be-meaned" themselves by taking any other route—and all was tolerably safe.

Lightly, then, as she ever tripped in her first quadrille, Lady Caroline Caper, attired in the simple costume of Miss Larkins, glided through the paternal hall, and without a glance at the maternal dressing-room, whisked round the corner of Grosvenor-square and made for Grosvenor-gate, where Mr. Richard Maplehurst was waiting for his beloved.

Was there no casket of jewels—"bequeathed by a sainted grand-mamma"—in his hand? Did she not carry one of "Mr. Mechi's travelling-bags," with all the latest improvements? The truth must be told: her prevision did not even go to the extent of that which marked the arrangements of an equally highly-born and still more juvenile runaway damsel, who *did* prepare a tooth-brush and a nightcap; but then, per-

haps, Lady Caroline might have had a reason for being so scantily provided. It appears, by the sequel, that she had. Not to the extent, however, of being without a veil or a pair of gloves. In her hurry she had forgotten both those articles.

Mr. Richard Maplehurst had already successively hired and—fancying that he was watched by the police, an idle apprehension—successively dismissed three cabs; and when Lady Caroline hove in sight—if I may express myself in that rude fashion in speaking of an earl's daughter—was pacing backwards and forwards on the uncomfortable gravel in Park-lane, his mind as much tortured by doubt as his feet by pebbles. Never wear new boots when you are going to be married: they tell upon the temper, imperceptibly or otherwise. It was new boots, and having waited three hours, that made Mr. Richard Maplehurst imagine that the sanguinary Earl of Dancette had “discovered all,” had thrown his daughter into a dungeon, and sent for Mr. Ex-detective Lynx, whom he figured to his mind's eye in every stranger who approached; but if his impatience had not been so great, and he had not made his appearance at Grosvenor-gate exactly two hours and forty minutes too soon, he would not have had to complain so much of his boots, or have mentally consigned the arbitrary earl to the lowest depths of Tartarus. Every doubt, however, was dispelled, and every twinge forgotten, when with the quick eye of love he beheld the adored one sailing round the corner.

A moment more and they shall meet!

'Tis past, her lover—

—has hailed the first cab that was passing and popped her into it.

A horrid cab it was! The dirtiest that ever was licensed. It smelt of every kind of disagreeable odour, as if the driver always supped and generally slept in it, as cabmen do, with pipes in their mouths. Neither of the windows at the side would let down; only one of those in front would pull up, and the other was garnished with a red curtain, through which the sun shot fiery gleams full into the eyes of the lovers. Gracious Heavens! if in his wildest dreams the super-coquequential Earl of Dancette could have been troubled with so appalling a vision as that of his ladye-daughter, the heiress of his name, his wealth, his title—it was in female remainder—in a common street cab, under any circumstances, but under the present ones of all others! Instead of his flannel waistcoat, when he woke, he would have loudly called for the straitest jacket! The queenly countess, too, whose ideas of a wedding were inseparably associated with Brussels lace, and orange-flowers, and bridesmaids in pink and blue *tartan*, and special licence, and lawn sleeves, and four horses, and a britaka, and the country-house of a noble friend—Chiswick, perhaps, or “Cliefden's proud alcove.” And, horror of horrors! a common hack cab;—the commonest of the common!

Yet, in that cab sat the Lady Caroline Caper, the representative of all the Fitz-Everythings, in whose veins flowed the bluest blood in England; in that cab, with a briefless barrister's arm round her waist, was seated the pearl of the aristocracy, the brightest star of fashion, the cynosure of every eye that was worthy of vision; in that cab—which was pulled up at the corner of Sloane-street, that she might get a pair of gloves and a veil—not of Brussels lace, noble countess, but of serviceable green gauze, to keep the sun out of her eyes and save her complexion; in that cab, for

whose transit through turnpikes two several "thrippences" were demanded, Mr. Richard Mapleshurst and the Lady Caroline Caper were driven by a cabman in his shirt-sleeves—the day was so tremendously hot—to Fulham Church, and then and there married! Instead of the illustrious earl, who, during an obsolete Tory administration, had obtained "the garter," and always wore it with the coveted broad, blue ribbon on great occasions; instead, I say, of the illustrious earl, the "father" of the bride was Joseph Gollock, clerk of the parish; and all the lovely bridesmaids were personified by Mrs. Sarah Slewball, pew-opener of the same, in dingy black, and wearing a bonnet of the order called "crushed."

While the ceremony was going on, the bishop of the diocese drove past the church, on the way to his river-side palace. How little he thought that a poor curate, whom he scarcely knew by sight, though he officiated beneath his windows, was celebrating a nuptial ceremony which the fashionable Countess of Dancette had specially reserved for him! How little do any of us know what is going on at the distance of half a dozen yards, with a closed door or a brick wall before us!

They were married, then.

What was to be the next step? The Continent? Where, under feigned names,—say as Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton,—there being always a Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton in every continental town,—they might sojourn, until the wrath of the earl and the resentment of the countess had, in some degree, subsided, when the old farce of forgiveness might be enacted! Not at all. The next step was to drive back to Grosvenor-square, or as close to it as possible, before the absence of Lady Caroline could be discovered. It was enough, for the present, that the marriage had taken place: that point, at all events, was gained.

Their return to town had more peril in it than their departure, for as the day advanced, the risk of being seen increased. Luckily, however, they met nobody they knew, except, indeed, purblind old Lord Mooncalf, who suddenly rode out of Hyde Park as they were passing the Albert-gate. Lord Mooncalf was one of those old gentlemen who take early rides in the park—with a groom a quarter of a mile behind—not so much for the sake of health, as for the chance of seeing pretty faces, it being the time when private governesses mostly walk about with their juvenile charges;—the more juvenile they, the better for such purposes as those of Lord Mooncalf. Purblind as he was, or allowed the world to suppose him, Lord Mooncalf had an instinctive feeling when a pretty face was near, and he put up his glass to reconnoitre that of Lady Caroline; but before he could bring it satisfactorily to bear on her features, the careless cabman, who had been told to drive very fast, had conveyed them beyond its focus. Lady Caroline's face haunted him, however, for some time, as that of some one whom he fancied he knew, and he was obliged to ride round the park again, and ogle half a dozen more governesses before her image altogether faded.

No other incident of the kind occurred during the rapid journey; the cabman, whose blazing countenance proclaimed that it would take a good deal of beer that day to cool him, was dismissed in the middle of Park-lane, and as far as he dared to venture, Mr. Richard Mapleshurst escorted his newly-made wife. They parted, with how many protestations and regrets, with how many hopes and fears, I need not say,—and by a sim-

gular piece of good fortune, attributable, however, to the potboy, who left the street-door ajar after depositing Mr. Walrus's foaming tankard at his elbow when he took his mid-day chop, Lady Caroline glided in unperceived by the hall functionary, who was just taking a nap after his slight repast. To reach her own room and disengage herself of the "lendings" of Miss Larkins was but the work of a moment, and then—for the first time—she yielded to the strong impulse against which she had so long battled, and burst into an agony of tears. The voice of Miss Larkins was soothing, and her philosophy consolatory; but it was more owing to the exhaustive process than to the mild accents of reason, which, in the spirit, if not in the actual language of, Lady Macbeth, bade Lady Caroline consider that "things without remedy should be without regard," that the young lady recovered herself and quietly submitted to have her hair dressed,—the greatest test of female equanimity I happen to be acquainted with.

It was not one of Lord Dancette's great-dinner days, neither did the countess "receive" that evening, therefore there was nothing to prevent her ladyship and her lovely daughter from enjoying one of Grisi's last representations, and to the Opera they went, where at a late hour they were joined by the earl. There being only a motion that night on the paper for the impeachment of ministers on account of the way in which the war was mis-conducted, which as a matter of course came to nothing, Lord Deadly Pole-axe being stopped by a "count out," there was—for the season—a very full house. Popular as he always is, the Honourable Mr. Scatterjoke appeared on this occasion to be more popular than ever. He was to be seen in the stalls, in the lobbies, in the omnibus-box, surrounded by eager listeners, to whom he was evidently telling some good story, the very newest upon town, at which they all laughed immoderately! There is nothing so tantalising to witness as the dumb-show to which you have no key. Lady Dancette was in this predicament. A wonderful critic and strict disciplinarian in all matters musical, the countess at any other moment would have given her whole attention to the stage, but curiosity for once asserted its supremacy over taste, and dying to know what it was that seemed to amuse everybody so much, she despatched Lord Dancette, in default of any other messenger, to bring Mr. Scatterjoke to her. He had nearly been forestalled in his story, for two or three young men to whom he had told it, perceiving when the curtain was down for the third act of "Norma" that the countess was alone with Lady Caroline, hastened to her box to make the latest scandal ensure their welcome.

"What do you think, Lady Dancette," began Lord Cackle, "the oddest thing has happened;"—but before he could proceed any further the box-door opened and the Hon. Mr. Scatterjoke made his appearance, accompanied by the earl.

"Oh, come now," exclaimed Captain Fipley, one of Lord Cackle's companions, "you must let Scatterjoke be his own spokesman. I give you my word of honour, Lady Dancette, it will perfectly kill you;—you never," addressing the earl, "heard anything like it, my lord!"

"Sit down here, then, you odious creature," said the countess, laughing in anticipation at Scatterjoke's expected story, "and let us hear all about it. I have half a mind to order my doors to be closed against you for ever, for keeping me so long in suspense!"

"Your ladyship could not be so cruel as *that*," replied the fashionable disseminator of *bon-mots* and other good things; "you see I am penitent, and that you may extend your forgiveness listen to what I have to tell."

The countess held up her fan, and every ear in the box was attention.

"I dined to-day," he said, "quite accidentally, at Mooncalf's, in Halkin-street, you know. I had looked in at Tatt's in the afternoon, and seeing a goodish kind of cobb there which I thought would suit the old gentleman—he said to me he was in want of one the other day—I walked over to tell him of it. When you get on the subject of horses with Mooncalf he never knows where to stop; he will tell you all about his own stable, what he breeds, what he buys, and all that, and it was nearly seven o'clock before I could attempt to get away. When I did attempt it he put in his veto, and said I must stay and dine with him, *en garçon*, just as I was: there were only two other men coming. Well, I knew that Mooncalf never dined more than four, and gave, in his way, the best dinners in town, so I stopped, with the proviso that I was to leave when I chose. The porter at Mooncalf's is the stupidest fellow in all London, I think, for of all the battered old cabs that ever I met with, the one he brought to the door when I came away from Halkin-street was the very worst, as I told the driver when I got in.

"Well," said the fellow, "you needn't for to take on so. When delikit females don't objek to my cab, I don't see no-reason for gennelmen so to do."

"The man looked as if he was more than half tipsy, and to avoid having words I desired him to drive on as fast as he could.

"Fast," he muttered; "yes, it's auleys fast, wether it's ladies or gennelmen."

He then shut the door, got on his box, and away he went; but before he had got a hundred yards he turned his head, and speaking to me through one of the open windows in front, which I had tried in vain to pull up, for I don't like to be so very near the driver, he called out:

"Ain't a-goin' to be married, air yer?"

"Drive on, you scoundrel," I replied, in a passion.

"Gently, sir," said he; "don't yer go for to put yerself out. 'Twouldn't be the first job of that sort as I've had to-day."

He said no more then, but laying on with his whip, put his miserable animal into a gallop, and in less than ten minutes pulled up in the Albany yard.

"There," said he, with an air of triumph when he let me out, "if you'd a-been goin' to chutch to be married I couldn't ha' driv you no quicker."

"Marriage," said I, "seems to run confoundedly in your head."

"Well it may, sir," replied the fellow. "I'd about the rummest marryin' job to-day as ever was! I took a party—leastways there was two on 'em—in course—to Fullem Chutch this mornin' in this 'ere blessed vehicle as you was afeard to step into."

"The deuce you did," returned I—"a crossing-sweeper and an apple-woman, I suppose!"

"'Twarn't nuthen o' the sort," he answered: "them kind ain't folks as takes kabs in a hurry. These 'ere two was a reel lady and gennelman,"

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and paid as sich. When I sees gannelfolks I knows 'em. She was a stunner!"

"My dear mamma," interrupted Lady Caroline, hastily, "they are playing the last part of the *intrata*—Grisi will be on in a moment—do, let us listen."

"Nonsense, child," returned the countess; "there's plenty of time. Pray go on, Mr. Scatterjoke."

"The fellow," continued that gentleman, "put so much emphasis into his last words, that he excited my curiosity to have the whole adventure. He told it in a few words:

"'Out of vish street they come,' said he, 'I wouldn't take upon me to say, but Upper-Grovaner was nighest handy to where I took up. I sees the gent a-lookin' round him, and holds up my wipp, as it might be so; 'Keh,' says he, and in he puts the lady, and as he follows, 'drive yer best,' says he, 'to Fullem Chutch and beck, and hera's a suvrin' for the job.'"

"Mamma," again interposed Lady Caroline; but the countess took no notice, and Mr. Scatterjoke went on:

"'There's summat a-goin' wrong with the Harry-stockris, says I to myself, or this 'ere shine wouldn't be. A nobbier one than the lady I never set eyes on—and the gent he was a fine 'ansum feller. But she was a reg'lar bewty, quite tip-top. 'Twarn't her dress, vish it warn't by no manner of means remarkable, but the way she had with her. She didn't say much, but her werds was like double-instilled honey; so young, too, she was—a long ways under twenty I'll be bound; p'raps not more than seventeen and a half, or eighteen at most. Well, sir, out to Fullem I driv, waitin' outside in the shade with my keb while the parson was a makin' one on 'em, and wen the cerrymony was over, sharp was the word, and beck agin I brings 'em into Park-lane, and becos I'd done it quick, and to the gent's satisfaction, he gives me half a suvrin' exten. "Now go," says he, "and wait for me at the bottom of Sath-Onldy-street, I shall be there in ten minnits;" and as I turned with the keb, he disappears with the lady round the corner, and I never see nuthen no more on him from that time to this. I waited half an 'our, and then, thinka I, this 'ere's a do, to put me off the sent, tho' he needn't 'ave minded: wen gents behaves 'onnerable they needn't to fear nuthen from me. I *should* 'ave been glad to see him agin tho', for wen I looked into my keb I found the lady had left her pocket-'ankecher behind her. It was more liker a spider's web nor a 'ankecher, with Bristles lace all round the hedges, and sumthen or other imbrorder'd in the corner. I've got it 'ere in my 'att, if you'd like to see it, sir: it's kep my add nice and cool."

"So saying, the fellow lifted his hat and took out the handkerchief, as damp as a wet pancake, and put it into my hand. I shook it open, and looking at one of the corners, I saw the letters——"

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Lord Cackle and Captain Fipley both together, "Lady Caroline is ill. She is fainting!"

And before the words were well uttered she had fallen from her chair—pale as a lily.

Great was the commotion, not only in Lady Dancette's box, but in all the adjoining ones. Cackle and Fipley, like mad lovers—as they were—rushed to the saloon for restoratives, returning in a moment, one with a glass of jelly, which he had hastily snatched from the counter, the other

with a sponge-cake and an empty tumbler. Lady Dancette was armed with smelling-salts, and these proved more serviceable than the lovers' appliances, but it was several minutes before Lady Caroline revived; when she did so, she complained, in a feeble voice, of being so very ill, that the whole party hurried out of the box, and supporting her down stairs as well as they were able, the carriage was hastily called up, and the earl and countess and their daughter were driven rapidly home to Grosvenor-square.

The "scandal in high life" soon circulated far and near. Before the rest of the opera, which was not listened to, was over, everybody begun guessing—very wide of the mark, as most knowing people generally are. Mr. Scatterjoke, however, refused to repeat the story any more, for knowing himself what the initials on the handkerchief were—which no one else did—and coupling with that knowledge the fact of Lady Caroline Caper's sudden illness, and her previous anxiety to interrupt him, he came to the only right conclusion; but being too much of a gentleman to get a lady into a scrape, he protested that the whole affair was a thing of his own invention.

The fashionable world, however, would not be balked. High or low, there is nothing people like so much as a victim, and when that victim is young and beautiful, their satisfaction is only a thousand times greater. It was "her duty," said every mother who had—or had not—a daughter, to "unmask hypocrisy," and "assist in punishing disobedience;" and one noble lady carried her sense of principle so far as to drive about London for five days in the hope of discovering the cabman who drove "the guilty pair" to Fulham. Fortunately her carriage was overturned in Shoreditch on the sixth day, and her ladyship was so terribly bruised that she kept her bed for a whole fortnight afterwards.

It is a pity that something worse did not befall Lord Mooncalf, for when the story of "the abduction" reached his ears, he began "to put this and that together," as the old idiot said to a knot of his cronies at Boodle's, and across his hazy perceptions there floated the image of Lady Caroline Caper, who, he remembered at last, was "the pretty girl he saw in the cab at Albert-gate." Like a friend, therefore, he went to communicate his suspicions to Lord Dancette; but when he reached Grosvenor-square he found the house shut up, and "all the family," said Mr. Walrus, the hall-porter, "packed up and gone to Italy, Rome, and Naples."

Mr. Walrus must have been wrong as to their immediate destination, for it was only last week that, being at Carlsbad, I saw in the "Fremdenbuch" at the "Paradies," amongst the names of the visitors, those of "the Earl and Countess of Dancette and Mr. and Lady Caroline Maplehurst."

I conclude from this fact that an *éclaircissement* took place without the assistance of Lord Mooncalf, and that Lord and Lady Dancette were wise enough to reconcile themselves to what they could not help.

I was told, however, by the "Ober-Herr-Director" at the Sprudel, that the quantity of that saline spring swallowed by the "Edelgeborner—Englischer—Graf," and the "Gnädige-Frau," his countess, was something imposing; or, to use his own words, "Ganz und gar ungeheuer,"—and what stress he laid upon the last word any one may imagine who has heard a German in a state of astonishment.

So that it seems the Earl and Countess of Dancette required a great deal of cooling.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND MADEMOISELLE RACHEL.*

DR. VÉRON continues his revelations of persons and things in a fourth volume with the same amusing racy spirit as at first. This latest contribution to the personalities of our own times carries us to the monarchy of July; lays bare the personal eccentricities of the Citizen King; deals rather lengthily with M. de Montalivet; is more sketchy when treating of the fine arts under the same monarchy; surpasses itself on the theme of Rachel, and assumes the genuine doctoral and dictatorial tone when treating of the *Constitutionnel* and its dignified editor.

With such an *embarras de richesses* to deal with, it is impossible to do more than select a few characteristic bits. Speaking of that restless political agitator, Duvergier de Hauranne—the deputy who first organised the banquets which became the signal of the revolution of 1848—he says: “Wanting the oratorical talent which raised his friends to the ministry, he became a mere horse-fly, persecuting his friends, whether ministers, secretaries of state, directors, or even clerks, with his restlessness. He even rendered the life of the ushers intolerable.”

He is the man who is constantly getting up your stairs; he pulls your bells till they get out of order, he wears your carpets, he sticks himself by the side of your pillow, he thrusts his feet in your slippers. If you are at work, and some one comes in without having himself announced, it is he! You are just about to start for the Chambers, or for a council of ministers: there he is again! You have that moment sat down to dinner: he arrives. You are about to go to bed: he makes his appearance. When you wake up he is still there!

Some deputy asks a favour. “Do not grant it,” says M. Duvergier de Hauranne; “he is suspected—a moderate.”

A public functionary solicits advancement. “Refuse,” says M. de H.; “he is the friend of an elector who votes on the wrong side.”

“Why do you invite Monsieur So-and-so to dinner?” he inquires of you; “he laughed the whole time you were addressing the house.”

When M. D. de Hauranne is leading the Opposition, he runs about:

“Be early to-morrow morning at the committee,” he says to one. “Lead and excite interruptions if M. Guizot speaks,” he says to another. “Get up some witty remarks against the law under discussion,” he says to M. Thiers; “and do not spare epigrams against those who support it. Monsieur Thiers, do promise me especially to be amiable and expansive with the *Left*; be social with the republicans! As to me, I will take charge of the personal attacks and discussions in our papers.”

Again, of another well-known opposition member of Louis Philippe's Chambers, M. de Rémusat:

Amiable revolutionist, ever young, smiling, and obliging, De Rémusat is rather a great literary name than that of a distinguished politician or statesman. He is especially a man of distinction in saloons and in academies; always ready to be enthusiastic in the cause of that which is worthy, that which is noble; redolent of those sweet and charming things which the French wit and the taste of our fathers bequeathed us, considering it proper and useful that governments that infringed, no matter in how small an amount, upon free discussion, should be duly lectured; willingly neglecting all the great interests

* *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, par le Docteur L. Véron. Tome Quatrième.

of the country, merely that his abstract theories might triumph, yet never mixing himself up with the crowd of common agitators and banqueters; in one word, playing the part of a deputy only in an ingenuous and polite language, with honesty and white gloves!

The antithesis is worthy of Bilhoquet. It reminds us of a story told of Louis XVIII., who never wore gloves, whilst the Duke of Orleans (afterwards Louis Philippe) was never without his hands being covered. The two were one day closeted, discussing the manner in which the young princes of the Orleans family should be educated. Louis was for private tutors, the duke for public universities; and as the discussion grew warm, the king pulling the duke's gloves by the tips, succeeded in drawing them off and placing them on the table, whereupon the duke put them on again without interrupting the conversation, while the king set himself to work just as steadily to remove them. The *ancien régime* did not wear gloves in-doors, the fashion was introduced from England. Talking of the princes of the Orleans family, we are told that the Duke d'Aumale is engaged upon a history of the Condés, whose curious and important archives he inherited.

Louis Philippe and his son, the young Duke of Orleans, appear, from specimens of their correspondence given by Dr. Véron, to have been fond of introducing a few words of English, just as many English affect to interlard their correspondence and conversation with French. Some of these little sentences are characteristic specimens of the Anglo-French language. We have, for example, Louis Philippe writing, *à propos* of the Spanish marriages, "*If so, then tel it be so*." And in the same letter we have "*pugnant with evil*." We do not select these; they are the only two. The young Duke of Orleans is made to write "*tout le monde est very good spirits*." Most likely the mistakes are Dr. Véron's.

Louis Philippe, we are told by the same authority, never read a French newspaper. The political appreciation by the English papers of his government alone excited his curiosity, and often aroused his indignation. "What would it be," said one of his ministers to him one day, "if you were to read the French papers?"

The Citizen King appears to have been very absent at times. M. Martin du Nord was presenting one day, at Eu, a batch of justices and solicitor-generals who had been recently appointed, and came to be sworn in. Among them was M. de Montfort, first-cousin to M. Laplagne, minister of finances, who had been appointed solicitor-general at Nîmes. On advancing towards the king—"Well," inquired Louis Philippe, "how is the cold?"

M. de Montfort, astonished at the interest taken by the king in his health, answered that it was nothing. "Eh! eh!" said the king, "I was frightened it might degenerate into whooping-cough." Louis Philippe thought that he was speaking to Blache, the medical attendant on the princes, and was anxious about a slight cold which the Count de Paris was labouring under. Louis Philippe used often to repeat the words of Henry IV.: "Justice will be done to me only after my death."

Dr. Véron writes in a spirit of just appreciation of the relations of the *Bourgeoisie* with a first Bourgeois king:

"In our opinion the *Bourgeoisie* is, in politics, far too restless, too capricious an element, and too easily intimidated or duped, for any government to find

in is an intelligible, a durable, or a firm support. The bourgeois of Paris is, in the nineteenth century, just what he has always been: it is always the same Gallic, penetrating, bantering mind; quick in detecting errors, and ever ready to blame the faults or the follies of princes. The mind of the bourgeois of Paris is upon this point endowed with singular intuition; he foresees, he predicts, and he seldom deceives himself.

In my childhood, in the midst of the gossip—not of saloons, but of the counter—I often heard it said at my father's, that Josephine was a providence, a protecting fairy to Napoleon, and as often was it prophesied that the divorce with Josephine would soon be the signal and the cause of incessant adversities.

During my youth, under the Restoration, the observing, judicious mind of the bourgeois of Paris, discerned with just appreciation the qualities of Louis XVIII., his common sense, and his prudence, and affirmed, without fear, that there could be no revolution under his rule; but it was at the same time predicted openly many years before 1830, that the chivalrous, adventurous, distrustful, passionate character of Charles X., if he succeeded to the throne, would most assuredly make him lose his crown.

Neither did the bourgeois of Paris deceive himself, when he saw in the Princess Adelaide a courageous and skilful counsellor for Louis Philippe. By a combination of circumstances almost unexampled, her brother became an exile two months after her death.

It is that everything is known, everything is repeated in Paris; curiosity is there especially directed to the private life of princes. Their tastes, their inclinations, even their most familiar habits are studied and spied into. Upon these data the bourgeois of Paris composes, draws, lays down all the outlines, all the sinuosities, all the prominent features of the characters of those who are called upon to reign, and practical moralist as he is, he concludes from these studies to what follies, and to what faults, those whom their birth or their situation arms with supreme power, will allow themselves to be carried away.

The bourgeois of Paris is less clear-sighted in respect to his own defects, he closes his eyes to his own evil inclinations, his capriciousness, his puerile vanity, his unreasonable exactions, as well as to all his other weaknesses.

The bourgeois of Paris, in his limited power, gives himself up to follies which become the pretext and the occasion of revolutionary days; he cries, half in fun, *Vive la Charte!* he shouts, still laughing, *Vive la Réforme!* And next day he is surprised that, answering to his call, the populace, whose brutal hand breaks everything that it touches when it is aroused, is ready to upset all things, overthrow throne, government, and society, in the brief space of three days. Then the bourgeois of Paris becomes anxious, begins to despair, and swears at each successive revolution that he will never be caught again.

From the time of the Fronde, the bourgeois of Paris has only been the victim or the dupe of deep rascality, or of skilful ambition. Sometimes the bourgeois of Paris has allowed the *camisole de force* to be put on him, as in the days of *la Terreur*, by a Robespierre or by a Marat; sometimes he has allowed himself to be duped as by a Cardinal de Retz or a Thiers. He allowed himself to be persuaded, under the Restoration, that all his liberties were to be taken from him.

And he began to shout *Vive la Charte!* Under Louis Philippe, he allowed himself to be persuaded that he was living under a tyrant, and then he cried *Vive la Réforme!* Louis Philippe believed that his policy was repudiated, and his crown lost, when passing, the morning of the 24th of February, amid the ranks of the national guard, he no longer found in the bourgeois of Paris in uniform, gun on his shoulder, sword by his side, that enthusiasm, that devotion, which had for eighteen years upheld him on the throne. Yet power was with Louis Philippe especially modest and bourgeois. He honoured and esteemed before all things family ties; he wore a round hat, and carried an umbrella; he occupied the least possible space; he took the least assuming, the least offensive title. The king called himself King of the French; the power called itself Liberty, Public Order.

Tallemant des Réaux relates that a Spaniard, seeing the King Louis XIII. take off his hat to several persons who were in the court of the Louvre, said to the Archbishop of Rouen, who was by his side: "What! does your king take off his hat to his subjects?" "Yes," replied the archbishop, "he is very civil." "Oh! the king, my master, knows much better how to keep his place: he only takes off his hat to the consecrated host, and that very much against his will."

What would this Spaniard have said had he seen King Louis Philippe taking off his hat, shaking hands with the people, and singing *la Marseillaise*. Such condescensions availed him, with so capricious a nation, as little as the *bonhomie* of Louis XVI., or the chivalry of Charles X., availed his predecessors.

M. Casimir Périer said, upon the occasion of General Lobau superseding La Fayette as commandant of the national guard: "Since we have a king citizen, we do not want a citizen king."

A characteristic anecdote is told of this General Lobau. The Count de Montalivet went at two o'clock in the morning to the general who was in bed.

"General," said the count, "La Fayette has given in his resignation; will you accept the command of the national guard of Paris?"

"On no account."

"But we expect an insurrection to-morrow."

"Then I accept; but let me sleep now!"

And now for the heroine of the fourth volume—Rachel.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more affected or fatuous than the manner in which the first appearance of this renowned actress is related. The idea of seeking for shade and solitude in a public theatre is essentially *bodand*—thoroughly Parisian—the apology for condescending to look towards the boards is purely Veronic. But the sight of this clever and accomplished young actress awakened what he calls "confused memories" in the mind of this know-all and everything of the capital of the civilised world. "By dint of interrogating my memory," he tells us, "I realised the semblance of that singular physiognomy playing the part of *la Vendéenne* at the Théâtre du Gymnase; I remembered, also, a young girl, poorly dressed, coarsely shod, who, when questioned in my presence, in the corridors of the theatre, as to what she was doing, replied to my great astonishment, in the most serious manner possible, '*Je poursuis mes études*.' I detected in Mademoiselle Rachel this singular physiognomy of the Gymnase, and that young girl so poorly dressed who was pursuing her studies."

There is a singular want of generosity in this reminiscence of Rachel's early days. The reputation of one whom he professes to admire so much, and to love so warmly, ought to have been dear to the publicist as the apple of his eye. But it is a trifle to the revelations which follow:

Deeply are those to be pitied who in the arts do not know how either to detest or to admire: pictures, statues, monuments, singers, or players, I detest and admire. The young Rachel astonished me; her talent roused all my passions. I hastened away to my friend Merle, whose tastes and literary impulses were like my own, to induce him to attend the early performances of her whom I already called my little prodigy. "That child," I said to him, "when the twelve or fifteen hundred select, who constitute public opinion in Paris, shall

have heard her and judged her, will be the glory and fortune of the Comédie Française."

This was the very year that Dr. Véron had left the Opera, and his active mind had nothing to busy itself with for the moment but the success of the young tragedian. According to his own account of the new monomania, it led him, before asking his friends how they were when he met them, to say, "Have you seen her in 'Horace,' or in 'Andromaque?' Many whom I thus addressed did not know whom I was speaking about. This used to put me in a passion. I reproached them for their ignorance, and was not even sparing of abuse. The pleasures and the joys of my summer of 1838 were," he adds, "afterwards insured; my emotions as an *habitué* of the Théâtre Français would more than compensate me for the pleasures of the fields, the incidents and surprises of travel!"

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm, carried even to the abuse of those who were unacquainted with its object, Dr. Véron mournfully complains that June, and after it July, went by without many converts being made. It was in vain that Rachel played *Camille*, *Emilia*, *Hermione*, "the apostles of this new religion, of this new divinity, preached in a desert." But in the month of August, notwithstanding the canicular heats, the *débuts* of Mademoiselle Rachel in the same parts were better attended. "When the theatre began to fill, I used to wipe my brow, and, turning round with a gaze of self-satisfaction, I used to say to myself, 'Mademoiselle Rachel and I will triumph yet over the public. Here at least are some people who possess common sense.'"

At length, in the month of October, the young tragedian played nine times; the poorest receipt (*Monnaie* in "Mithridate") was 3669 francs 90 centimes. The receipts exceeded 6000 francs when she played *Hermione*; "it was a complete victory, an astounding triumph." "Racine and Corneille," says the enthusiastic publicist, "were revived among us as in the great age of Louis XIV.; a passionate popularity encompassed the young tragedian and the old tragedy."

It is to be hoped that Rachel is duly sensible of her obligations to Dr. Véron. He it was who first discovered her genius; he it was who first proclaimed it to his friend Merle and to the world at large; and he it was who chivalrously supported her *débuts* amidst canicular heats, and at the sacrifice of the fields and incidents of travel. It appears that all were not so clear-sighted as Dr. Véron:

When still very young, Mademoiselle Rachel, already on the lists of the Conservatoire, solicited private lessons from an artist, justly esteemed, and of known ability—M. Provost, secretary to the Comédie Française. At the sight of this poor girl, frail and delicate, he said, "Child, go and sell flowers." Young *Hermione* took her revenge in after times for this contemptuous estimate of her resources made by an artist and bad prophet. The theatre was crowded, all the boxes were filled with fashionable people. Mademoiselle Rachel was playing *Hermione*. Enthusiastically applauded, called back with frenzy, she hastened, while the curtain was down, to fill her Greek tunic with the flowers that had been thrown on the stage; thus loaded, she went up to the man who had counselled her to sell flowers, and kneeling with the most enchanting coquetry, "I have followed your advice, M. Provost," she said; "I sell flowers. Will you buy some of me?" The learned professor raised the young artist with a smile, and expressed his satisfaction at having been so completely deceived.

The reputation of Mademoiselle Rachel soon extended from the arena

of competent judges, and from the "fine flower" of the aristocracy to the mass of the public. Rachel in her earlier days added a success of youth and attractive beauty to her naturally great abilities.

Nothing was spoken of, both in great and small publications, but of the luminous and charming star, casting its flood of light over the grey and cold heaven of tragedy, and of the Théâtre Français. Merle, and J. Janin, by their enthusiastic praise, gave titles of nobility to this young actress. Every one tried more than another to envelop the young artist with the most romantic interest, by relating her miseries and her sufferings during her wandering life as a child. The arts vied in illustrations of this favourite of the tragic muse; nothing was seen but Rachels in lithography, in painting, and in statuettes.

Great names and large fortunes take a pleasure in playing the part of Meccenas to rising talent. It became a matter of fashion and luxury to have the "savage *Hermione*" at every *soirée*. She soon reckoned among her friends, loading her with kindnesses and presents, the greatest persons of Spain, at that time in Paris: the Duchess of Berwick and of Alba, the beautiful Marchioness of Alcanicès, the Princess d'Anglona, the Countess of Toreno and her sister Mademoiselle Incarnacion, M. de Roca de Togares, now Marquis de Mólins, the Marquis de Los Llanos, &c. The family of Noailles received her in the morning. The Duke of Noailles became her assiduous adviser; he often passed whole evenings with her alone in literary conversation and paternal intimacies.

The Countess Duchâtel was as passionately fond of the seductive child of Melpomene, as her grandfather had been before her of Mademoiselle Duchesnois; she was never happy but when Mademoiselle Rachel was seated at her table or in her saloons. Count Duchâtel, minister of state, gave her a "coquettish library" of French classics and works of morality.

The *réunions* and literary parties of Madame Récamier at the Abbaye-aux-Bois were not complete without Mademoiselle Rachel; she managed to please and to charm even by the side of that distinguished lady, who, without fortune, having no longer the graces of youth, still knew how to preserve the friendship of the illustrious, and gathered together in a room in a convent the most polished society of the day to converse upon literary topics, or to listen to a chapter of the "*Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*," written the previous evening. The young actress astonished and charmed the little literary church of the Abbey in the Wood, "by her air of chastity and mystical purity."

On the occasion of one of these literary mornings, which were often renewed at l'Abbaye-aux-Bois, Mademoiselle Rachel had been requested by Madame Récamier to repeat before M. de Châteaubriand a few scenes from the part of *Pauline*, in "*Polyeucte*:"

Mon épouse, en mourant, m'a laissé ses lumières;
Son sang, dont tes bourreaux viennent de me couvrir,
M'a désillé les yeux, et me les vient d'ouvrir:
Je vois, je sais, je crois !

The scene was at this moment interrupted by an unexpected visit; the Archbishop of ——— was announced.

"Monseigneur," said Madame Récamier, a little embarrassed, "allow me to present Mademoiselle Rachel to you; she was kind enough to repeat before us a scene from '*Polyeucte*.'"

"I should be grieved beyond description," replied the august prelate, "to

interrupt the fine verses of Corneille." But from scruples full of delicacy Mademoiselle Rachel declined to continue the part of *Famille* before the archbishop. She would not exclaim as if she was converted to Christianity—"Je vois, je sais, je crois!" and thus lie in the presence of a minister of the Catholic Church.

"If monseigneur will permit me," she said, in a most respectful and graceful manner, "I will recite some verses from 'Esther.'" She thus remained, thanks to the work penned by Racine for the demoiselles de Saint Cyr, faithful to the Jewish religion.

When Mademoiselle Rachel had concluded, the archbishop praised her highly. "We priests of the Lord," he said, "have not often the pleasure of coming near great artists. I shall, however, have twice had that good luck in my lifetime. At Florence I heard Madame Malibran at a private party, and I shall now owe to Madame Récamier the pleasure of having heard Mademoiselle Rachel. In order to utter as she does such noble verses, she must feel all the sentiments that they express."

Mademoiselle Rachel made a most charming obeisance, and answered, her eyes lowered, but with firmness, "Monseigneur, je crois!"

The young tragedian exhibited in this unanticipated position wit and taste enough to enchant an archbishop.

It would never have done for Dr. Véron not to number himself among the Mecenas of the fashionable world, "the fine flowers of aristocracy," and entertain the rising genius *fêted* by the noble and the rich.

In the month of October, 1838, he relates—"I occupied *une vaste rez-de-chaussée*, with a garden in the rue Taibout. My friends persuaded me to give a ball to my old *pensionnaires* of the opera. Mesdames Taglioni, Falcon, Elsler, and Dumilâtre were there, with Mesdemoiselles Mars, Rose Dupuis, and Dupont, at this festival of artists. One of my literary friends, a frequenter of the *coulisses* at the Théâtre Français, had undertaken to invite in my name Mademoiselle Rachel, M. Samson, her tutor, and Madame Félix, her mother. The young tragedian, who, to believe her, put her foot for the first time *dans un salon*, excited the most sympathising surprise at her entrance. She was dressed in white, without a flower or a trinket. In the world and the intimacy of society the tragic mask of Mademoiselle Rachel is replaced by the most graceful and smiling physiognomy. 'Hermione' was wonderful in tact, in talent, and in manner. 'Hermione' did not dance."

That society, Dr. Véron remarks, which afterwards exaggerated the weaknesses of the woman, and accused her of unpardonable errors, would only see in her, in the morning of her celebrity, virtues, a pure heart, a heart incapable of evil thoughts, or of those strong passions which she knew, they used to say, so well how to depict, without herself feeling them.

When still very young, Mademoiselle Rachel became a pupil in music at the school of Choron. Her intelligence caused her to be distinguished by her master. "What is your name, my little dear?" inquired of her one day Choron, whose school for religious music was subsidised by the state under the Restoration. "Elizabeth Rachel," was the answer. "That name of Rachel won't do for our exercises of Christian piety. You must call yourself Eliza." The tragedian that was to be, had already a *contralto* voice. "You will only find parts for your voice, my dear child, in the Italian Opera," added Choron. She soon gave up the study of music. A retired actor of the Théâtre Français, who had never made himself a reputation, M. Saint-Aulaire, kept a school for elocution, and he adopted Mademoiselle Rachel as a pupil, also when still almost a child. He used to call her *ma petite diablesse*.

As a mere child also, Rachel used to take parts in private theatricals, of all kinds—male and female—in comedy or tragedy. Dr. Véron says he is not sure if she was not much run after as a mere girl at the Théâtre Molière, under the name of “the little Eliza.” M. Poirson, who gave “*La Vendéenne*” at the Gymnase for her *début*, said, in his turn: “This name of Eliza won’t do for a play-bill. Have you no other name?” “My name is Elizabeth Rachel.” “Ah! that will do: Rachel! that is a name one remembers, and that does not belong to every one. For the future you will call yourself Rachel.” The choice of a name is more important than is generally imagined for success on the stage. Poirson recommended her to enter upon a serious course of study, and predicted great success for her in tragedy. The young artist then placed herself under the exclusive direction of M. Samson, professor at the Conservatoire. M. Véron remarks upon this, that no doubt the teaching of M. Samson must have been eminently useful to the young tragedian, but certain it is also that only one Rachel came forth from the well-attended classes of the distinguished professor. While it is certain that Mademoiselle Rachel studied her parts assiduously, still M. Véron justly insists that her successes have depended more upon natural gifts than upon study of her art.

Nature (he says) has endowed Mademoiselle Rachel with all the gifts necessary for excellence. Her voice has both volume and power; it is susceptible of a variety of inflexions; she knows how to express fury without shrieking or squeaking. There is no vicious pronunciation; her lips and mouth are beautifully adapted for a correct and perfect articulation. There exists an harmonious distance between the tip of the ear, which is well curved and small, and the curve of the shoulder; all the movements of the head derive dignity and elegance from this. In stature she is above the mean, supple and thin. Since her *débuts* and her improved means, Mademoiselle Rachel has, however, gained flesh. Her feet and hands are delicately attached to her body; her step is noble and proud. Her breast alone is narrow and poor. See Mademoiselle Rachel in the midst of other young ladies, even of high birth, and she is at once to be distinguished by the natural dignity and mobility of her manners: *successu patuit dea*. It would be impossible for her to make a movement, to take a place, or assume an attitude that is awkward or unbecoming. She dresses with a marvellous art, and on the stage, she shows that she has made an intelligent study of antique statuary.

Her tragic physiognomy is capable of expressing despair, pride, irony, and disdain—disdain, that arm of as powerful effect in theatrical as it is in oratorical art.

We do not write in the language of a mere courtier or flatterer. We disown with equity a distinguished talent. On that account we must add our conviction, that Mademoiselle Rachel makes up for a great quality in which she is deficient, by her art, her skill, and her charms. A greater amount of sensibility might justly be demanded from her in some of her parts; she gives life to every word, every gesture, every look in the expression of violent passions, but her heart little knows how to depict and express tenderness or love. The great talent of the artist often fails when she has to paint the grief of the heart. In her tragic play the afflictions of the mind become the expression of physical pain, and she jerks her utterance, agitates herself, and throws herself convulsively about. Thus it is she represents antique grief and pagan sorrows. That which comes from the heart is spoken with more depth, greater simplicity; the voice alone is the passionate and sympathetic interpreter of the joys and the tortures of the soul. It is not without reason that it has been said of more than one great tragedian: “She has tears in her voice.” Champmeslé, Adrienne Lecouvreur,

Duchessmoir, possessed sensibility, and it was especially by the electric action of that sensibility on the public that they aroused their passions while they softened their feelings. Mademoiselle Rachel astonishes, charms, moves her auditors by a diction which is neither wanting in just intonations nor in grandeur. She creates in her studied recitals notes of a sympathising sensibility, of a deep and intimate emotion. But she stops half-way. After having carried away, and, as it were, transfixed, her audience, she leaves it without illusions, if not cold, at all events with a mind at once calm and serene. Her talent takes hold of the intelligence without winning the heart; it does not penetrate so far as that!

Dr. Véron remarks, after this long psychological and physiological analysis of the greatest tragedian of the day, that had Talma lived in her time she would have profited much by him. A literary man as well as an artist, he used to give useful lessons to every one. Mademoiselle Rachel, on the contrary, "charmingly and cleverly ignorant," as she herself avows, receives advice from every one, but it is true that she knows how to appreciate it at its just value with a rare discretion.

A proof of the great power or the profound policy of the artist is also to be found in the fact of her reputation having upheld itself for so many years without a check, with the resources of so slender a tragical repertory. Modern poets have only contributed two parts for Mademoiselle Rachel that have stood the test of time: that of *Virginie*, in the play of the same name, by M. Latour Saint Ybars, and that of *Cleopâtre*, in the play written by Madame Emile de Girardin. Casimir Delavigne and Victor Hugo have never written anything for Mademoiselle Rachel. "I expressed my surprise one day at this circumstance. 'They do not know,' she said, 'how to write a part for a woman.'"

Dr. Véron is astonished that the health of this frail young girl should have been able to hold up against so many fatigues, so many emotions, and such long and rough travel. Accompanied by a nomadic troop, kept at her own expense, the great tragedian has made the genius of Racine and of Corneille familiar to the English, the Germans, and the Russians. In France she has astonished all the great provincial theatres, and even those of small towns, with her poetry and her art.

Starting on the 26th of May, 1849, for one of these long artistic journeys, Mademoiselle Rachel wrote as follows to Dr. Véron:

"I am much grieved at not being able to see you and bid you farewell; a rehearsal of 'Iphigénie' this morning at eleven o'clock claims my attendance at the theatre."

Here follows a list of thirty-five towns and seventy-four performances, with intervals of one day's rest only once a week, and sometimes less. This list terminates thus:

"What a journey!

"What fatigue!!

"But what a dowry!!!!

"Good-by, dear friend; do not forget me during these three months. I love you with all my heart, and subscribe myself the most devoted of your friends.—RACHEL."

The expressions of friendship contained in this letter, Dr. Véron hastens to explain, arise from the good understanding which springs up so quickly between artists of great talent and public papers of a high standing. "I was in 1849 one of the proprietors of the *Constitutionnel*."

During these long and fatiguing excursions, Mademoiselle Rachel used to sleep as she travelled, upon a bed disposed for that purpose in her carriage. "I one day," writes Dr. Véron, "expressed my astonishment how her health could resist so much fatigue." "These journeys," she said to me, "on the contrary, do me a great deal of good; the movement and the agitation that accompany them drive away unpleasant feelings and bad thoughts, as they also quell all evil inclinations!"

Jules Janin wrote of Rachel that "she is a problem, an enigma, an excess in all things; there is not a reproach or there is not a praise that she does not deserve; excessive in all things, in bad as in good, in inspiration, *en terre-à-terre*, slave and queen, ambitious and resigned, eloquent, brilliant, inspired or languishing, inanimate, overwhelmed—a statue! a spectre! a force! a shadow!"

Dr. Véron remarks, that in society, the young artist, with the most natural manners in the world, still showed herself to be a great lady, and gave proof of all those mental qualities which must readily subjugate men even of a superior order. Like *Célimène*, her policy was to please all. Her graceful attentions, her amiable coquetry, recognised no shades of position, fortune, or importance. If some despised unknown hid himself through timidity or modesty in the corner of a room, the tragic *Célimène* would be all attentions and attractions to that very person. With Rachel a great deal of art and ready wit were also hidden beneath an affected *naïveté* and simplicity.

Count Molé said to her one day, with the graceful kindness of a great lord which is familiar to him, "You have, madame, saved the French language." Mademoiselle Rachel answered with a most respectful bow; and turning towards Dr. Véron, she said, "That is very lucky, since I never learnt it."

Strong in the philosophy which more particularly springs from great contrasts in fortune and position in life, Rachel was never carried away by pride or vainglory. She was never happier nor more charming than in her own family, or at supper with a few friends, just after she had been overwhelmed with applause, flowers, and crowns.

Returning one night from Windsor, where she had recited some verses before the Queen of England, still stupefied by all the praise bestowed upon her, and the attention paid to her by the Court, she exclaimed, on returning to her home, throwing herself at the same time into an arm-chair, in the midst of a company composed of her mother, her sister, and a few friends of the house: "Ah! my dear friends, *que j'ai besoin de m'encanailler!*" "The loftiest minds," Dr. Véron remarks upon this, "soon come to the end of mundane honours; all feel sooner or later that liberty and *sans-gêne* are the best things here below, and that, to speak the language of our fathers, there is nothing so good as to live *à ventre déboutonné*."

A young *Bohémienne*, suddenly transformed into a great lady, certainly presents a curious picture to contemplate. Nothing more capricious or more changeable than a mind moved by every passing wind. One moment we have folly, another wisdom; one moment sorrow, another the joy of life—wild laughter and tears.

Rachel only lives for the theatre. As to retiring, she will never do so—as long as she can help it. She must live within sight of the

foot-lights, she must have fine verses to repeat, violent passions to depict, a minister to seduce, a manager to vex; she could not exist without noise, movement, and applause. When she used to have to perform one of her great parts, which demanded her whole strength, she could not sleep, and would spend the previous night in turning all her furniture upside down, or in roving about Paris clandestinely.

Dr. Véron draws a comparison, more ingenious than sound, between Rachel and Thiers, and he carries it out to the point that both alike are given to intemperance of language.

One day she got into dispute with me. I held out. I heard her muttering between her teeth the word *canaille*! At length we settled the matter. "All that is good and well," I said; "but you have apostrophised me with one of those epithets which no one has ever permitted himself to address to me. You called me *canaille*!" "Well, what of that?" she said, laughingly; "it is only from that moment that you belong to the family."

"The life of Mademoiselle Rachel," Dr. Véron goes on afterwards to say, "has it remained free from those faults, those weaknesses, without which, if we are to believe the history of the theatre, art would be powerless, and the actress incomplete? Adrienne Lecouvreur was twice a mother: it is a new point of resemblance between Adrienne Lecouvreur and Mademoiselle Rachel, between the romantic and agitated existence of these two dramatic illustrations."

"As a daughter, as a sister, and as a mother, Mademoiselle Rachel cherishes in her heart an ardent family love. In this world of comedians and actresses, people quarrel, separate, only to come nearer next time, to embrace and to love more than ever. The wealthy tragedian seals these frequent reconciliations with rich presents and the most magnificent gifts."

"Do not think that Mademoiselle Rachel is a dangerous woman with a wicked heart: she always takes as much pleasure in repairing mischief as she sometimes takes a malignant pleasure in committing the same. Yet be mistrustful, do not let your heart be inflamed by that sudden explosion of coquetry and feeling with which the tragedian delights sometimes by caprice to astound her friends: she will forget in the morning her seductive manner, her enticing words of the evening before, and will even laugh at the passion which it pleased her to inspire!" Alas, poor Bilboquet! we fear that this clever bit of scandal is founded on a scene in real life—actor, the ex-director of the Opera—actress, Mademoiselle Rachel.

The last chapter of Dr. Véron's amusing volume is devoted to his connexion with the *Constitutionnel*. The history of this connexion can be curiously summed up in a few words:

"I paid to M. de Saint-Albin 270,000 francs in order to have the honour of being a shareholder, an administrator, and a responsible editor of the *Constitutionnel*, and to confer upon myself the inestimable privilege of listening to M. Thiers talk politics, at the time of his toilette, *à pendaison qu'il faisait sa barbe*. It was rather dear."

What a revelation!

A TRAGEDY BY ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S COUNSEL.*

MR. HENRY BLISS, one of Her Majesty's Counsel, has perpetrated a tragedy. It is called "Robespierre." In it the Sea-green Incorruptible, as Carlyle dubs him, appears almost as much sinned against as sinning. He was not over-endowed with feelings; yet even *his* feelings would have been hurt by the sort of figure he cuts in these five acts and forty-one scenes. In one sense, by the perpetration of this tragedy Mr. Bliss has proved himself a greater offender than even Robespierre: Robespierre's forte was crime; but One of Her Majesty's Counsel has here gone a step further, for his tragedy is worse than a crime, 'tis a blunder.

To this, peradventure, he will demur. His Preface, if it does not exactly warn off the critics, as good as sets them at nought, though in the best of good-humour. He is prepared for the worst. He anticipates the possibility of having no reader but his friend Mr. Moile, and no purchaser but the trunk-maker. He owns, indeed, his desire to "contribute to the amusement of others," as an incentive to the production of this "Robespierre: a Tragedy;" and although "amusement" is not usually the scope and aim of writers of tragedy, in *this* instance there is every reason to prognosticate success: few may read "Robespierre," but all of the few will be "amused." On the other hand, supposing him to have failed in his appeal to a discriminating public, he falls back on the conviction that "abundant consolation may be found in the pleasure of the effort, and, let us hope, sufficient justification in the innocence of the motive."

Mr. Moile, it seems, had written a tragedy, "Philip the Second," in rhyming couplets, and Mr. Bliss is fired to imitate both the fact and the style of his learned friend's composition. He feels, nevertheless, that tragedies in rhyming couplets are not the order of the day; and facetiously says in his dedication, "I am sadly afraid you and I are the only individual (that being one of the few English words that have a *dual*† termination) to whom the fitness of such verse for such subjects is apparent." Mr. Moile, we suspect, is not over well pleased either with his disciple's tragedy, or his own implication in it. *Nolens volens* he finds himself mixed up with the transaction—or rather *nolens* only. His answer to Mr. Bliss's prefatory letter is inserted at the close of the volume; and from it we gather that had the Queen's Counsel taken the opinion of the Special Pleader ere he rushed into print, the present catastrophe of five acts and one-and-forty scenes might have been averted. One good piece of advice, however, in this *ex post facto* extremity, Mr. Moile does venture to give to Mr. Bliss—to wit, "Whenever you feel curiosity about the reception of your tragedy, let me advise you neither to inquire of your acquaintance, nor to look into newspapers or magazines." Candid Mr. Moile to give such advice! Heroically candid Mr. Bliss to print and publish it! Happy man be his dole.

* Robespierre: a Tragedy. By Henry Bliss, One of Her Majesty's Counsel. London: Kimpton. 1854.

† After this *singular* joke, let us hope Mr. Bliss does not meditate comedy as well as tragedy. "Robespierre" ought to do for both.

This tragedy has a construction which we will not attempt to construe. To construe some of its single lines has been too much for us. It rarely diverges much from the narratives of the prose chroniclers of the epoch; the chief divergence, perhaps, being that *they* give a less prosy account of the matter. Yet the poet is no groundling, either; he soars pretty high at times, and leaves us in amaze at the altitudes he affects. His imagery is almost as profuse as that of Mr. Alexander Smith, though without much likeness in other respects. Let us cull a dainty similitude here and there—not, indeed, picking and choosing, but taking them indifferently as they come. Saith Barrère to Robespierre—

And perched in mist, as high an eagle sits,
At whose mere hoot the hawk his quarry quits,
You, wrapt in terror, wield its arm supreme.
In vain the Safety seize whom you redeem
You wield that axe, which hangs o'er every brain,
Like Thor's own hammer, and descends like rain.
Convention and Committee spurned as dust,
You haunt the Jacobins—like youth in lust.

This is uncivil. But the disputants make it up, or pretend to do so; Barrère exclaiming as he goes out, in the most cordial manner,

To-morrow, then, tell France, and tell mankind,
Our hearts are hence as axe and helve combined.
Adieu! I fly with olive o'er the flood,
To cheer our colleagues, and pledge peace in blood.

But as soon as he is gone, Robespierre (who, like ourselves, appears dull to the beauty of Barrère's similitudes) is distrustful enough to observe to St. Just—

His olive flies to pilot us to wreck;
and St. Just concurs, by adding,

Their axe and helve seek nothing but our neck!
whereupon his bilious guide, philosopher, and friend remarks—

But his to-morrow shall be ripe and rank,
To chop with half his colleagues o'er the plank.

(A couplet that might, peradventure, "bring down the house," if the house limited its entrance fees to "Boxes threepence," and pit and gallery in proportion. Indeed, Mr. Bliss is great in passages that the gods of the minors—*Di minorum*—would relish; Whitechapel butchers, for instance, and the subs and supers of the slaughter-house; for he has a knack at writing such lines as,

Whence, flash on flash, a *clanking cleaver* swoops;
The neck-stroke echoes, and heads roll as hoops. (p. 4.)

Or, again—

A clink, a cleaver's swoop, a clank, cut, crash—
And death. 'Tis nothing. Severed heads may gnash,
May scowl—A bullock's, galvanized, can more.
An instant spasm—and life and death are o'er.
The gurgling flash, the forehead plunging prone,
The hireling's hiss, the crush of flesh and bone, &c. (p. 8.)

Really quite Homeric—with a difference. This sort of thing would tell amazingly with the “three jolly butcher-boys all in a row.” But again—

Think of it! dream! The *cleaver* climbs aloof.
A clink, a clanking swoop, a cut, crash, chasm,
Flush, gnashing, quivering—and where ends the spasm? (p. 14.)

Where, indeed! The Spasmodic School, this, with a vengeance. But again, list, list, oh list!—

How foams my mouth! How cold my forehead steams!
How shrill my ever tingling ears resound
The cleaver's clanking! (p. 15.)

That cleaver's clanking will be the death of us, as it was of so many thousands in the era of the tragedy, with its running accompaniment of swoop, cut, crash, clink, chasm, flush, flash, gnash, spasm, and gurgle. But once more hark ye, my masters—

Furies that round the scaffold hoot and hymn;
The staggering stairs, the plank, the basket's brim;
The shrinking neck beneath the glittering rafter;
The loosened *swoop, the clank, cut, crash, &c.* (p. 182-3.)

Robespierre the younger is thus pictured, *en route* to the guillotine—

The tyrant's brother, flower of broken stalk,
Borne up by guards, has reached the bloody balk.
The headsman lift him to the mark. They gird,
They bend, push, plant him. Now! clink! flash! &c. (p. 258.)

While Robespierre's own appearance on the same platform is thus pictured—

Foretasting pangs for ever to be wreaked,
He startled at the abyss's brink, and shrieked,
And hailed, agape with horror and surprise,
The unquenchable flame, and worm that never dies. . . .
One hangman holds the head up, by its hairs—
Heavens! how it scowls, it gnashes, and it glares. (p. 261.)

But all this scenery from the shambles is parenthetical: we close the parenthesis, and proceed with our elegant extracts from the Q. C.'s teeming stores of imagery.)

St. Just thus deals with a similitude borrowed from the drought-parched steppes of Asia:

The bare black swamps in death-like silence sleep,
All feet fly far, but reptiles burrow deep.
Till, soon as signs uplift the watery urn,
And dews bid herbs and ruminants return,
The marsh shows fissures—*blisters lift their cowl,*
Blend a long mound, beasts startle from and howl:
It heaves—explodes—as mud volcanoes spout,
And some vast snake, or crocodile, flings out.

Tallien, feeling himself talkatively-disposed, and altogether wolfish, exclaims—

My tongue has edge.
Wound up and loaden, as their axe's wedge.

Who shall say Mr. Bliss is not original in his ideas and expressions?
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The same Tallien takes a dagger under his wrap-mant, intended for Robespierre, and declares—

Through ranks of minions this shall reach his heart :
Shall drive o'er seats of dupes and cravens full,
As bounds through herds a bloodhound for the bull.

Neat and appropriate. Barrère is in positive ecstasies at Tallien's eloquence, and thus applauds him :

What peals sublime can truth and reason roll !
Why, here is music ravishes my soul !
No swan-like cadence, but an eagle's strain,
Whose beak swoops screaming for a bison's brain.

Well may Tallien, under such auspices, demand unlimited freedom of speech :

Let my tongue's torrent have nor stay nor stain,
As Arethuse untainted cleaves the main.

Here is a cluster of likenesses, for which we have to thank St. Just :

The Commonwealth from chaos comes, like earth,
And wails, like man, the moment of his birth ;
And, like the whirlwind's morrow, springs to light
From the storm's besom and the womb of night.

We must try to bear in mind this genesis of the whirlwind's morrow, for meteorological and poetical uses. Here is another striking simile, applied by Robespierre to Tallien :

Shame on the Mountain must as mist condense,
Till the blaze burst, and hurl the villain thence.

Tallien pronounces Robespierre

— Mute as pest, and mystic as a bier ;

and plainly tells him,

— The giant gibbet towers,
With bloody tooth, insatiably on high,
To gnash for prey, deforming earth and sky,
Above all law, all conscience, all control—
The type and image, tyrant, of thy soul.

Tallien is for sending him to plead at the Tribunal, on retributive grounds :

As the brass bull, that bellowed o'er a fire,
To enclose the inventor first, and last the buyer.

In style One of Her Majesty's Counsel is at times eminently terse and concise, or aims at being so, even at the risk of obscurity. Robespierre thus warns the deputies against sophistic and hostile counsellors :

There are, who flatter, is, who tells you truth—
Are, who divide you, is, who would unite.

He declares that

Fouquier for France at any shall impeach
All, who corrupt the People, or alarm.

He asks (and answers),

What's fame? A parrot, fowlers teach by rote
The by-word, time records, for dupes to quote.

The abbreviating process is also tried on single words, as well as sentences and lines; as where Robespierre cries, "Why did I leave my native *vill*?" or where Tallien exclaims, "Come, penetrate that den of *hyens*." Old words, moreover, are used in a somewhat new fashion—as the word *nape*; e.g. in Tallien's vigorous outburst on Robespierre as one guilty

*Of kindling Terror's trump to voice thy breath,
Debauching truth, demoralising death,
And brandishing an axe at every nape.*

And again, D'Anglas, apparently recognising some significant distinction between the two nouns, inquires

Whose neck seemed safer than Desmoulin's *nape*?

Mark the phraseology as well as the modesty of Barrère in the lines—

Pause not to choose a chairman more *condign*.
Since honour's post is danger's, make it mine.

While Robespierre complains—

Me all *insidiate*, all calumniate still;

a *façon de parler* which reminds us of a speech of the first Lord Baltimore, as recorded by Madame d'Arblay: "I have been," said he, "upon a little excoiation to see a ship lanced; and you've no idiom how well it sailed."

Plentiful illustrations might be adduced, too, of Mr. Bliss's fancy for antithesis, and a certain (or uncertain) epigrammatic construction,—as in Robespierre's warning,

Respect this edict! woe the wights that scorn!
'Twill bite and spit them in the ditch asunder,
Loathed for the crime, and laughed at for the blunder.

Or in Tallien's denunciation of him as

A traitor, tyrant, murderer, monster, send—
And, by those lips convulsed their smile beneath,
Coward in heart, and liar in thy teeth.

But the reader is probably, as the reviewer is certainly, weary; as weary as a grammar schoolmaster of inspecting the nonsense verses of his class. For this tragedy *à posteriori* sadly emphasises Mr. Moile's sly *à priori* remark, on receiving, in some consternation, his friend's five acts and forty-one scenes,—“your letter . . . has given me some anxiety, as well on your account as my own. On yours, *for there had existed till now, I thought, no indication that you were, for your sins, visited with poetic aspirations.*” If this sort of tragedy-writing argues foregone sin (or if not, but simply on its own account), the sooner Mr. Bliss cries *Peccavi*! the better.

POLPERRO.

BY FLORENTIA.

Friday, October 30th.—The town of Polperro is in a manner jammed between high cliffs and rocky hills, the houses terraced one above another; the entrance to the small harbour from the sea is extremely narrow, and the rocks on either side are heaped up in ragged piles of every shape, and point upwards in the most fantastic shapes. To the right and left the cliffs continue along the coast as far as the eye can reach; even the shore below the town is so completely iron-bound with huge rocks one can nowhere descend to the water's edge, but look down from a vast height on the blue waves below. The coast is broken into small bays and creeks, into which the sea dashes, beating against the cliffs, and covering the rocks with snowy foam. To the west the land runs out in a lofty headland beyond Fowey, about twelve miles distant, and to the east are dimly discerned the line of hills that mark the entrance to Devonport and Plymouth Harbour. The town of Polperro consists of streets so very narrow they resemble the alleys in a Dutch picture; and one ascends and descends by flights of interminable steps by no means remarkable for cleanliness, when one picks one's way *tant bien que mal* among the *débris* of deceased fish, avoiding a gaunt cod's head to slip away on the tail. I am sure I shall never eat fish any more after seeing the way it is thrown about in these dirty little streets, where I often came upon piles of conger-eels so enormous they more resembled huge marine boa-constrictors than food by which man is to increase and multiply.

The climate is, however, deliciously mild, and here, in the beginning of November, we find the myrtle in full bloom, as well as roses, carnations, and passion-flowers, and I, who came prepared for winter weather, denude myself in my walks something in the fashion of a clown in an amphitheatre of one garment after another, with such power does the sun still pour down his rays. The people appear to be very primitive in their habits; their saddles for the donkeys, made of wood, and exactly the same shape as those on which Joseph and Mary are represented in their flight into Egypt, in the pictures of the old masters, are quite curiosities. The names, too, here are very good; our maid rejoices in the high-sounding title of Phillippa Lewellyn, and as to Tremellion and Trelawny, &c., &c., there are no end of them, nor of saints either, for almost every town bears the name of some sanctity unknown even in the abundant list of the Romish calendar, remnants no doubt of our British or Saxon ancestors, when driven to these uttermost regions by the Norman conquerors. To-day I directed my walk inland beyond the town through the valley extending at the base of the lofty hills which enclose the harbour. Here I followed the course of a dashing bubbling mountain-torrent, flowing over a beautifully pebbled bottom, forming in its course cascades and waterfalls, saluting the ear with that music which ever seems to my imagination the voice of nature uplifted among the ever-

lasting hills. The road wound up the valley through steep, rocky banks, covered with ivy, the hills, or rather downs, rising on either side until I reached an elevated point commanding a view of various other valleys disappearing among the hills in different directions; lonely orchards here and there clothing their sides like little patches of verdure in the wilderness. In so solitary a scene one wondered where the people would come from to gather the fruit. After wandering about for some hours in these lonely lanes, a prey to that melancholy foreboding of future ills that ever possessed me when alone with nature, when I think of these two dear children, and calculate the fearful odds of my ability to conceal them. I retraced my steps, wishing earnestly for the presence of that dear friend whose society alone imparts comfort to my soul under the pressure of cruel and unmerited wrongs. It is in scenes like these, far from the hum of busy life, far from the haunts of men in the presence of the eternal hills rising in silent grandeur to the blue sky, shut in amid the recesses of a rocky valley, where streams flow among dark masses of stone, and silence is unbroken save by the bubbling of water over the rocks, that one's soul feels penetrated by the vanity of the moving world without, where death and change are ever at work; where the tongue of man incessantly silences thought, and life passes away in one confused whirl so different from the majestic silence of such a lonely scene,—the stillness around invites the mind to reflection, and tinges its thoughts with a gentler melancholy. Oh! how I hate the clatter of insensate tongues! How I love the silence of the hills! Nay, how buffoonish speech appears after musing like this! alone, in silent communion with Nature!

Saturday, October 31st.—The morning broke in glorious brilliant sunshine, casting broad floods of light across the blue sea, more like a day in August than at this late season; the pointed rocks, heaped in fantastic shapes at the entrance of the harbour, stood out in dark lines, and the town glistened, and the white houses sparkled in the sun. After breakfast, I sallied out to enjoy this radiant day, and proceeding down the steep flight of steps that lead from our narrow alley to the cliffs on the left side of the bay, I emerged on the terraced walk elevated an immense height above the sea. The coast is, indeed, iron-bound; and, far as the eye can reach, presents a succession of creeks and narrow inlets, into which the sea dashes, covering the rocks with snowy foam; altogether, the scene is wild, romantic, bold, and singularly solitary, unbroken by a sound save the monotonous splash of the waves below. Above, the hill rises perpendicularly, bright with the yellow blossoms of the furze and purple thyme, the rocks jutting out here and there covered with ivy, which grows freely everywhere. Turning my back on the town, I followed the footpath to Talunt, where the descending hills form a small sequestered bay, and the sea-shore is strewn with fine white sand and delicate little shells, through which comes rushing down a mountain stream, clear and pure, bubbling over a pebbly bed of stones of every colour. Beyond, on the hill, rises the church, to which we mounted by a steep ascent between rocky banks, the lane continuing inland for some distance, until we reached Port Looe, where the hills dividing form a valley, opening to the ocean on the right. I walked up hill and down dale until I approached the Vale of Looe;

which I have before attempted to describe—vain effort to paint with the pen so fair a scene. We descended to the town by a steep, shady lane, where the high banks concealed the view until we reached the narrow bridge of fourteen arches, when the splendid scene burst in all its glory on us, lit up by the radiant sunshine.

Being by this time sorely tired, I procured a fly, and snatching a hasty dinner, we started in the afternoon for Liskeard. The first three or four miles the country was bald and bare, until we approached the seat of the Trelawnys, when, leaving their park to the right, we descended gradually into the vale of Trelawny. Oh! what a glorious, what a magnificent valley! Hill after hill came sweeping down in bold lines on either side to meet in the narrow bottom, each and all clothed with oak, tinted with every radiant autumnal hue—save where on a rising mound stood isolated a group of fir-trees, scathed, and old, and time-worn, contrasting their dark green to the brilliant colours around.

The eye wandered in amazement among the succession of down-like hills one above another, and heaped in varied form; one branch of the valley stretching far up to the right, along which the road wound, while another valley burst into view in an opposite direction, the two meeting at the base of a steep hill, down which we crawled with our two wretched cat-like horses (something like the course of a snail down the side of a house). Such a domain is, indeed, beyond all price; and were I a Trelawny, and born among those exquisite woods, how I should love my home! Having now reached the bottom, we began to ascend the opposite side of the hill, and mounted for at least two miles; as we ascended, the splendid scene behind rose up to meet our gaze in all its glory, and I shall never forget the grandeur of those two valleys, the boldness of the outlines, the richness of the woods, the gorgeousness of the colouring!

We proceeded through a fine country, though tame after what we had just left, and soon reached another lofty hill, from whence we descried Liskeard in the distance, standing on very high ground, backed by an elevated range of hills containing the copper mines. The name of Liskeard seemed unaccountably familiar to me, and I discovered why, when I learnt from the driver that the late Charles Butler had been its member; and I could not suppress a smile at the idea of any affinity between that talented exquisite, now, alas! no more, once the most economical of Whig members, and this simple out-of-the-way place at the very *ultima thule* of England. Liskeard is approached on this side through a romantic vale, with richly-wooded hilly banks on either side, through which flows the dashing river Looe, continuing its course to the town of that name. Mounting the hill we reached Liskeard, a most queer, original, in-and-out kind of place, where we had to force our way through a market to the church, an exceedingly elegant structure of some antiquity. The interior was striking, the arches on either side of the nave being formed of a kind of white stone full of spars, which glistened as the last rays of the sun streamed in through the western windows. The organ was playing some simple church music, and as I sat down to rest awhile, the scene was melancholy, and yet sweet, alluring my mind to a chastened sadness,

when I thought of my sad fate and looked at the dear child who then sat on my knee, and shuddered to think how coming years might divide us. The organ always affects me with excessive melancholy; and as I found myself gradually sinking under the influence of sad thoughts, I arose and hastened out of the pretty church to continue our rambles about the town, which is clean and nice, with some handsome residences about it. We returned by a different road home, more to the right, and, descending the hill, passed through another portion of the same valley, equally rich and wooded; but ere the day had closed in, and though a brilliant moon had risen, I could only discern the outline of a very grand scenery as we alternately mounted and descended steep hills. The whole aspect of the country is bold and well wooded, not in isolated parts only, but throughout the entire district. By the time we reached Polperro we were intensely tired, and I retreated to bed, glad to lie down in the dark and have nothing more to gaze at, so exhausted did I feel.

Sunday, November 1st.—In the morning we scrambled among the beautiful rocks at the entrance of the bay, and watched the foam beating up in clouds of milky spray; in the afternoon we went to church, and my heart was penetrated with sad pleasure at seeing the dear children on their knees offering up their simple prayers, so innocent, so guileless; for if sin indeed dwells in those artless hearts, it is in form so mitigated, so minute, as compared to our gross, palpable, abominable misdeeds—'tis as the shadow to the substance, and I feel ashamed and humiliated before their pure presence. Oh! that I were a child like them. Oh! for ignorance, simplicity, unquestioning faith once more! Oh! for those innocent maiden days when passion lay dormant, and the mind, like a pellucid lake, is ruffled only by the wafting of pure and innocent thoughts, wishes, and affections! Oh! to be once more like my own children! I gave free scope to these thoughts, for the sermon was a melancholy specimen of how ill a man can preach who fancies he has a talent for extempore delivery. Such a string of words void of sense I seldom have had the misfortune to hear. When the wearisome discourse laboured to a lingering conclusion, I escaped out of the church to walk by the evening twilight along the shore, where the waves, agitated by a rising wind, dashed against the rocks, and the wild scene looked stern and imposing in the darkening night. I love to walk when the sun is gone; the gaudy, happy sun is no companion for me; I have no answering ray within my soul; but when the dark clouds skim across the sky, and the moon throws a fitful light—when the ocean roars, and the white waves foam and break—when the winds howl amid the crannies of the rocks, and echoes in hollow moans in the lonely creeks and dark caves—when the mountains rise in black, dark lines aloft, unrelieved by any colour, stern and wild, and each plant and shrub presents some unfamiliar shape, and looks like a fairy spirit watching in the dark night—when the voice of man is silent, and his step no more is heard, and all nature lies enshrouded in one vast inky mantle,—I like to wander forth and muse. For then the scene is congenial, giving back the darkened aspect of my inmost soul; the chord of sympathy is touched, and I feel hushed in melancholy peace.

Monday, November 2nd.—This morning is more gloomy than any

we have yet had, but the air is still mild and pleasant, the threatening clouds not deterring me in my intention of driving to Fowey, six miles distant, in the P. car, a most rustic vehicle, something like a baker's cart, with seats, on which we sat instead of the horses, drawn by a horse blind of both eyes, that plunged about up hill and down dale in the kind of reckless way one can conceive a creature going devoid of vision. How it did jolt! We were thumped and shaken in the most fearful manner as we drove along ruts, misnamed roads, full of holes, and shot round the most acute angles, narrowly avoiding losing a wheel or two pasturing. Then we charged up a hill so precipitate one dared not look behind, but sat trembling in terror, only increased by the rapid descent down some precipice on the opposite side. The country was bald and barren, devoid of all objects of interest, so our attention was wholly concentrated on our terrific progress through these execrable roads that passed between high hedges for many miles, until at length, on a height, we were surprised by a pretty view, as the hills opened before us and descended into a basin below, that in shape reminded me of the cup of a fly, the green hills around rising like verdant and gigantic leaves from the centre of the flower. But we were soon enveloped again in a labyrinth of lanes and hedges, jolting and jumbling onwards, until descending a precipitous hill we reached Bordinnick, on the river Fowey, exactly opposite that town, which rose on the opposite bank; here the scene was strikingly beautiful, the river broad and clear, and the banks on either side rising along the water-side. This place was visited by the Queen during her excursion in Cornwall, and from hence she proceeded to the iron mines and Ristormel Castle, six miles distant.

We engaged a boat to take us down the river, which winds round successive headlands, until a fresh turn displays its onward progress. As we rowed on, reach after reach opened before us, and the lofty hills, covered with trees, descended with much grandeur to the brink. A considerable gale springing up, we returned, for the wind blew strong; and the man and the boy could hardly manage the boat. I begged to be landed on the opposite shore, where we walked in the grounds of Fowey Castle, and proceeded to the house built above the town—one of those large and clumsy modern castles one invariably meets with in a mountainous country, a mania for erecting such edifices having ruined most of the Scotch lairds. This particular specimen had nothing to recommend it from its fellows, being compounded of no describable style of architecture.

Regaining our boat, we rowed onwards to the opening of the harbour, the entrance marked by huge masses of rocks, with two old towers extending opposite each other at the south of the harbour, against which the sea came foaming in tremendous breakers. The river is very broad opposite the town, and the harbour contained many ships; the whole scene strikingly solitary and out-of-the-world-looking.

After spending some hours in exploring the banks of the Fowey, we re-entered our car, to be shaken to our very toes.

Wednesday, November 4th.—This day was eluded by rain and mist, which forced me to remain in the house, however eager I might be for exploring this charming country. As, however, the rain ceased

about noon, and the sun peeped out, I was enabled to satisfy my longing desire, since, were we to visit Trelawny, and explore more minutely its romantic valley. With the assistance of the car we traversed the muddy lanes, after enduring a proper allowance of thumps and jerks *en route*; the stage being alike unamenable to whip or exhortation we proceeded very slowly. Arriving at the head of the pass, leading down the descent to the desired point of view, we walked along through the lane, high rocky banks rising on each side, displaying the varied beauties of a natural garden. Here were the richest and most lovely variety of mosses of every hue, green, brown, white, and yellow, the most delicate specimens of numerous ferns, the creeping ivy, the pretty blackberry, the primrose and violet leaves—all mixed among the jutting projecting rocks, and surmounted by a fringe of hazel-trees along the top—the air perfumed with the delicious scent of oak-woods in autumn, like fragrant myrrh, and so soft, that the fading leaves were the only indication of the late season—the weather otherwise more resembling May. At length we reached the point where the romantic valley opened before us right and left in all its majesty, and my impression of its beauties was now confirmed; it was so rich, so luxuriant, the line of hills so grand, the distance so extensive, and the headland at the foot of the valley rising so abruptly, that the seclusion and isolation of the scene was complete. What lovely glens, what shady nooks, what long-drawn lines of graceful hills prolonged into distance! What a luxuriant mantle of oaks spread over their surface, leaving no bare space! Oh, it was indeed beautiful! and such as I shall remember with increasing admiration.

On our return we visited the residence of the Trelawnys, on the summit of the hill, an old mansion more venerable from age than beauty, and so situated as wholly to exclude all prospect of their charming domain. The front is remarkable from a tower rising out of the dwelling-house, and the large adjoining windows of the hall on the right. On the left is the chapel, which, as the family are Catholics, adjoins the house. Within the ancient hall is the picture of a daughter of the house, a pensive, lovely creature, who being crossed in love, and suddenly hearing of the death of her beloved, lost her senses, and wandered a maniac among the woods of her native valley, refusing all assistance or sympathy, but roving, as if in search of some lost treasure. Death at length overtook her, and she was one day found dead and cold at the foot of an overspreading oak, once the scene of her meetings with her lover. Her troubled spirit now rests within the chapel, and her image hangs on the walls of the old hall, an object of interest to those acquainted with the melancholy tale. The old rocks caved dismally round the house, and the place was deserted, sad, and falling to decay.

We returned home after the usual quantum of jolting, and I passed the evening in edifying myself with the life of Lord Stowell, who dwindled down from his high place, as the dispenser of equity and the friend of Johnson and Malone, to the boon companion of my old friend Dr. B——, when he usually stamped and swore, and talked in the most licentious manner for his edification, abusing him furiously for stinting his allowance of port wine. How sad it is, great men cannot bequeath

their wits to their hairs as they can their lands, but that intellect, precocious to decay, dwindles away as rapidly in proportion as the mental flame blazes forth most brightly, containing the seeds of destruction amid its greatest brilliancy, and sinking, after a short time, to a mass of ruins undistinguished from the common dust of ordinary minds!

Friday, November 6th.—This morning we started early to Risternel Castle and the mines of Lostwithail, sixteen miles distant; and when, after the close of the day, I sit down to recount the scenes I have passed through, and describe, however faintly, their marvellous beauty and changing loveliness, I feel so oppressed with my own utter inability to do them justice, that I can scarcely muster energy to proceed. The road lay through the town of Plynt, after which we traversed a country swelling out into rounded hills, open and campaign, cultivated to the very summit, but bare of wood, and offering little attraction, being stiff in general outline, and divided into fields and hedgerows, so distinctly marked, they bore the appearance of some great map spread out before us. We descended into one of those solitary and romantic lanes I have so often mentioned, where, wedged in between hedges, we saw but little, until we approached the lodge of Mr. Fortescue's place, Bocconick, through whose grounds we were to pass. Here, to the left, a lovely valley, thick with large and luxuriant oaks, wound along the course of a clear stream, giving a kind of foretaste of the beauties to be found within. Some pretty ornamented cottages were clustered round the gate, while, to the left, rose a lofty eminence crowned with dark pictures and surmounted by an obelisk—a landmark for all the surrounding country. On entering the grounds, what a domain of rich magnificent scenery opened before us! What splendid trees, what verdant valleys, what lovely hills, clothed with magnificent wood! Never, excepting in Windsor Forest, have I seen so splendid a chase! Before us stood the house, large, though unpleasant and melancholy in appearance; below it lay a valley covered with downy grass, on either side of which rose the picturesque woods, far as the eye could reach. To give an idea of the extent, I venture to say that the lawn alone contains 200 acres, and the deer park, through which we proceeded after descending into the valley, appears boundless indeed—from one entrance to the other a distance of at least six miles is traversed. Rising by a steep hill, we reached the open ground in the deer park, where droves of these graceful animals riveted K——'s astonished gaze, who instantly exclaimed they were like donkeys with horns. We now passed a gate into woods, where a long avenue, bordered with laurels of gigantic growth, continues for nearly two miles, this unbragous road terminating the princely domain.

Fair Bocconick! Long may the sunbeams play among thy forests and illumine thy streams! Remembrance of thy luxuriant beauties shall ever dwell in my memory! Such a scene once beheld never can be forgotten, where nature and art go hand in hand with riches to set off every natural beauty.

The road now rapidly descended into the town and valley of Lostwithail, the former situated on the banks of the Fowey river, at the bottom of romantic hills, which quite surround it. After disposing of our carriage, we proceeded on foot to Risternel Castle, which lays above

the town through charming woods, bordering the river; and as I stepped along in about melancholy, musing, I felt like one moving along in a dream anxious to reassure myself of individuality, for from my very childhood the idea and name of Ristornel, and the longing to view it, had ever haunted me, occasioned by a picture I had seen illustrating the tragical story of the last lord, who murdered his brother to obtain possession of the castle, but ever haunted by the remembrance of his crime, wandered through the world a miserable, childless man; returning at length, led by some dire fatality to these walls, where, as the legend goes, his murdered brother appeared to him at the mysterious hour of midnight, and laying his icy hands on him, so chilled his very heart and curdled his blood, that he fell back a corpse.

Recalling to my mind all mysterious fears and kindling curiosity of my childhood occasioned by this tale, it seemed strange indeed that I was really to see the place I had so often mused about. I scarcely could believe it, and moved along with an odd sense of that dreamy reality. Now childhood, nay, girlhood, was gone, with all its pleasant fancies and happy anticipations, and I stood there a careworn wanderer—yet with a strange link between the happy past and the sad present in the curiosity I felt to view this ruined castle.

The walk through the woods was extremely beautiful. Below us lay the river and the well-wooded hills; opposite, surrounding the modern mansion of Ristornel, a place I quite disdained, being odious to me as a modern desecration of so mysterious a name, suggestive of dark fancies and mysterious legends. As we gradually wound round the eminence on which the castle stands, curiosity has time to increase, for from the height on which it stands and the thickness of the trees it is wholly invisible until one is close upon it. Here we are at last on the summit; the castellated walls, clothed in a dark mantle of ivy, rose before us, and we stand before the gateway. What a beautiful ruin! What a majestic pile! perfect in outline—scarcely a stone is missing. There it stands, embosomed in woods, like some costly gem encased in an emerald setting! The gateway, still perfect, is light and graceful, and through it we passed into what was once an immense court, where I found the form of the castle to have been an exact circle, surrounded by castellated walls, terminating with the keep opposite the entrance. The court in which we stood was the centre of the building, and of great size; around it the different apartments were entered by three larger and four lesser doorways; the outlines being entire, and the interior rooms still showing the remains of what once were enormous fireplaces and lofty windows. The aspect of the whole was unique, from its symmetry; the circle exact, the entrances corresponding perfectly with each other, the roof only wanting to make it habitable. On the grass overgrowing the court-yard, the marks where the Queen's tent had been pitched on the occasion of her visit were yet visible—odious revival of modern glitter within these dark, time-worn walls, whence spirits had descended, and cunes had been hurled on the last of the long line of lords of Ristornel, who had ridden out in armed array from its gateway, and whose pennon had proudly floated from the lofty keep. Dark, solitary, and mysterious should all its associations be!

Proceeding along the walls at the top, we obtained a splendid view of the beautiful valley winding along the banks of the river towards Bodmin—the hills, clothed with wood, softly melting away in the distance (after varied undulations)—the rich autumnal tints contrasting with the dark green ivy covering the castle walls. To the left, on the side of a hill, lay the mines to which we were bound. On descending, we noticed a double moat running around the entire walls, marking it to have been a place of considerable strength; an old cork-tree spread its dark branches near, from which I bore away a bit in memory of my visit. As we departed from the lonely scene, no sound disturbed the silence, and there was an awful look about the place that involuntarily made the voice become low, and seemed to forbid all laughter and mirth. Five minutes' walk brought us to the mines close at hand, and here "How altered was the sprightlier scene!"—all was life and movement, noise and hubbub! A collection of dingy huts and outhouses seemed a rallying-point for the miners, who stood by in groups; strange-looking beings, in dark red dresses, their faces smeared with earth, and their bodies so scantily covered with the flannel working-dress, they looked like a troop of savage Indians. I asked for the captain of the men, and felt a little abashed at finding myself alone, only accompanied by K——, in the midst of such a grotesque group. A dapper youth advanced, to whom I communicated, in as polite a manner as I was able, our wish to explore the mines. He demurred—I pressed; at length he consented to my request, promising that we should be treated just like her Majesty—ride in the iron carriage she was drawn in, covered with the identical green baize, which he displayed to us, carefully preserved in his room. All this was very flattering, and we were highly amused in watching the consequent preparations. A number of the miners appeared with bits of candle stuck in pieces of earth fixed to their hats—walking human candlesticks; others carried pounds of fresh candles round their necks, which, sticking out of their bosoms, looked novel objects to press to one's heart; another group were arranging themselves for the expedition in an adjoining hut, into which I, with undue curiosity gazing, was startled by seeing a form too nearly resembling our first parent in Paradise to be altogether agreeable. Our friend, the captain, now advanced, and all being in readiness, conveyed us up the hill to the mouth of the mine, which was low and small, situated in the side of the hill; a dense smoke issued from it. The red soil around, the strange figures of the men, their garments red, as if dipped in blood, their pale and haggard features, gave the whole scene a wonderful resemblance to one's idea of the bottomless pit, as described in "Pilgrim's Progress," and made us all feel rather queer. I wished for my smelling-bottle in case of fainting. K—— was silent; Hannah D. was speculating on the display of her legs before so many men on entering the carriage; her sister looked rather sulky, as if she considered she was being made a victim. The men crowded round to assist in arranging our iron van; a board was cut into seats, and spread with the royal baize, and in we bundled, attended by the gallant captain, and were drawn to the mouth of the mine by four men, "just (he observed) as her Majesty was."

After we had once plunged into the smoke we all felt relieved; as the

reality was less disagreeable than we expected, although the passage was very low and narrow. We were preceded by some of the men, with lighted candles in their hats, the whole troop of miners following us in a kind of procession bearing lights, so that as we passed along, the appearance of ourselves seated in the van, the damp sides of the cavern sparkling in the light, the walking candlesticks, the heavy tramp of the men, and the long winding procession behind, formed a very novel and singular scene. As we proceeded, I could not help alarming my companions, suggesting, in a whisper, what would be our fate should all these men turn on us helpless women? This was an awful reflection; but their extreme respectfulness reassured us, and we gave ourselves over to our fate with philosophical calmness, and were dragged in actually 2800 feet under the earth to the iron shaft, where we descended from our van, and I was presented with a pick-axe and desired to strike some ore out of the rock, which I did so vigorously as to be highly applauded. But, joking apart, I really did begin to get a little alarm at our unprotected position, and on being asked by the captain "to pass my opinion on the place," I declare that I thought the sooner I was out of it the better I should be pleased; so, regaining our triumphal car, we were dragged back as we came. The effect of the blue twilight, as we approached the opening, was very singular, and we hailed the return of day and sunshine most cordially. We parted on friendly terms from our red-robed friends, who, could one have fancied their garments stained with blood instead of clay, exactly resembled the description of the figures of the Sans-Culottes hovering round the guillotine at the French revolution. K—— was so enchanted with the attentions of the captain, she declared "he was the best friend she had ever met, and that day the happiest of her life." Poor child! Here is the age of happy ignorance, when retrospect offers no melancholy forms to chill the heart and sadden the passing scene. Reaching the town, we re-entered the carriage and returned by another road, by no means so picturesque, still offering many fine views. Proceeding along Berry, down where a vast expanse of open country presents itself, we rapidly approached Polperro. At the top of the hill we were obliged to dismount and slide down quite in the dark on a perfect sea of mud. To-day was Mary's birthday, and we found her arrayed in a little paper crown anxiously waiting our return. After our dinner a little feast was spread for her, of which she and K—— sat down to partake, myself opposite; and as I gazed at those two children, Mary's little eyes sparkling with delight as she shared her treasures with her sister, I turned away in agony of spirit, in unspeakable despair, for the thought arose—Will another birthday find their mother with them? Their childish mirth seemed to mock my bitter spirit, and I hurried them off to bed, in order to end a scene which awakened such sad and foreboding fears and melancholy anticipations.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY:

OR ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR GRAND-
FATHERS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

COSTUME IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

In the particulars of costume we have often thought that our grand-fathers displayed more taste than we have been able to infuse into many of our modern fashions. There was something grand, commanding, even dignified, in the broad and embroidered coat, the long waistcoat, the full wig; the mere cock of the hat could be made to convey a dozen different impressions to the beholder; the lace ruffles were, perhaps, dandified and effeminate, but there was something rich even in them.

We have now lying before us an old magazine in which there is a portrait of a great somebody of the time, apparently a conspicuous member of the *haut ton*, and as he was, no doubt, an exquisite of the first water, and followed the prevailing fashions to the very letter, the picture may be considered in a wider sense—as the portrait of the English gentleman of the eighteenth century. Mark the studied precision of his dress—mark the stiff bearing of every limb, as if each thread had given him notice that it was stretched to the utmost, and must crack on the slightest provocation. From his toes to the very extremities of his hair he is full-dressed according to the notions of the time. Under his arm is the cocked-hat which was intended to be worn, but which he cannot venture to put on lest it disturb the gravity of his wig; his head is covered with white powder, and his face with “rouge et blanc;” his cravat, “white as the driven snow” (the black stock was become obsolete by this time), is formally tied beneath his chin, and his tail hangs in solemn state from the back of his head; his embroidered coat, with its ample skirts, is thrown gracefully aside, to exhibit the gaudy waistcoat and its capacious pockets, which, in its turn, reaches just low enough to avoid concealing his glittering knee-buckles; his red plush inexpressibles, silk stockings, and highly polished shoes (which even threaten to eclipse the brilliancy of their silver or brilliant buckles)—their high red heels, which tilt him forward till he describes an acute angle with the ground; the lace ruffles that flutter at his wrists; the sword that dangles at his heels, or the stout cane that reaches almost to his head, complete his dress, and combine in giving to a form of no very exquisite proportions an air of grandeur and magnificence which the sparks of modern times severely lack.

The general costume of gentlemen in 1760 has been thus described:

“Square-cut coats and long flapped waistcoats, with pockets in them, nearly meeting the stockings, which were still drawn up over the knee so high as nearly to conceal the breeches; large hanging cuffs to the coat-sleeves, and lace ruffles; the skirts of the coat distended with wire or buckram, just in the fashion of the ladies’ whalebone-extended petticoats; blue or scarlet silk stockings, lace neckcloths, square-toed, short-quartered shoes, with high red heels and small buckles; riding-wigs, bag-wigs,

nightcap-wigs, tie-wigs, and bob-wigs, and small three-cornered hats, laced with gold or silver galloon, and sometimes trimmed with feathers."

But perhaps the best idea may be formed from the following description of St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke:—"He was dressed in the extremity of fashion, and wore a light blue velvet coat, with immense cuffs, richly embroidered with silver; amber-coloured stockings; crimson leather shoes, fastened with diamond buckles, and a diamond-hilted sword, with a long silken tassel dangling from the handle. His cravat was of point-lace, and his hands were almost hidden by exaggerated ruffles of the same material; his hat was laced with silver, and feathered at the edges, and he wore his own brown hair in ringlets of some eighteen or twenty inches in length, tied behind with a long streaming ribbon" ("red ribbon," says Mr. Ainsworth, in his "St. James's," and adds, "a mode which he himself had introduced"); "his handkerchief, which he carried in his hand, was strongly perfumed, and he diffused an odour around him as he walked, as if he had just risen from a bath of roses."

This description must be taken, however, *cum grano salis*, as the reader will remember that Bolingbroke was a bit of a dandy.

A dress of George I. is thus described by Horace Walpole:—"A dark tie-wig, a plain coat, waistcoat and breeches of snuff-coloured cloth, with stockings of the same colour, and a blue ribbon over all;" and a summer visiting dress of Walpole himself was—"A lavender suit, the waistcoat embroidered with a little silver, or of white silk, worked in the tambour, partridge-silk stockings, and gold buckles, ruffles and frill, generally lace."

Goldsmith, always a showy dresser, had, according to the books of Mr. William Filby, tailor, at the sign of the Harrow, in Water-lane, a suit described as of "Tyrian bloom, satin grain, and garter-blue silk breeches, price 8l. 2s. 7d.;" "a blue velvet suit, 21l. 10s. 9d.;" and, some time later, "a green, half-trimmed frock and breeches, lined with silk; a queen's-blue dress suit; a half-dress suit of ratteen, lined with satin, a pair of silk stocking-breeches, and another pair of a bloom colour."

So much for the *tout ensemble*. We may as well, perhaps, devote a few words to the separate details of these costumes, and more particularly the head-dress.

The cocked, or three-cornered hat, was generally lined with silk, and the flaps looped up, sometimes with gold or silver lace, to a button on the crown; it was capable of considerable compression, from the very nature of its shape, and was generally crushed under the arm when its wearer entered a house.

The wigs were of the most fickle fashion, sometimes fringed with thick curls, sometimes fluttering in ringlets, sometimes bristling with short, crisp curls—now putting forth a long pendulous tail; then *cur-tailed*, with a mere sprout hanging down to the collar; and finally, boasting only a large bow of black or brown silk at the back. The "campaign-wig" of 1702 was very full, curled, and eighteen inches in length to the front, with deep locks. Other varieties of wigs were known by the names of "the story," "the bob," "the Busby," "the scratch," "the bag," "the brown George," "the riding wig," "the nightcap-wig," "the periwig," "the tie," "the queue," &c. "The tie" was the wig which we described as having a bow or tie affixed to the back of it, but which

degenerated into a string of silk or plaited hair, called, from its similarity to that appendage, a "pigtail." These wigs were somewhat expensive (and certainly superfluous) articles of dress, as may be imagined when we state that, such was the demand for good natural hair for their manufacture, that the price was 3*l.* per ounce.

Now, why gentlemen could not be content with the hair which nature gave them, we cannot conceive; the same tyrannical fashion which compelled them to part with their own locks, and buy and wear other people's, might, with equal propriety, have forced them to have their teeth drawn, and the deficiency supplied by false ones.

Goldsmith, more bitter in his satires than Addison, deals a blow at this fashion, in his "Citizen of the World:" "To appear wise, nothing is more requisite here than for a man to borrow hair from the heads of all his neighbours, and clap it, like a bush, on his own. The distributors of law and physic stick on such quantities, that it is almost impossible, even in idea, to distinguish between the head and the hair."

The cane, to which we have alluded, was not what is now-a-days comprehended by the word—a mere walking-stick, but a stout staff, or wand; reaching almost up to the eyes of the wielder, who was stared in the face by a grotesque and hideous head, which was usually the top—it would be wrong to use the word handle. It was, in fact, the same baton which we may sometimes see carried by footmen at the backs of carriages on state occasions, or (for the benefit of country readers we will be still more explicit) it was of the length and size of the "spud," an agricultural weapon which old farmers persist in carrying about with them in their war upon weeds, no matter whether they walk in the fields or on the road, as a sort of emblem of their calling and staff of office, by whose authority, and with whose aid, they *take up* all stray encroachers on the pastures or the wheat.

The large muffs which were in vogue about the middle of the century, must, one would think, have given the gentlemen somewhat of an effeminate appearance, and were in ludicrous contrast to the warlike sword that was girt about their waists. In two of Hogarth's pictures we have examples from which to judge of the effect of these appendages of winter dress, namely, in "Taste in High Life," and in the "Arrest for Debt" scene of the "Rake's Progress."

But the military appear to have been dressed most grotesquely, and specimens may be seen in Hogarth's "March to Finchley," "Masquerades at Burlington Gate," and "England," their emblazoned corical caps appearing more like the head-dress of the victims of an *auto-da-fé* than of George II.'s British Grenadiers.

The costume of the clergy does not seem to have been so arbitrary or so staid as it is now; much no doubt to the scandal of Parson Adams in his "gown and cassock." Here is a dress of Swift's, described by himself in his Journal to Stella: "My dress was light camlet, faced with red velvet, and silver buckles."

The dress of the medical profession was, according to Sir Walter Scott, "a scarlet cloak, wig, sword, and cane;" and physicians are pointed out in Fielding's "Journey from this World to the Next," as "gentlemen in tie-wigs, carrying amber-headed canes."

Towards the close of the century we may find the fashions of gentle-

minidress gradually verging into what we may call modern costume. The ~~shape of the~~ ^{shape of the} ~~hooded~~ ^{hooded} ~~hat~~ ^{hat}; let down; displayed the low crown; and the three corners rounded off; it became somewhat of the shape of the round hat, into which it ultimately melted, if we may be allowed the expression; the crown, however, still continuing low and close to the head. In the mean while, when the coat was buttoned, the ample skirts became inconvenient, and were gradually shorn, till, about the year 1780, a coat nearer to the shape of what was called the "Newmarket cut," or; perhaps, approximating still more closely to the Quaker's, made its appearance, and, without any violent changes, the dress of 1720 may be traced to have almost imperceptibly glided into that of 1800; the various trimmings and trappings being abandoned, and the showy colours and rich materials giving place to more sober and less costly ones.

We have been induced, perhaps, to be more prolix in our details of gentlemen's costume, from a nervous anxiety respecting the task which was to follow it—to describe the fashions in ladies' dress, which prevailed at the same time. So fickle, so extravagant, so eccentric (to use the mildest terms) as were the varieties of female costume, what pen shall describe them?

And then how to give each article its proper designation! Ye gods, assist us—our prayer is heard, for we have laid our hands upon a ready-written description of the Princess Mary's dress; but we confess it is worse than Greek to us.

1. "There was one blue tabby, embroidered with silver; four sacks, all trimmed, one in silver tissue, faced and doubled before with pink-coloured satin, and trimmed with a silver *point d'Espagne*. The stiff-bodied gown she was to be married in had an embroidery upon white, with gold and colours, very rich, and a stuff on a gold ground, prodigiously fine, with flowers shaded up to the middle of the breadths, like painting, and a kind of blue and embossed work of blue and silver towards the edges. They said that, before the stuff was woven, the gold itself weighed eighteen pounds. There were four more fine gowns, four fine-laced Brussels heads, and two extremely fine point ones, with ruffles and tip-pets, six French caps and ruffles," &c.

One of the dresses of Queen Caroline (the consort of George II.) was, we are told, "a robe of purple velvet made low in front, the upper part of the stomacher and the short loose sleeves edged with stiffened point-lace, the hair divided in the centre, raised in high and ample curls above the head, looped behind by a string of magnificent pearls, and descending in clustering ringlets down her back." This is certainly more reasonable. Another dress of this period was "a blue and gold atlas gown, with a wrought petticoat edged with gold, shoes laced with silver, lace cap and lappets." But the style immediately preceding this was "a flaming petticoat of scarlet cloth, under a short gown of yellow brocade, worked with gold—an immense stomacher worked with gold."

Let us see if we can transfer the portrait which lies on our table to paper; and copy, with pen and ink, the sketch so elaborately drawn by the artist's pencil. It is a full length of "Margaret Caroline Rudd," says the inscription at the bottom of the print, "who was tried and acquitted at the Old Bailey on a charge of forgery." Is it possible? Has that fair form been confined in a dreary cell? Have those white

stems been rudely grasped by the constable and gaoler? Has that pleasing countenance formed the grand centre of attraction to the eyes of a crowded court? "Aye," replies stern Truth, "and those taper fingers, perhaps, did a deed which might have encircled that slender neck with the hangman's rope, if the jury had not, at the earnest recommendation of the judge, leaned to the side of mercy!"

The head-dress of this captivating captive it is almost beyond the power of modern pen to essay a description of. An immense pyramid of hair, rising in smooth and unruffled stateliness perpendicularly from her head, is surmounted by an elegant turban: her cheeks have the usual complement of paint, and her eyebrows are neither more nor less pencilled than those belonging to the generality of ladies of her time: when we at length find an article of dress (which we had almost despaired of seeing), it is an elegantly-laced stomacher: the robing of the gown, open in front to display the richness of the petticoat beneath it, and the single flounce that encircles it, are not dissimilar from those of recent times, but the long lace ruffles, elaborately fringed, worked, and ornamented, which are pendulous from the elbows, may almost be heard fluttering in the breath of agitation that pervades the court. This, then, is a specimen from the year 1771;—let us now glance at a portrait of a somewhat earlier date.

Ho, ho! what buxom lady is this? or is it only the bust of a female placed upon the top of a sugar hogshead? Nay, now we have it—it is the hoop of which we have heard so often that distends that costly petticoat till at last it appears like a Mongolfier balloon of respectable dimensions. We remember reading a humorous letter in an old magazine, in which a husband complains that he had lately married a lady of apparently comely proportions, who, in her *déshabille*, became a dwarf of scarcely four feet in height. And how, think you, gentle reader, did this deception arise? Her head-dress measured some eighteen inches, and the heels of her shoes elevated her to the extent of almost six more, so that, when divested of these ornaments, which gave her the appearance of six feet of flesh and bone, she became reduced to little more than half that height. But her circumference decreased to a still more alarming degree on the removal of the hoop, and the stately pyramid of silks and satins, which had stalked along all day, dwindled down at night to an insignificant pigmy of scarcely half the artificial size which she had assumed.

Hey, presto, fly! the scene is again changed, and here we are sitting in a theatre at the early part of the eighteenth century. But what is to be seen? Each female countenance is concealed, not, as afterwards, with paint, but by—a *mask*! Let us begone, since Beauty hides her face.

We are now in more civilised times; it is the year 1780. But be cautious! Step carefully, or, perchance, you may tread upon the train of the lady who is by some yards in advance of you, and which is collecting and elevating the dust, greatly to the discomfort and inconvenience of the succeeding passengers' eyes.

Well done, prudent and thrifty dame—that was a wise fashion of thine, the looping-up of those costly trains; for why should the streets of London be swept with silk? Now it hangs in graceful drapery around thee, instead of dragging in slovenly prodigality at thy heels.

The various styles of female head-gear, and the different fashions of dressing the hair were so numerous, and, at the same time, so monstrous, that, while we should wish to give a description of them all, we fear it is next to impossible. In the reign of Queen Anne, the hair was "frizzled, crisped, and tortured into wreaths and borders, and underpropped with forks, wires," &c., and the gigantic head-dresses appear to have been for a time abandoned. "There is not so variable a thing in nature," says the "Spectator," "as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such enormous stature that we appeared as grasshoppers before them. At present the whole sex is in a manner diminished and sunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once very near seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn. Whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something of that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived the method to make themselves sizeable, is still a secret, though I find most are of opinion they are, at present, like trees, new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before."

The "Spectator" was not wrong in his last conjecture; but it was some time before these pollard ladies began to put forth fresh shoots which were to rise to a more ridiculous height than had been previously known. During the reigns of the first two Georges we meet few of these exaggerated heads, but soon after the accession of George III. the rage burst out anew.

In 1732, a kind of gipsy hat seems to have been in vogue, jauntily worn on one side, and displaying the lappets of a neat cap beneath. In 1770, the out-of-doors head-dress was a flat hat, not worn in the ordinary manner, but ingeniously attached to the head, so as to stand up perpendicularly on its side, with the top of the crown and trimmings almost in a line with the face, thus exposing the whole of the back and crown of the head, which were clothed in a kind of hood. This absurd fashion was rendered necessary by the immense height to which the hair was again carried, as the following extract from the toilette directions contained in a pocket-book of the period will show:

"Every lady who wishes to dress her hair with taste and elegance, should first purchase an elastic cushion exactly fitted to her head. Then, having combed out her hair thoroughly, and *properly thickened it with powder and pomatum*, let her turn it over her cushion in the reigning model. Let her next divide the sides into divisions for curls, and adjust their number and size from the same models. If the hair be not of a sufficient length and thickness, it will be necessary to procure an addition to it, which is always to be had, ready-made, and matched to every colour."

The prevailing taste in all the specimens before us, seems to have been to comb the hair upwards from the forehead over the pillow, or cushion,

and at the top of this pyramid was, sometimes nicely poised, a small cap—sometimes it was gracefully woven at the extreme top into bands garlanded with strings of pearls, or surmounted with feathers—by some confined in a handsome handkerchief, which was tied beneath the chin—by others arranged into the form of a helmet, or other devices.

In 1772, the pyramid of hair had a string of curls up each side, and a bow at the top; in 1778, it had risen to an immense height, widening as it rose, till it terminated in a large, out-spread mob-cap; while from the bottom, below the ears, and resting almost upon the shoulders, hung a pair of gigantic curls; in 1780, it was thrown back obliquely over the head, and decorated with light crisp curls, or else carried up in a conical shape with a bow at the top; in 1783, the whole of the hair was brushed into five or six loose and immense curls, with a long tail hanging nearly to the waist; in 1785, it resembled a modern judge's wig, with a feather branching from the top; in 1786, it was spread out over a large square cushion, which extended on each side down to the ears (so as to leave the face as it were the centre of a square), and allowed to hang in four or five tails, of which the middle one was the longest, at the back; in 1790, it was carried up into one huge bunch, or knot, from the back part, high above the head; in fact, the fashions were so variable, that we have not yet named even a tithe of the different styles.

A song of the time thus ridiculed these enormities:

Give Betsy a bushel of horsehair and wool,
Of paste and pomatum a pound,
Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck her sweet skull,
And gauze to encompass it round.
Her cap flies behind, for a yard at the least,
And her curls meet just under her chin,
And those curls are supported, to keep up the jest,
By a hundred, instead of one pin.

The use of paste and pomatum here alluded to was necessary to give the hair a consistency and strength, to make it compact and remain in the form in which it was arranged.

"Still, however," says a magazine article of the day, "though nothing supports and nourishes the hair so much as powder and pomatum, yet it should be combed out by the roots with a small comb twice or three times in a fortnight."

The inconvenience of this style of head-dress is facetiously described in a letter from a lady, who complains of the coaches then in use being so low that she was compelled to sit almost doubled up to avoid crushing her hair against their roofs.

In addition to these singular contrivances for arranging and dressing their own hair, the ladies, following the example of the other sex, resorted to the disgusting practice of wearing wigs; or, as they were called, "têtes" and "heads," which were, about the year 1780 (when they were most in vogue), very expensive, often costing thirty or forty pounds apiece. These wigs were likewise well powdered; and even the application of this powder would seem to have required some taste and judgment, "for," says an old writer, "a hair-dresser ought to be thoroughly versed in physiognomy, and must have a particular regard to the complexion and features of those he is employed to dress, that he

may use powder in a becoming proportion, and dress the hair to the dimensions of the face."

In those days he was a man of some consequence, this hair-dresser, and many an unfortunate martyr of fashion has been detained at home from important business, waiting in helpless *deshabille* for the arrival of his perruquier, unless his purse or condition rescued him from this thralldom by giving him a valet. *Apropos* of wigs, and digressing for a moment from the branch of our subject at which we have arrived, we must preserve the following anecdote:—In 1764 a temporary freak of fashion banished wigs from the heads of "the quality," and the consequence was that the large body of wig-makers in London saw nothing but poverty staring them in the face, to avoid which they considered the legislature bound to pass an act immediately, rendering it penal for the gentry to wear their own hair. A petition praying for the immediate introduction of such a law was accordingly drawn up, and, after being numerously signed, was carried, on February 11, 1765, in solemn procession to St. James's to be presented to the king. This proceeding was productive of a laughable riot, for the mob, perceiving that many members of the procession wore no wigs themselves, seized them, and forcibly wheeled them of their hair in the public street.

But to return to the ladies. A very prevalent practice among the sex in the last century was that of taking snuff, and we have been credibly informed that it was no unusual sight in a theatre for one-half of its female occupants to be tapping their snuff-boxes, previously to indulging in a pinch of their favourite dust between the scenes, while the other half were drawing out their paint-boxes and laying a fresh coating on their cheeks, when perspiration or any other cause had removed the *rouge*.

The reader who is conversant with the works of Hogarth (and where is the one who is not?) cannot fail to have noticed the black patches which disfigure the faces of his female characters. Never, surely, was such a barbarous fashion as that of sticking upon the face of beauty an unsightly black patch of court-plaister! These "beauty spots," or "mouches," as they were called, it was sometimes the fashion to wear on the chin—at another, on the right-hand corner of the mouth—at a third time on the left cheek; the precise position either varying with the fancies of the period, or being meant to denote the politics of the wearers. A correspondent of the "Spectator," in satirising ladies' tastes in books, says he found in one of their bookcases "Locke on the Human Understanding," with a paper of patches in it; and Goldsmith, in his "Citizen of the World," makes his Chinese philosopher note this folly in rather severe terms: "They like to have the face of various colours, as among the Tartars of Coreki, frequently sticking on with spittle little black patches on every part of it, except on the top of the nose, which I have never seen with a patch. You'll have a better idea of their manner of placing these spots when I have finished a map of an English face, patched up to the fashion, which shall shortly be sent, to increase your curious collection of paintings, medals, and monsters."

But even this was more excusable than the odious practice of wearing masks.

The embellishments which nature received from paint were so considerable, that the "Spectator" says of the ladies of 1709, "There are

some so exquisitely skillful in this way, that, give them but a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, and they will make bosom, hips, cheeks, and eyebrows, by their own industry."

A famous instrument of coquetry, with which all ladies were equipped, was the fan. Our invaluable authority, the "Spectator," found it necessary to attack the airs and antics which were displayed in the use of this seemingly insignificant toy. "There is scarcely an emotion of the mind," he says, "which does not produce a suitable agitation of the fan, inasmuch that, if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes." He then humorously describes an academy for instruction in the use of the fan, and a facetious correspondent professes to have undertaken the duty of drilling the ladies, who thus go through their evolutions:—"The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command: 'Handle your fans,' 'Unfurl your fans,' 'Discharge your fans,' 'Ground your fans,' 'Recover your fans,' 'Flutter your fans.'" The opportunity which the grounding of the fans and recovering of the fans afforded for the display of a little gallantry on the part of the gentlemen, and of coquetry on that of the lady, may be imagined, but of the fluttering of the fans he says: "There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the fluttering of the fan—the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter." Doubtless there was a great deal of truth in all this, but these were harmless follies, and the good-tempered "Spectator" laughed at them, till the very wielders of this formidable weapon themselves laughed with him; for it was no unkindly laugh—the "Spectator" could laugh, but he never sneered; his was no growling philosophy, no spiteful satire. He was like a fond father chiding a favourite child—there was love and kindness pervading even his corrections. The man who could conceive the beautiful character painted under the name of Sir Roger de Coverley, could infuse no bitterness into his ridicule, no malignity into his satire.

The farthingale of the seventeenth century was the parent of the "hoop" of the eighteenth, which distended the dress into most enormous proportions, commencing just below the hips. In 1709 it attracted the attention of that ever-vigilant sentinel of pure and unaffected taste, the "Spectator," whom a correspondent reports: "The petticoats which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous concave, and rise every day more and more." And, to add to the bulk and inflation of the skirts, furbelows and flounces were introduced, giving to the dress an appearance of being "all in curl," and making the wearer look, according to Addison, "like one of those animals which in the country we call a Friesland hen." The hoop appears to have continued in favour, with but very little interruption, the greater part of the century, but, in 1766, 1770, and 1785, they were, according to the specimens of fashions collected by Malcolm, not in vogue. The "Taste in High Life" of Hogarth, painted in 1742, in ridicule of the existing fashions, displays two figures, of which it is difficult to say which is the most hideous—the old lady, wearing a dress of stiff brocade, ex-

tending at the bottom so as to give her the form of a "squat pyramid, with a grotesque head at the top of it" (to quote the words of Mrs. Trusler), or the fashionable young lady, whose skirt is hooped up, and projects, like a solitary wing, from her side.

The trains, although far less objectionable, were scarcely more fortunate than the hoops—they could not escape the satire of Goldsmith. In the "*Citizen of the World*," the *quasi*-travelling philosopher writes to his friend: "To-day the ladies are lifted on stilts, to-morrow they lower their heels and raise their heads; their clothes, at one time, are bloated out with whalebone—at present they have laid their hoops aside and become as thin as mermaids. All, all is in a state of continual fluctuation." * * * "What chiefly distinguishes the sex at present is the train. As the lady's quality, or fashion, was once determined here by the circumference of her hoop, both are now measured by the length of her tail. Women with moderate fortunes are contented with tails moderately long; but ladies of true taste and distinction set no bounds to their ambition in this particular." Of its extravagance, he says: "A lady's train is not bought but at some expense, and after it has swept the public walks for a few evenings, is fit to be worn no longer." And of its inconvenience, he declares "backward she cannot go; forward she must move, but slowly; and if ever she attempts to turn round, it must be in a circle not smaller than that described by the wheeling crocodile." He is assured that "some would have a tail though they wanted a petticoat; and others, without any other pretensions, fancied they became ladies from the addition of three superfluous yards of ragged silk. To think," he exclaims, "that all this confers importance and majesty! to think that a lady acquires additional respect from fifteen yards of trailing taffeta!"

But if little credit can be given to the ladies of the last century for the taste displayed in other portions of their dress, certainly their shoes were not calculated to redeem its character. High upon the instep, and somewhat of the shape of gentlemen's modern "Albert slippers," and with tall, red, French heels, they assuredly were no adornment to the foot, which they only served to conceal, and, at the same time, gave to the wearer an unsteady and awkward gait. The ladies' boots of modern times are far less unsightly than were these shoes, which, from the height of the heel, tilted the foot forward upon the ball of the foot and toes, to an extent which must have almost been painful, and brought the heel nearly in a line with the rise of the instep. They must, without doubt, have added to the height of the figure, but by no means contributed to its elegance.

Comparing the fashions of the gentlemen with those of the ladies, we are compelled to give the preference to the former. If there were many superfluities, and even much foppishness, there was much that was graceful and gave a dignity to the appearance; but the costume of the ladies was either conceived in such false taste, or carried to such ridiculous extremes, that the symmetry of the figure was lost, and every movement made to appear awkward, constrained, or painful.

The same cumbrousness of dress which seems to have been considered ornamental to adults, was thought necessary in the case of infants. There was a belief among grandams and nurses, that infants' bones and joints required extraordinary external support, and consequently ample provisions were made to prevent sprains and dislocations, by the baby-limbs being put in a sort of framework, composed of whalebone, wool,

and strings. The chin had a pillow for its support, which went by the name of "chin stays;" and from this bandage a strap was passed down to the breast, and was called "a gop," serving to preserve the head from an undue inclination backwards. Then each sleeve was fastened tightly down to the side, lest the arms should be diverted from their due position; and the gristle of the legs was left to harden into bones and muscles, within a strong casing. Around the head was affixed a small "pad," resembling a bolster, stuffed with some soft and elastic substance, which was to answer the same purpose as the "fender" of a steam-vessel, or "buffer" of a railway carriage, and preserve it from apprehended bruises, contusions, and lacerations, from a collision with the floor or corners of the tables; and when the day of unbinding, unstrapping, and uncosing the infant *did* arrive, it was quite a domestic festival.

One would naturally have thought, that people who took such pains to preserve the infant figure from distortion, would have taken a pride in displaying the figure in its compactness and integrity when matured; instead of disguising it in forms and shapes unnatural and ungraceful.

TO JUSTINUS KERNER,

WITH A PAINTED WREATH OF BAY-LEAVES.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

THOU glory of the Swabian land!
In tribute to thy lays,
Disdain not, that my mimic hand
Has wreathed for thee these bays.

I plucked a branch from off a bough,
Amid thy trellised bowers;
And think no bay has borne till now
Such clustering golden flowers.

Oh! may it held in honour be!
And bring in after times,
Like our own Shakspeare's mulberry-tree,
The pilgrims of all climes.

Stand, in its beauty, as it stood
The marvel of the scene;
To prove* "the memory of the good
And great is ever green."

* Τῶν Ἀγαθῶν ἡ μνημὴ αἰεὶ θαλῆς. Inscription on a sepulchral urn at Rome.

DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

Baths of Titus at the Colosseum, at San Martino di Monti, and at the Sette Sale—Cardinal Antonelli.

CLOSE by the Colosseum are the Baths of Titus, on the side of a vineyard-covered hill. On driving up they present very much the appearance of a gigantic rabbit-warren, enclosed by brickwork, burrowing into the hill-side in oblong holes, shaped something like the vomitoria in the Colosseum. I was astonished at the contrast they presented to the grand awful-looking masses of the Baths of Caracalla, like the ruin of some mediæval castle, fabulous in extent, with turrets, walls, and bastions cresting the sky. The glories of the Baths of Titus are, on the contrary, deep buried underground, and one must descend down and down deep stairs, and through long subterranean passages, before their wonders are revealed. Here, where the light of the bright sun never falls, and day and night are alike gloomy and mysterious in the damp, cold atmosphere of the tombs, halls of interminable extent, opening into long suites of chambers, corridors, and temples, penetrate the earth in a perfect state of outward preservation. The imposing grandeur of this underground palace cannot be described; it impresses the mind with solemn funereal thoughts and speculations on other centuries and nations when the world was as unlike that place we inhabit, as would the moon appear to us were we transported there.

These ruins have, so to say, a triple antiquity, being supposed first to have formed part of the villa of Mæcenas, then to have been appropriated to the golden house of Nero, whose memory was so execrated, that his burnished palace, of surpassing size and magnificence, was degraded by being made the foundation of the Baths erected by Titus; and its chambers filled up the more securely to consolidate the superstructure, which can alone account for the firm and compact manner those portions still unexcavated are completely packed with stone and rubbish, although the roofs and walls are still entire. Standing in the central hall, the long vista opening on either hand is a sight not to be forgotten. It wants but the garden and the trees bearing the bright many-coloured fruit to carry one away to Aladdin and the Arabian Nights. On one side were the rooms intended for winter use; then looking full on the sun, which has never penetrated here for so many centuries, the other façade for summer habitation faced a garden, now buried deep down in the soil, and only to be surmised from the situation of a great hall, with an arched opening, in whose centre still remain the ruins of a fountain, where the water welled up from that enormous marble basin, the wonder and glory of the great cupola-ed hall in the Vatican. Along the margin where it stood still appear stone troughs for enclosing earth, where flowers—their blossoms reflected in the water—gave the finishing touch to what must have been a scene of more than Epicurean luxury.

It is a great blessing to visit places such as these, deeply solemn and suggestive—sacred in the history of the world by the association of names and events, round whose very crimes time has cast a sort of halo—

in solitude—with no voice to rouse the dreary echoes around and disturb the day-dream which steals over one. Any place *on* the earth, or, as in the present case, *under* the earth, is delightful and excellent in sympathetic company. But it is perfectly insufferable to go down into any part of subterranean Rome specially—where the past reigns supreme, unjustly by the busy present—with a party of vulgar Americans—a mishap I here encountered.

The individuals in question were a young married couple, very fresh indeed from the native soil; not a Yankeseism had been absorbed by the broad Atlantic, but all their nationality came out fresh and verdant as though they had never quitted home. The Adam creature smoked a cigar ostentatiously in my face, while his Eve, an ugly girl, turned on her heel, hummed, and talked bad French.

We stood before the ruined shrine from whence the Laocœa was dug—the coloured frescoes on a deep Tyrræan purple ground, admirably preserved over the deep niche, beneath which reposed that famous group hidden for so many ages in dust and earth. This precise moment was chosen by the American Eve to commence a lively dissertation with her lord.

"I say, Tom, there's nothing doing in the digging line, no "go ahead" at all here below, I say, now; but that's strange, couldn't them find more places to work?"

The classic echoes refused to bear these words, which fell heavy on the ears of all save her husband, who warmly responded, told her "She was the gal to push along, wherever she was, pretty considerable *he* guessed; but that people in these parts didn't seem to him never a bit enterprising. I should like," continued he, "to see a squad of our fellows—nice smart chaps—let loose down here, and tell 'em there was gold in these vaults: Gemini, we *should* see enough 'go ahead' then; wouldn't 'em work? Why the old place would come mortally tumbling about their ears."

We passed into the long and beautifully proportioned corridor, extending along the extreme length; frescoes wonderfully preserved, shown by the light of a torch, the colours still bright, ornamented the arched roof, faces, birds, masks, and animals with the most graceful arabesques, supposed to have lent hints to Raphael in adorning the Vatican Loggie. While we were looking at them, the husband turned to me, and asked—

"If I did not think that the Romans must feel very *badly* about owning such a ruined old city? For my part," continued he, "I won't be *lured* to call myself a citizen. I guess they would mighty well like to hear about our cars, and steamers, and glorious United freedom. I should like to know how they all purposes for to live here, in such a great quarry. What's your sentiments, marm?"

I barely had patience to make him a civil rejoinder, and finding I was to be made, *volens volens*, a party in the discussion, retreated up-stairs from coarse jokes and vulgar common-places, too unbearable to chronicle. At length I gained upper air and solitude, and, sitting down on a grassy mound opposite, contemplated the glorious Colosseum rising up out of the valley below, freed from all buildings or town-like reminiscences, in an amphitheatre of fresh green, that set off doubly the rich shades of its gigantic arcades.

There are other places where portions of the Baths of Titus are visible,

the Church of San Martino di Monti, which is, however, disputed, for some look on these remains as portions of the Baths of Trajan, and the *Bette Sale*, a general reservoir common to the Baths and Colosseum. After I had recovered from the transatlantic attack, I proceeded to the church, devoutly offering up my prayers to the whole calendar not to encounter any more Americans, at least of that stamp, for otherwise I delight in them, and feel quite ready to sing their praises with Frederika Bremer.

Up a particularly filthy and narrow lane, breaking off from that glorious highway leading in a straight line from Santa Maria Maggiore, crowning the Esquilini with its snowy domes and colonnades, to the old Lateran Basilica, proudly spreading its immense, though elegantly light, façade on the summit of the Caelian Hill, is situated one of the grandest and most interesting martyr churches of Rome—San Martino di Monti. No mere casual observer would ever discover the church, hemmed in as it is in a narrow alley, bordered by great blank walls, standing in a tumble-down cortile where a French soldier keeps guard, part of the monastery being occupied as a barrack. On entering the spacious and admirably proportioned edifice, the eye is perfectly overcome with the gorgeous ensemble of painting, gilding, marble, mosaics, fluted columns, all surmounted by a ceiling, so magnificent in purple, gold, and crimson, the colours finely mellowed by age, that it requires some moments actually to realise the splendour surrounding one. The central nave is large and grand, the columns supporting the aisles of ancient, and therefore classical, workmanship; the altar, raised on double flights of coloured-marble steps, is resplendent with magnificent decoration; the tribune above glows in gilding and rich frescoes; side chapels of great beauty open out beneath the arches of the aisles, decorated with statuary and painting.

I can give no details, for my memory seems oppressed and stupefied by the grandeur of the whole, rather than any part of this superb *ecclesiastical drawing-room*, such being the only appropriate term I can apply to it. I do remember one curious painting of Saint Elijah, as the Catholics call him, who, in company with the Wandering Jew, is, according to tradition, supposed to be still walking the world until the end of all things. He, as if wearied by his endless pilgrimage, reposes on a rock, while an angel beckons to him, pointing to the extended sea stretching away before them, as if animating him to proceed on his wanderings.

The aisles are filled with paintings, alternating with the interesting frescoes of Poussin—poor and washy, however, in execution, I confess, to my eyes, and much injured by damp, as are his water-colour paintings in the Colonna Palace, though beautiful, as far as the drawing goes, and full of fancy, and rich in Italian character.

There is a large fresco of a council held under Silvester, who was Pope when Constantine established Christianity as the religion of the Roman empire, enforcing the acts of the general council of Nice in the condemnation of Arius Sabellius, &c., burning their heretical works in the presence of the emperor, who is represented sitting lower than the pontiffs, a little apart from the bishops, ranged in circular seats around. ~~I descended down marble stairs to the first subterraneous church, situated~~

immediately under the altar, which being visible from the nave, gives great lightness to the tribune, as row after row of coloured marble balustrades meet and intersect each other, ascending and descending very gracefully.

This lower church, or crypt, is circular; the arched roof supported by clustered columns of much beauty. Here lie the bones of Silvester, as well as no less than four martyred popes, besides those of many other early confessors to the faith, who sealed their life by a glorious death. Around in this narrow space are collected all that remains of many of that blessed army of martyrs whose spirits, it is surely only just to suppose, hover over and guard with peculiar care and love the Imperial City where they lived, and believed, and suffered in the flesh—Ciriacus, and Priscilla, and Anastasia, and Serquis, and Fabian, and many another name more honoured in the courts of Heaven than remembered on forgetful and careless earth.

The monk, acting as my guide, who I instantly discovered to be Lucchese from his accent, made his reverences before their remains, and then opened a door at one side, where, through a narrow-arched stair, we descended into a dimly-lighted cavernous vault below. Owing to having early been consecrated as a church, and serving as a place of concealment to Silvester in the stormy days of persecution prior to the accession of Constantine, these ruins have been wonderfully preserved—no Roman remains in Rome are more perfect nor more striking. Green damp covers the gigantic piers supporting the boldly arched vaults, while here and there appear great entrances, now built up, leading into other long-drawn aisles—we know not how far beyond—communicating with the interminable network of catacombs surrounding subterraneous Rome.

We walked upon a black and white mosaic pavement similar to that I have noticed at the Baths of Caracalla. Not a sound, not a sight, but was in harmony with this venerable region of the tombs:

Faint from the entrance came a daylight ray, gleaming down the passage by which we had entered into the solemn crypt, heavy with the dews of long ages, and rich in the association of both Pagan and Christian Rome. No modern hand has desecrated it, Bernini, thank Heaven, having left untouched this earliest sanctuary out of the catacombs. A place more awful and solemnising cannot be conceived, and as I wandered among the huge arches and openings receding into deep vistas of solemn gloom, I felt penetrated with indescribable reverence in the presence of these consecrated remains that even ruthless Time has spared.

What are the Roman or his works to me? It is the religious associations clinging to these old walls that entrance me; the recollections of the early martyrs, their faith, their love, their sufferings, the fearless zeal which drove them to raise altars to the Catholic Jehovah on the very walls where pagan deities had ruled. The black-robed monk was in perfect keeping with the scene, moving silently about, the red cross embroidered on his dress, a symbolic beacon amid the gloom:

Shades were its boundary, for my strained eye sought
For other limit to its width in vain.

The monk showed me the coffin of Beato Tommaso, suspended mid-

way from the blackened walls. Cardinals' hats, all ruined by damp and age, hung from the arched roof, monuments were under our feet, tombs around, bones and skulls heaped confusedly in corners. There was a chapel at one dark extremity where Pope Silvester had prayed and invoked the Virgin that still hung there, believing that she had turned and looked at him. What wonders might one not believe deep down buried in the earth? There was his chair wherein he sat when in this time-honoured hall the great council was held, the same as represented in the glorious church above. Once the baths were on a level with the city, now they are buried in its foundations; but the memory of those times livés, and breathes, and breaks forth from these subterraneous depths in the hearts of those who come and go, carrying recollections and impressions that will not away.

Pagan Rome is gone, and Christian Rome is alone upheld by northern troops, but those solemn walls stand firm, majestic, and imperial even in decay; and those altars, where rest the martyred saints, are entire in the consecrated gloom which the sun has not penetrated these eighteen centuries.

Close by the church there is a well walled vineyard, bearing the inscription outside, in small chalked letters, of "*Sette Sale*." A stranger might pass hundreds of times up that lonely lane hemmed in with walls and not remark it; yet there are treasures of ruins within that wooden door, which opened to us after long knocking.

A highly cultivated garden appeared, with a broad path winding through the trellised vines, which I followed. The good-humoured contadine stood up as I passed, and, smiling, wished me "*Una buona passeggiata*." Good luck! did they think, kind souls, because I was clad in velvet and silk, that I was happy? Alas! could they have seen my aching heart, they would have let me pass unenvied by, and turned with contentment to planting their potatoes. It was I who envied *them*, with their fair, chubby children beside them, which they could call their own.

In one corner of the pretty vineyard, positively bristling with ruins, is a ballock formed of crumbling walls, overgrown with grass, and myrtle, and dwarf like bushes, with here and there a long straggling vine, in whose side seven arched openings, hoary with decay, open into seven cavernous vaults—great cavernous recesses—all black and dismal—used, as is supposed, for reservoirs of water, to supply the Colosseum and the Baths of Titus, which lie further on, near the fall of the hill. The cabbages and lettuce grow up to the very brink of these awful pits, and all nature wears a smiling, domestic character around, utterly unsympathetic with, and sternly repulsed by, the frowning ruins, which scorn such impudent approximation.

Wandering down a little further, I came on an enormous portico, forming one of the eagles of the baths, where the philosophers used to expound their Grecian wisdom in the ears of the degenerate Romans. Perhaps under that very arch, the siege of Jerusalem, the obstinacy and destruction of the Jews, and the magnanimity of Titus, were discussed and commented on; as the latest "*news from the East*." How are the mighty fallen! Rome lives but in a few unintelligible ruins—a fragment and a confusion!—Titus—his arch with its triumphs, and his baths, are mouldering in decay; the Jews, wandering over God's wide

earth, and a few olive-trees bask in the warm sunshine under the vaulted roof, once radiant in marble and gold, where congregated the learned few whose togas swept the rich mosaic floors. The pillared colonnades, the shady groves, the magnificent shrines, have vanished; the sumptuous pile is no more; and Nero's golden house, accursed for his sake, and exiled from the surface of the earth, alone preserves its subterranean walls, buried deep down in the bosom of another earth—that parent whose cold embrace cherishes so carefully all entrusted to her keeping.

If it is delightful to see remarkable places, immortal statues, and glorious pictures, it is no less amusing and novel to become acquainted with the many remarkable personages who pass before one with the variety and rapidity of a kaleidoscope. Everybody comes to Rome—from the last converted negro, to be dipped in Constantine's fount at the Lateran, to the Emperor of all the Russias; and everybody can be seen and examined, not lost and swallowed up as in the vast vortex, ever fermenting up and down, peculiar to giant London—a world-monster, devouring all it gathers, and yet never satisfied.

At this moment one may jostle in the streets of Rome, Lockhart, Thackeray, Fanny Kemble, Wiseman, Manning, Van Buren, Mrs. Barrett Browning, and a host of ignoble fry—among which dukes and lords and princes may be reckoned.

I made the acquaintance to-day of a very remarkable man, on whose shoulders at present rests the entire responsibility of the Papal government—Cardinal Antonelli, secretary of state to Pius IX., and minister also of finance, of police, of justice, of everything—*multum in parvo*, in fact; for he has appointed such mere lay figures to these various offices, that he alone bears the onus and the weight of the entire machine of state.

There are complaints, not loud but deep, of a system by which, it is said, the internal government suffers immensely from this personal concentration of power; for the cardinal prefers diplomacy to blue books and financial details, and neglects, it is said, the one to apply himself the more undividedly to the other. Deficits are spoken of in the revenue, and there is immense distress throughout Romagna,—whether proceeding from scarcity and scanty harvests, or mal-government, I cannot say; and there are grumbings and great discontent, as it is known that the dear, good, pacific Pope, since he was driven from his throne because he would not head a republic, leaves the management of everything to his favourite minister.

Antonelli was instrumental in his holiness's escape to Gaeta, and very nearly himself got murdered in those stormy days, when Rome was given up to Red Republicans. But now he is installed in the Vatican, and appears neither to dread nor to remember the fate of poor Rossi, the best and most upright man in Italy, who fell assassinated by a furious populace on the stairs of the Palazzo della Cancelleria, because his course of reform was not rapidly enough progressing to satisfy their wild ideas and insane cravings for licentious liberty. Without question, his successor, Antonelli, is a very remarkable person, and gifted with superior talents for government; *sans savoir* if one man can do everything—a state problem, the solving of which may cost the Roman states another revolution.

In the mean time the good Pope is given up to prayer and religious observances—leading the simplest and purest life consistent with mortal flesh and blood; and Antonelli alone guides the helm of state, amid the angry breakers and sunken rocks of the stormy sea that beats furiously against the aged and rotten timbers of the fisherman's "navicella," weakened, crazy, and disjointed by the tempests of accumulated centuries.

On the occasion of our visit to the cardinal, on whom fortune smiles, we entered the labyrinth of courts forming that part of the Vatican in which the Pope resides, by a private entrance, after making the circuit of St. Peter's, whose colossal proportions can only be rightly estimated by such a giro, or by mounting the cupola. Our carriage dashed through entrance after entrance into a succession of courts, all guarded by mounted sentinels, until reaching the spacious and beautiful cortile, decorated by Raphael, where we dismounted. An interminable staircase of perhaps one hundred steps appeared, something like a nightmare, for there was no end of it. Up and up we climbed, encountering Swiss guards at due intervals; at last, having gained the fourth story—quite the piano nobile at Rome—came the ante-room, with its allowance of cringing menials, who, as we were honoured guests, bowed us at once into a handsome apartment, furnished like a dining-room.

As the cardinal was engaged at the moment, we were here entertained by an old French Monsignore, Chanoin of St. Peter's, a rabid *Légitimiste*, as he informed us—at all events not so overburdened by brains as to make him an acquisition to any party. I can only say he seemed worthy of the petticoat he wore.

My Italian companion, the Contessa —, is a perfect worshipper of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, and of the Bonapartes collectively and generally. This she was too cunning and acute to declare openly, but drove the poor old monsignore skilfully into a corner, forcing him to acknowledge how much its present Emperor had done for France—

"Mais oui, mais oui; la Providence a agi il faut l'avouer," replied he. "Enfin la Providence se sert de tous les moyens"—in a whining tone.

"Was not Marshal St. Arnaud a great general?"

"Mais oui; un homme de talent, cependant mondain."

"Ah!" said my friend, "France is prosperous; cela suffit; ses beaux jours sont revenus;" at which undeniable fact the chanoin looked glum, although the pink of old-fashioned French *politesse*.

Feeling himself worsted, he broke out into an enumeration of all the old English families to whom he was allied for my edification. From this he passed to a tremendous eulogy of the cardinal, a man, according to him, "take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

"Mais il fait tout, ce cher cardinal; il a des talents universels; il pense à la finance à la diplomatie, au gouvernement intérieur; enfin c'est un homme miraculeux, et si bon, si amable!"

As this "universal" character is the very thing for which Cardinal Antonelli is reproached by his enemies, who stigmatise his ministry precisely because he insists on doing everything, I could scarcely suppress a smile at the ill-timed enthusiasm of the chanoin.

"Ce cher homme," continued he, "vous savez qu'il a manqué d'être tué lorsque le saint Père s'est enfui—comment aurait-il jamais échappé?"

Ah ! il faut adorer la Providence !" Saying which, he folded his hands and assumed an unctuous look of devotion.

I was growing weary of this old man, with his "providential" tirades, when the major-domo entered and announced that the cardinal would receive us.

We passed through a suite of rooms to the writing apartment of his Eminence, overlaid with letters and papers, all arranged with the nicest order. Here stood the cardinal, a tall, handsome man, of about thirty-five, of a grave and majestic presence, which at once, without any effort on his part, inspires respect. He was dressed, as I had seen Cardinal Wiseman, in a purple robe, or "*sottana*," edged and trimmed with red, a red skull-cap on his head, stockings to match of red silk, with the naggiest shoes on the neatest feet, set off by gold buckles, any Parisian *élégant* could desire.

I cannot positively assert that Antonelli is handsome, but he has a fine Roman face, almost Zingaro in character, with brilliant black eyes, and that rich sunburnt complexion common to Italians. The expression of his countenance is excellent ; and the suavity and kindness of his manner in receiving a party of ladies (who must have been a great nuisance to him) admirable.

My companion the countess was intimately acquainted with him and his family ; nevertheless her reverence for a cardinal prince operated on her so strongly, that she cast herself on her knees before him and kissed the hem of his robe—a proceeding he vigorously opposed, but without succeeding. My genuflections were also profound, but of a more moderate character, as became a *protester*, or Protestant, within the precincts of the Vatican.

The cardinal led us into a charming boudoir, or drawing-room beyond, exquisitely furnished. Sofas and chairs of the richest Berlin work ; carpets, into which one's feet sank, as it were, to rise no more ; walls covered with valuable paintings in glowing frames ; and crystal cabinets enshrining collections of those articles named "of bigotry and virtue," in coral, alabaster, mosaic, and gold, such as one admires in the jewel-room at the Louvre or at Florence, opening from that stupendous Uffizi gallery, where are preserved those graceful cinque cento toys that wasted Cellini's best years. The windows looked out over the great Piazza of St. Peter's, and formed part of the façade that faces high up over the colonnades to the right. Sure never were fairer apartments wherein a favoured cardinal kept his state ; not even Wolsey at Hampton Court in all his glory was better or more nobly lodged.

We two ladies were seated on the sofa, while the cardinal placed himself opposite, and it was then I fell to admiring the extreme beauty of his foot and the almost feminine whiteness and delicacy of his hands, where on one finger sparkled a superb emerald. A conversation now began with the contessa, who rattled away in a lively, sparkling way on a variety of subjects. She spoke of her desire to make converts to the Catholic faith. Antonelli received her remarks with a silent smile.

"I," said he, after a pause, "being a Catholic and a cardinal, naturally would desire to see all the world even as myself—(*come son io stesso*)—but such a change should arise from deep conviction and mature reflec-

tion in order to be acceptable to God. I little admire the violent efforts of those who think that by promiscuously making converts they perform good and acceptable work. For worldly motives to operate in such a question is obviously most improper, and I much fear many sudden conversions of inconsiderate persons arise from that cause."

These were noble sentiments, and came with double force from Rome and the Vatican in the nineteenth century. After this little rebuff to the good-natured but over zealous countess, who so eagerly desires to see the whole world within the embrace of the "one true church," the conversation turned on England—of that country the cardinal professes himself a great admirer. And the extraordinary memory which he possesses! All he reads he remembers, even to the most minute descriptions of public buildings, streets, &c. He told us that he had astonished the D— by describing to her exactly the exterior of her London mansion.

"Why you never told me you had been in London," exclaimed she.

"I never have been," replied the cardinal to her; "but I read some years ago a description of the great London houses, and I remembered your grace's was so and so. And," continued he, "I have surprised Germans and French too with my accurate descriptions of certain marked features in their capitals."

One can quite believe all this—his bright, intellectual countenance looking through men and events by intuition, and at once deducting his own conclusions.

He inquired particularly about myself, taking really a lively interest in much I told him.

"Come to me," said he, "if I can serve you. *Mi farebbe un piacer, di poter esserle utile.*"

Twenty requests were on my lips in a moment—(specially an introduction to a certain unapproachable ambassadress)—but I reflected that the offers of princes were sufficiently complimentary and gracious in themselves, and like relics should be hung up to be venerated and admired, but not to be used. However, I must observe, *en parenthèse*, respecting Cardinal Antonelli, that I knew an English lady really in distress to whom his kindness and protection, when invoked, were quite Samaritan, and induce me fully to believe in his genuine good-heartedness.

We chatted on in the most agreeable way for more than half an hour, and, although prepared to move, the cardinal did not allow conversation to flag for an instant. He made the contessa quite happy by promising her the consecrated candle which he was to bear at the approaching feast of the Purification, one of the grandest in the Roman calendar; and charmed me by the paternal kindness with which he addressed her daughter, calling her *mia figlia*, with the most graceful tact possible, assuming thus his own position while he indicated hers.

At last we rose to depart, when the contessa, spite of all opposition, would perform the same genuflections, although he exclaimed—"Ma—le prego—Davvero mi duole—Come mai," &c. He shook hands with me, and actually conducted us to the outer door of his private rooms—an attention duly observed by the *servitù* in waiting, who received us with all manner of homage in consequence. So we retreated—quite *combliés d'honneurs*—and descended to our carriage in the best possible humour with ourselves and all the great universal world.

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P

A RIGHI DAY.

I CAN truly affirm that my last chapter was written before Mr. Albert Smith had freshened my recollections, and made my sides ache with laughter, by his lively enactment of the scene at the long Righi "supper table," and of his own after sleepless night, under the cross fire of interrogatories carried on through the *chip* partitions of the Righi Culm Hotel, while the "tin fiddle" of his omnipresent vagabond friend in the attics sounded the charge to the air of "*Le Moulin du Village*."

I *don't* think I met Mr. Smith at the Righi Culm Hotel in 1851. If I *did*, I take shame to myself for my stupidity in being unaware of the presence of a companion so intelligent and agreeable. Yet I should be afraid to swear I did *not*, because he brought the whole scene, of what may be an *any* day, or *every* day, "*r union*," so vividly before me, that I began to think "gushing Augusta Effingham" must have been my *vis- -vis* at table; and I feel almost convinced that "undecided Mr. Parker" sat within two or three of me. There is but one part of Mr. Smith's reminiscences to which I must return a complete "*non mi ricordo*." Of any nocturnal disturbances I must avow myself utterly oblivious, for just as I had composed myself for a most intense and abstracted moonlight meditation, having my eyes fixed on a snow patch before the window, which lay crisping in a hoar frost, even in "leafy June," my abstraction became somehow or other more complete than I intended. Sleep surprised me, and I lay insensible to "Jack's" inquiry from No. 18, whether "Harry was asleep in 34?"—whether he "had Keller's map?"—and to all and sundry the other interlocutory annoyances which interfered with Mr. Albert Smith's enjoyment of "the balmy," save and except the summons from the Alp horn in the grey morning, and, as *Tony Lumpkin* says, "I'll bear witness to *that*." It did sound through and about the house, in a fashion which left it scarce a matter of choice to get up; for to sleep, or lie still, under the infliction, was an utter impossibility. The Alp horn reduces the turn-out at morning muster to a "matter of course."

A tariff posted in every bedroom proclaims a prohibitory duty on the conversion of blankets or counterpanes into morning wrappers! This is sometimes understood as a hint to take the comfort and pay the penalty, but on the morning of the 10th of June, 1851, we saw no instance of

Cloths contrived a double debt to pay—
Blankets by night, made mantles of by day.

My girls and I had come adequately provided with sundry appliances, to meet that biting blast which swept along, heralding the sun's approach, and realising the magical artistic effect of the "*Rospigliosi Aurora*," of which wonderful fresco the leading idea seems to be, to express the rapidity with which the god of day sweeps on to his rising,

And leaves the breezes of the moon behind.

We all three took the field, in suitable hirsute garments of endurance, but others emerged from the hotel in most grotesque variety of habiliment; among the rest, there remains indelibly fixed on my memory (and rises

before "the mind's eye" as I write) one figure, which even in the glowing sunset of the last evening, I had admired as an exemplification of the triumph of—soul over substance!—of mind making light of physical impediments which would have weighed down, and detained in the lower world, any one with but the ordinary desire for the grand and picturesque: in plain prose, this was a German lady, of that square, substantial build which renders the term "sylphid," as applied to dames of Teutonic race, a mere phrase of form, if not of ridicule. By what route, or by what mode of conveyance the lady in question attained the Righi top, quite passes my comprehension. If carried by "*porteurs*," they must have been of "the race of the Anakim;" if borne by a horse, the animal must have had the preternatural qualities of the fabled hippogriff! There however she stood "in the flesh," her age sixty, if a day; her weight twenty stone! if a pound; and yet full of activity to explore, and enthusiasm to admire, everything. In the nipping morning air she was by no means the last to emerge from the hotel, presenting in the twilight the most extraordinary appearance conceivable—her square, solid person, wrapped in a grey horseman's coat, not worn cloak-wise, but put on after manly fashion! her round, firm face, hedged about with *papillottes*, her bonnet surmounting her unremoved night head-gear! I am sure she divided for some moments the attention of the whole company with the glorious panorama emerging into view around us; our American friend, among the rest, greeted her appearance with a long whistle, and after a steady stare with arms a-kimbo, concluded his survey with the following suggestion, evincing at once his appreciation of the object before him, and his lively interest in the phenomena of nature—"By Jove! *what an avalanche she would make!*"

While the hotel thus yielded up its inmates, and "the Staffelhaus" below sent up its contingent of shivering enthusiasts to the sun's *loves*, the day-dawn was rapidly coming up from eastwards, in the direction of the Rossberg, which seemed to sink into still deeper shadow as the snow peaks above and behind it began to blush through the grey light of morning.

Pages might be filled with descriptions of the Righi sunrise, and yet tell nothing. We might detail with guide-book accuracy the names of the giant mountains which began to show in the distance of the Oberland and the Grisons, as the sun touches each successively, and seems to call it in to being out of the chaos of darkness; but when all is done, what do such descriptions convey? Nothing! Names, and no more. There is no travelled impertinence in the assertion, that when you can understand a description of the Righi panorama at sunrise, you do not want it; pictures will be superfluous, for you must have seen the original to form any conception of that snowy ocean, which loses itself in distance to the south and westward, in which every billow is a separate mountain, while Mont Blanc, the "monarch" of all, shows only like a "crowning tenth wave" in the vastness of that undefined expanse.

Upon one grace of the scene we can dwell, if only to confess the impossibility of fixing it in description—I mean that exquisite and ever-changing blush with which the cold virgin purity of the snow acknowledges the approaches of the day-god. A student of the laws of colour would, I have no doubt, find interest and information in observing the

process by which the bluish grey of twilight is first transmuted into a delicate purple, gradually warming into a rosy, and then a still warmer glow, as the power of the yet unseen sunbeam comes into fuller operation upon the snow's unsullied whiteness ; for myself, not being equal to a scientific, I must be content with a poetico-critical deduction from it, in reference to one of those enigmatical beauties which Mr. Tennyson has been pleased to give to his readers, in order that they may exercise ingenuity, or, as the case may be, exhibit absurdity in conjecturing their meaning.

Twice in the course of that remarkable composition, entitled a "Vision of Sin," which concludes his revised volume of *Lyrics*, the laureate has introduced these lines :

To the horizon's verge withdrawn,
God made himself an awful rose of dawn.

Sundry "notes and queries" have been put as to the meaning of this mysterious last line. More than one answer has been hazarded, but the oracular poet himself has not condescended to define his own meaning, and therefore leaves it open to one conjecture more ; the meaning intended, I conceive to be, that through all the phases and madness of reckless sin, the sinner can never get rid of an overshadowing sense of an awful God, who has appointed a day "wherein to judge the world in righteousness ;" that this sense of coming judgment may be dim and faint, but yet as inevitable a token of future account as the blush before dawn of the coming day.

While we stood on the Righi Culm, in high-wrought expectation of the sun's up-rising, unable to calculate at what moment he would actually emerge, and yet continually warned that he was coming near and yet nearer by the increasing redness of the eastern sky, causing a kind of awful hushed anxiety for the moment—when we could say that the sun was "risen upon the earth" and that we stood in his full light, these words of Tennyson's occurred to me as best calculated to describe my sensations, and as embodying a conception from a natural image, which, if it was not in the mind of the author when writing them, might, if he had ever waited such a moment as this, well be so. One would like to know the value of such a conjecture if it would be possible to induce this rather transcendental poet to condescend to the infirmities of admiring readers and perplexed commentators.

Nearer, and yet nearer, and at last the day-god surmounts the Alpine heights and gives the signal to our lower world to "go forth" to its varied labours, pleasures, joys, and sorrows "until the evening." What ideas of force and power are conveyed by the ascending luminary driving up, as it were, the clear blue steep of the Empyrean, scattering the mists and vapours, which seem to be annihilated by his very presence. No one can have ever stood and contemplated the rush of a steam-train carrying its hundred tons at the rate of forty miles an hour without receiving the impression of irresistible force in action, and of human nothingness in comparison to the giant power it has evoked. But the scientific embodiment of power sinks into nothingness, and becomes "of the earth and earthy," when compared with the glorious, quiet, natural strength in which the "great light made to rule the day" rolls on his unwearied course, fulfilling from the first morning of creation the simple fiat, "let there be light." And with light ministering all those appliances of living enjoy-

ment without which being, if it were indeed a possibility, would be a dreary blank instead of an endowment from God "given to his intelligent creation richly to enjoy."

The sea of mountains which spreads itself to the south and east, as "Alp o'er Alp ascends," baffles all description. We heard on every side names of interest—"Voilà Mont Blanc!" "Yung Frau!" "Gliasnich!" and so on—but to identify these with any of the giant peaks before us was impossible. "Mont Pilatre," as it stood out in gloom and nearness, though but comparatively a pigmy, was a more impressive object than those huge *real* mountains looming in the distant horizon. And on the Righi top one is obliged to let imagination loose in unlimited conjecture rather than attempt to realise anything like accurate knowledge of the Oberland wonders spread out before him.

There is one point of the panorama within what is called "the middle distance," on which the spectator gazes with an interest to which the mere sense of seeing contributes little. As the eye ranges over the Lake of Lowertz, the position of the little town of Schwytz may be seen, or guessed at, marked as its site is by splintered peaks, called "The Mitres;" and near it one loves to fancy that the meadow of "Grütl" can be distinguished by its "greenery," as the natural temple in which the original vow of Swiss freedom was registered more than five centuries since. As I strained my eyes to catch the spot through the growing light of morning, there came to my memory a passage which I had been reading in a Swiss history a few days before, namely, the words of fierce taunt with which the wife of "Werner Stauffacher" first roused in him that spirit of resistance to the "castled chiefs," who from their strongholds of pride, lust, and oppression had so long held the mountaineers in thralldom: "*Combien de temps encore verra't-on l'orgueil rire et l'humilité pleurer?*" *Des étrangers seront-ils les maîtres de ce pays, et les héritiers de nos biens? A quoi sert-il que nos montagnes soient habitées par des hommes? Mères, devons-nous nourrir des fils mendiants, et élever nos filles pour servir d'esclaves aux étrangers? Loin de nous tant de lâcheté!*"

These words, as we loitered over our *café* before departure, wrought themselves into the following contribution to the Righi Culm Album:

THE BIRTH-WORDS OF SWISS FREEDOM.

How long from the castles which rise on our steeps
Shall pride see abasement, and mock while it weeps,
And foreigners sit in their cordon of towers,
Making spoil of our goods in the land that is *ours*?

How long must we ask in each mountain-girt glen
To what purpose our fatherland nourishes men?
How long shall we mothers sit abject in dust,
Breeding boys as their bondmen, and girls for their lust.

Oh! when will the breeze sweeping free o'er our hills
Inspire this bold truth—"Man is free when he wills?"
Or when will our snows wash the blot from our name
Which makes it 'mong nations a by-word of shame?

Each taunt like a sting, brought to Stauffacher's cheek
The warm tingling blood, still no word did he speak;
But each on his heart as a kindling spark fell,
And the fire lighted there spread to Furst,—Melchthall,—Tell!

It kindled, it strengthened—it spread—and full soon,
 Where the meadows of Grütli lay pale in the moon,
 Brave men, met with heaven-lifted hands and bent knee,
 Swore a vow, which they kept, and the Swytz-land is free.

Righi Culm, June 11, 1851.

R.

We are whiling away description, as we whiled away our time on the Culm, in hopes that to the splendours of our sunset and sunrise might be added one other exhibition, which would have rendered our achievements of the Righi a perfect success. We had heard of the "Righi Spectre"—a kind of Swiss rival to the "Spectre of the Brocken"—and we lingered on the Culm, in the hope that to all our other good fortune might be added that peculiar atmospheric combination of mist and sunshine, by which sometimes the shadow of the mountain, and of any person who may be on it at the time, are projected in gigantic proportions upon a huge vapour looking-glass, or curtain, opposite. We looked in vain for this grand phenomenon, and yet our watch was not altogether fruitless. For, though the mist was wanting, the sun shone out with remarkable strength and power, and gave us a minor wonder well worth waiting for. This was no less than the whole mountain on which we stood clearly reflected from the snow curtain or sheet of the Oberland Alps. We could trace the outline of the Righi quite as distinctly as our own shadows on the grass before us; and must leave to the readers to calculate the delight with which we viewed this effect of a solar magic lantern, in which the object exhibited was an isolated mountain, 5700 feet in altitude, projected at a distance from fifty to one hundred miles!

The sun was now shining in his strength upon the earth, the glory of the *ante* and *post* sunrise half-hour was gone, and we now turned into the "Culm Hotel" for coffee and the bill, preparatory to our descent by the way of Kussnath to Lucerne. We had discharged our cavalry the night before, the downward journey was to be made on foot, or, where the way allowed the ladies to be carried, by *chaises à porteur* engaged for them; while our American friend, his guide and I, took the road, or rather the ravine, Alpen-stock in hand.—N.B. Every one buys an Alpen-stock on a Swiss mountain. It would be a curious statistical inquiry to ascertain how many of them are ever carried beyond the first hotel, where they are laid down.

The downward path to Kussnath has nothing remarkable about it, and our progress was marked by little of interest, save a conversation with our friend's guide, which I record here for the benefit of those tourists who travel over Europe, surrendering themselves to the "tender mercies" of that variety of the *genus homo* called—Courier!

We had by this time established a pleasant travelling familiarity with the young American. He attached himself to the suite of my daughters, while his guide transferred his attentions altogether to me. I found him very intelligent and communicative, and he produced a perfect volume of attestations from tourists, who professed to have tested his civility and fidelity through all sorts of explorations of Alp-land.

Our conversation was carried on in French, and after I had asked him if "he knew anything of English?" to which his response was, "No, sir, I wish I did," he surprised me by the inquiry whether "I wanted a domestic?" a question which he followed up by an offer, that if I would

take him to England in my service, he would "serve me for five years without any wages—not any whatever!"

I was startled by the proposition; reminiscences of "Lord William Russell's tragedy" came to my memory—I had not the least desire to accept the offer; and at last I said, "It is not the custom of English masters to receive service without wages. We never do it." I then added, "Why do you make the proposal?"

"Tenez, monsieur," he said, laying his hand on my arm; "I am here a guide, and a good one. But here I can never be more; I am a guide for life—until I grow old, or perhaps die in a crevasse or a drift—but if I was some years—say five, for I am young, monsieur—in England, I should then comprehend English, and make myself courier; and then," his eyes sparkled as he said, "in few years more I should come home and sit down rich—rich as a syndic," this being, I suppose, the Swiss equivalent for our expression of "rich as a Jew."

"But," I replied, "your wages as a guide are quite as good as a courier's, I should think?"

"Wages—bah!—wages is a bagatelle. Monsieur will pardon my ignorance, that I presumed to offer him a compliment of it for his service.—The wages are nothing—nothing! it is the opportunities! and all that."

"What are the opportunities?" I asked, knowing his meaning, but wishing to discover more of his opinion on the subject.

"I don't know what they are, for I am not courier yet. There is a Verbundnik among them which I hope to understand some day. All I know now is, that I see poor fellows like myself go out in a courier dress, and presently they come home, and don't regard the 'burgmeister;' that's what I should like to do."

Our subject ended on my assuring the poor fellow that his proposition could not be entertained by me. Poor Louis Schmutz of Swytz (such was his name recorded in my pocket-book) may have since found some one to accept his services, and put him in the way of gratifying his ambition, though I fear without improving his integrity.

While on the subject, I may mention an incident illustrative of those "opportunities," which improved as they know how to improve them, send these courier gentry home as "rich as syndics" and proud as "burgmeisters."

When leaving Rome in that annual dispersion after Easter, which regularly puts fifty per cent. on the price of veturinos and post-horses until the flood-tide of travel has abated, an agreeable military friend, who had half promised to take the fourth seat in our carriage, told me one day that he had been laid hold on by two old lady relatives, whom he accidentally encountered, and who, in their horrors and alarms at "banditti," had fairly pressed him into their service as far as Florence.

"Their courier was not to be found," said he, "and in the run for carriages, I am going to engage a veturino for them. I'm sorry I can't join you; I had much rather."

I also expressed my regret, and we parted. Later in the day, I met him again, in high glee at having just concluded an engagement for a very good carriage and horses at the price of, I think, twenty-three napoleons, or some such sum; and, considering the "run" on the road, I thought he had made a very fair bargain indeed.

Next day we met as usual. When, in reply to some question as to his journey, Captain M——'s countenance immediately fell, as he answered: "I'm in a nice travelling predicament. In my endeavour to serve these old tabbies I told you of, I am become liable to a complaint for a broken *contratto*;" and then, with an emphasis most unusual with a high-bred gentleman, he added one of those expressions which "in a captain is a choleric word,"—"when I interfere between a courier and his dupes again, I'm ——."

He then related to me, that while in the act of telling his ancient relatives the clever bargain he had concluded on their behalf, in marched the courier! who, heretofore, in all their journeyings, had sole charge of these old ladies, "body, soul, and 'circular notes' inclusive." Monsieur le Courier listened very coldly to the intelligence of Captain M——'s bargain; observed that a carriage at that price could not be fit for "Miladies" to put foot into; he had himself just engaged a carriage, *en particulier* and *très bon marché*, for thirty napoleons; the *contratto* was made, and he could not break it without forfeit—and so on. "The worst of it is," continued the irate captain, "I have seen the carriage the infernal scoundrel has put upon us. It is one I rejected myself as inferior, before I engaged my own; and, as sure as we are speaking, the fellow actually pays less for it, and pockets the difference, in the shape of commission, per-centage, or some such mode of extortion."

So much for the "opportunities" which send these harpies home rich men after a few years' plunder of English dupes. I say English, for, according to the proverb, "Hawks do not pike out hawks' eyes," continentals do not prey on each other; and I believe the English to be the only nation which delivers itself, tied and bound, to the calamity of *Courierism*.

The descent from the Righi brings you to one of the Tell's chapels, of which there are several in this cradle corner of Swiss freedom.

It is very provoking to find in our utilitarian age that Tell and his heroism is beginning to be rationalised into little better than a myth. Some ugly anachronisms are beginning to be affirmed as to his various trophies; for example, the tower, popularly supposed to mark the spot where he shot the apple from his son's head, is now discovered to have existed a century previous to the date of that event—if it happened at all; and in like manner do they begin to pick holes in the other deeds of daring in his memorable career. So that there is much danger that in some future day this object of popular hero-worship will himself be explained away into a kind of Swiss "Mrs. Harris." This is not merely provoking, but injurious. It is removing from before the minds of the simple mountaineers a standard measure of patriotic devotion and daring, which has often led them to maintain their hard-won rights, to the admiration of the world. *Malo cum Platone errare*. Rather than be convinced with, or by, the most hard-headed matter-of-fact investigator of our age, I should prefer these reflections, to the following effect, which suggested themselves to the mind of Sir James Mackintosh at the chapel of the Tellen-platte, on Lucerne Lake, the principal shrine of Swiss devotion to the memory of their hero:

"To the inhabitants of Thermopylæ or Marathon these famous spots are but so many square feet of earth. England is too extensive, too

much carried away by industry and utility, to hold Runnymede as an object of national affection. Switzerland is, perhaps, the only place in our globe where deeds of pure virtue, ancient enough to be venerable, are consecrated by the religion of the people, and continue to command interest and reverence. No local superstition so beautiful and so moral as that connected with the deeds of William Tell anywhere exists."

This is quite true—true to nature and to philosophy alike—and the principle is enforced by the constant and simple references by which the Swiss are ever directed to their primitive models of patriotism for imitation, as for caution against the deteriorating effects of modern corruptions and foreign intercourse.

"*Cavete Rheti, simplicitas morum, et unio, servabunt avitam libertatem*" is the sign-post warning with which the Fathers of Switzerland indicated to their children that one of the highways to "sad and sunken Italy" is now open to friend and foe; and as I waited for the carriage before Tell's chapel, in the Hohlegaste, near Kussnath, I copied a corresponding inscription, addressed, not to travellers, but to the natives. I copied the characters as I read them, but it was not until I found an interpreter in the pretty little *English*-taught daughter of "mine host," at Schaffausen, that I could attempt a free version of the homely Swiss doggerel which marks the hollow way where Tell is said to have done his act of "wild justice" upon the tyrant of his country :

Gekler's Lochmut Tell er schosen
Unde edel Schweizer frechheit enser osen
Wie lang wird aber solche wahren
Nach lange wen wir die Alten waren.

Here where Tell did Gesler shoot,
Switz-land's freedom-tree took root ;
Shall tyrants' axe this fair tree fell ?
Never ! while Swiss-men be like Tell.

At Kussnath, conveyances are as welcome to the tired traveller as they are easily had ; and the drive along its beautiful bay to Lucerne might be called the perfection of lake travel. We traversed the border of the fair waters of the "Lake of the Four Cantons," as they lay in all that wondrous variety of light and shade which the Alpine ranges on the opposite shore distributed over the surface. Mont Pilatre rose before us in frowning majesty, seeming thousands of feet higher than when we confronted him on equal terms from the rival eminence of the Righi. He seemed to rise, whereas it was, in fact, we who had descended nearer to his base level ; thus illustrating the social paradox, that some people, without any real improvement, seem elevated in the scale of moral excellence, merely by the deterioration of those around them.

At quiet, sleepy Lucerne, our Righi-bund dissolved itself. Our American friend left us, with, as has been already intimated, his most definite purpose towards the Czardom of Muscovy, while we retraced our way to Zurich to reclaim *nos bagages*. It was a pleasant association while it lasted, and a complete success in an adventure which is generally supposed, in nine cases out of ten, to end in failure and disappointment.

MILDRED ARKELL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

I.

I AM going to tell you a story of real life. One of those romances that are in truth so common, but, because nobody seeks them out, are thought to be so rare. Some of the actors in this history are living still, but my transcribing it here will do harm to none.

Towards the close of the last century, and for some years at the commencement of the present, no town was more flourishing than the one in which our scene is laid. We will call it Riverton. It was the chief city of one of England's most productive counties. The town was a manufacturing one. Masters and operatives were alike enjoying the reward of their skill and industry; the former in amassing a competency for their old age, the latter in gaining an ample living, and in bringing up their children without a struggle. A prosperous and happy town was Riverton. Industry, peace, and plenty reigned. Good masters, satisfied workmen, earning sufficient to keep their families, not starve them, made a contented race. There was no destitution, and there were few poor-rates. Every able-bodied person, whether man or woman, every growing-up youth of either sex, found adequate remuneration, if they chose to labour.

Conspicuous amongst the manufacturers, in all high respectability, was one whom we will call George Arkell, as a substitute for his real name. He was rapidly making money: not by the gripping hand of extortion; by badly paid or overtaxed workmen; but by honest care, and a flourishing trade. A better and more benevolent man did not exist, a more just and considerate master. His rate of wages was invariably the highest in the town: and in any time of temporary depression, slack work, or scarcity, he was never known to refuse the hand of help to his men. Upright and conscientious in all matters of business; beloved and respected in private life; open-hearted and generous to those under him, with a flourishing and rising trade, no wonder he was held in high estimation by his fellow-citizens. His manufactory became gradually to be looked upon as the first in the town: there were one or two other firms in it of greater magnitude, doing a larger and more pushing trade, but none, for respectability and character, stood so high as that of George Arkell.

Mr. Arkell had one son, an only child. No expense was spared upon William Arkell's education. Besides being a well-read, classical scholar, every accomplishment befitting a gentleman was taught him, in most of which he bid fair to excel. In the same city lived also an elder brother of Mr. Arkell's, Daniel, elder by many years. Poor Dan—he was never called anything but Dan—had not been so fortunate in life as his brother. His business had failed, and now, in his declining years, he was only a clerk in the city bank. Dan Arkell had two children, Peter and Mildred; all that remained of a large family. He gave to the former a sound classical education, less common in those days than in these; and at a suitable age, Peter entered the bank as a junior clerk. The two cousins, William and Peter were about the same age; Mildred was two years younger. She

had received, like Moses Primrose, a "sort of miscellaneous education at home." Her father took care that she should acquire a thorough knowledge of her own language; she wrote a good letter, and was a quick arithmetician; she made shirts, pastry, and puddings to perfection; excelled in ginger wine and pickles; and for recreation, she had the run of some old novels, and several bound volumes of the *Lady's Magazine*, a noted periodical of the day. Not a single accomplishment was she taught, save dancing, for accomplishments were then expensive things to learn.

Time wore on: the boys grew to manhood, and their parents towards old age. The firm of George Arkell and Son, for in due time William was taken into partnership with his father, flourished apace: but Daniel did not find his riches increase with his years.

We have little need to speak of Mrs. Dan or Mrs. George Arkell. They were good friends and sisters-in-law; and the latter cherished a secret hope that the daughter of the former and her own son might sometimes call each other husband and wife. It may be marvelled at, that Mrs. George Arkell should wish to unite her attractive, wealthy, and accomplished son with his portionless and, comparatively, homely cousin: but Mrs. George cared much more for that son's happiness than to advance his pomp and grandeur; she loved her niece sincerely, and she knew that her kindly and noble qualities were such that would make the happiness of any husband.

And what thought Mildred Arkell herself? She knew nothing of this cherished scheme, but if ever there appeared to her a human being gifted with all earthly perfections, in whom all admirable qualities were concentrated, it was her cousin William. She deemed her brother a very first-rate young man, as brothers went, but what was he compared to William? Peter was plain in person, awkward in manner; whilst William was tall and handsome, though with a look of delicate health on his refined features, danced minuets with Mildred to perfection, breathed love-songs to her on his flute, painted her pretty landscapes in water-colours, with which she decorated the walls of their little parlour, drove her out in his father's phaeton, passed his evenings reading to her and quoting Shakespeare, and in short made love to her as much as it is well possible to make love, without putting it into words. But the misfortune of all this was, that while it told upon *her* heart, and implanted there its never-dying fruits, he only thought of her as a cousin or sister. Had he been aware of his mother's hope of uniting them, I cannot tell whether he would have fallen in with it or not: he has asked himself the question many a time in his later life, *and he could never answer.*

Mr. Daniel Arkell died. His son Peter, whose steadiness and attention to business were properly appreciated, was advanced to fill his father's situation in the bank, so that the income, hitherto enjoyed, was still secured to his mother and sister. It was very small, and their home was widely different from the handsome residence, with all its comfortable appurtenances, owned by Mr. George Arkell.

One morning, Mrs. George Arkell came into the widow's house, with an open letter in her hand.

"Betty," she began, familiarly addressing Mrs. Daniel by her name, she having been christened by that abbreviation, "do you remember the Travices who left Riverton some years ago, to make their fortune, as they said, in London?"

"To be sure," returned Mrs. Dan.

"Well, I fear they can't have made much, for here's a letter come this morning, dated London, from their eldest girl—a pretty little thing she was, of about eight or ten, when they left Riverton."

"Yes," continued Mrs. Daniel.

"She writes to me as an old friend of her mother's, she says, to ask if I can interest myself for her with any school down here, and get her a situation as teacher; for that since her parents' death they have not been well off."

"John Travece and his wife are dead, then!" exclaimed Mrs. Dan.

"Some time back, it would seem. But we never heard the news of it in Riverton. I am sure I don't know of any school in these parts in want of a teacher. I forget her name," continued Mrs. George; "she signs her letter 'C. Travece,' but whether it was Catherine, or Cordelia, or——"

"It was Charlotte, I think," interrupted Mrs. Daniel Arkell.

"Charlotte? perhaps it was. Well, I and George have been talking it over, and we think of inviting her here for a month or so, poor thing, while we see if anything can be done. We shall pay her coach-fare down, and any other little matter, so that it will be no expense to her."

"It is very kind of you to do so, and, when you write, tell her we will all try and make her comfortable," cried Mrs. Daniel, in the honest simplicity of her heart. "Mildred will be a companion to her."

Miss Travece arrived in Riverton. A showy, accomplished, handsome young woman, affable in manner, ready of speech: just the one to turn the head of a rather shy fellow, such as William Arkell.

Mrs. Daniel had offered Mildred to be the young visitor's frequent companion: but Mildred found she was not wanted. Her cousin William's visits to her own home grew less and less frequent, till they became like what we hear of angels'. Charlotte Travece was now his companion in the phaeton, his partner in the minuets; his prettiest love-songs were played to her, and, worse than all, he would sometimes laugh at the satire the young lady was pleased to tilt at Mildred. It cannot be denied that a sore feeling grew up in Mildred's heart. She knew she had no pretension to beauty, though she was frequently called a lady-like girl, and now this handsome, gaudy stranger was come to ridicule, rival, and supplant her. Mildred was naturally clear-sighted, and she soon saw reason to suspect that Miss Travece was playing a part—that she was *endeavouring* to ingratiate herself into the good opinion of Mr. and Mrs. George Arkell, and especially into that of William. And Mildred longed, with a sensation of eager, sickening suspense, for the time that should witness Miss Travece's departure.

And so matters went on. The "month or so," mentioned as the probable duration of Charlotte Travece's visit, grew into five, and still it was not terminated; when, one afternoon, Mildred, who had been out on an errand, was called into the parlour by her mother, upon her coming in.

"Whatever has made you so long, Mildred?" cried Mrs. Arkell. "It is half-past five."

"I could not match the ribbon, mother, and I have been to nearly every shop in Riverton," was Miss Arkell's reply. "Mary Pembroke went with me. I did not know it was so late."

"Sit down, child : I have a word to say to you."

"Peter had better have his tea," interrupted Mildred.

"Peter has had his tea, and is gone," replied Mrs. Daniel. "He looked weary enough, poor fellow ; more fit to go to bed than to go out teaching."

To explain Mrs. Daniel's words, it should be mentioned that Peter Arkell, with a view to aid their scanty income, had accepted a post as evening teacher in a gentleman's family.

"Poor Peter !" continued Mrs. Daniel, "he is anything but strong, I fear."

"If we could but ease him in any way !" sighed Mildred. "If I could but give these lessons for him ! I wish, mother, I had it in my power to help him."

"You perhaps may have it in your power sooner than you think for, child," said Mrs. Dan, significantly. "Your aunt George was here this afternoon, while you were out about that ribbon."

"Was she ?" returned Mildred, apathetically.

"She came to talk to me about future prospects. And I am glad you were not here, Mildred, for our meeting was confidential."

"About *her* prospects, mother ?" inquired Mildred, fixing her mild, dark eyes upon her parent.

"Hers ! Her prospects, like mine, are pretty nearly drawing to a close. It was of yours, Mildred."

Mildred did not speak, but a faint colour passed over her face. Her mother continued :

"I am sure you must have seen, child, long ago, that we all wanted you and William to make a match of it."

The colour on Mildred's face deepened. She had untied her bonnet, and now began playing nervously with the strings, as they hung down on each side her neck.

"Of course Mrs. George's communication to me was made in the supposition that you would be agreeable to the proposal," resumed her mother ; "and I said I thought there was no doubt of it. And let me tell you, Mildred, that a finer and a better young man than William Arkell does not live in Riverton."

Mildred's heart silently assented.

"Should you have any objection to become William's wife ?" persisted Mrs. Dan, coming to the point.

"There is one objection," cried Mildred, almost bitterly. "He has never asked me."

"But he has asked his mother for you, which is the same thing. I thought I said so. He broached the subject to her after dinner to-day."

"Oh, mother !" uttered Mildred.

"He told her he was getting quite old enough to marry, and that the sooner it took place the better."

"Is this true ?" gasped Mildred.

"True !" echoed the old lady. "Do you think Mrs. George would come upon such an errand only to make game of us ? True !"

Mildred left the room. She could not bear that even her mother should witness her emotion. She never knew, till now, how deeply she had loved William Arkell. She shut herself in her bedroom, burying her face in her hands, and asking how she could ever be sufficiently

thankful to God for thus granting the realization of all those unconscious hopes, that had entwined themselves with every hour of her late existence. Her mother opened the door, and aroused her.

"What in the world made you fly away so, Mildred? I was going to tell you that Mrs. George expects us to tea. I told Peter to come to us there."

"I would rather not go out this evening," observed Mildred, who really was extremely agitated.

I promised Mrs. George, child; so put your bonnet on again. What is the matter with you? You need not be so struck at what I have said. Did it never occur to you that William would probably choose you for his wife?"

"I thought," answered Mildred, giving vent, in her emotion, to the idea that was uppermost in her heart, "I thought he was likely to marry Miss Trivice."

"Marry that fly-away thing!" repeated Mrs. Dan, her astonishment taking away her breath. "Charlotte Trivice may be all very well for a visitor, here to-day and gone to-morrow, but she is not suitable for the wife of a steady, gentlemanly young man like William Arkell; the only son of the most respected manufacturer in Riverton. What a pretty notion of marriage you must have!"

Mildred began to think so too.

"I shall not be long putting on my shawl, my dear; don't keep me waiting," proceeded Mrs. Dan. "It is past their tea-time."

Implicit obedience had been one of the virtues ever practised by Mildred, so she said no more. She would have greatly preferred to remain at home that evening, and take the chance of William's visiting her, rather than have met him now, for the first time, in company. But as she walked with her mother to the house of their relatives, she could not help thinking, in the midst of her happiness, that William might have broken the subject to herself, previously to imparting it to his family. And when, upon her arrival, he greeted her carelessly as usual, "How d'ye do, Mildred, you are late!" shaking hands with her as coolly as if nothing had happened, she said to herself that he seemed to take her consent as a matter of course—as if it were not worth the asking.

When tea was over, Mr. Arkell, his wife, and sister-in-law, sat down to cribbage. Miss Trivice was requested to take the fourth hand; and William and his cousin sat apart.

"I say, Mildred," began Mr. William in a confidential whisper, "did my mother call at your house this afternoon?"

Mildred looked down, and played with her pretty gold neck-chain: it was one William had given her.

"My aunt called, I believe," she answered. "I was out."

"Then I suppose you have not heard anything—anything particular?" he rejoined.

"My mother said that Aunt George—had been—speaking to her," answered Mildred, not very well knowing how to frame her sentence.

"Ah! Mildred, you sly girl, you won't tell!" he exclaimed, playfully taking her hand, and retaining it.

She could not answer; but the blush on her cheek was so bright, that William gazed at her fondly, and thought he had never seen his cousin's face so near akin to beauty.

"Your cheek tells tales, cousin mine, and I see you knew all about it," he resumed. "What do you think of my choice?"

"People will say you might have made many a better," she answered.

"I don't care if they do," returned Mr. William, firing up. "I have a right to please myself, and I will please myself. I am not taking a wife for them, but for me—mischievous meddling-makers! I have plenty of money, you know, Mildred, so I don't want to look for it in choosing a wife."

"Very true," murmured Mildred.

"I wonder whether she has brought it out to the governor?" resumed the young gentleman, nodding towards his mother. "I don't think she has, for his manner this evening is just the same as usual. She'll make it the subject of a curtain-lecture to-night, for a guinea!"

Mildred stole a glance at her uncle. He was intent on his cards, good old man, his spectacles pushed up on his ample brow.

"Do you know, Mildred," added William, "I was half afraid to come to the point with them. I dreaded opposition, and strenuous opposition, especially from my mother—though I hardly know why. I never was more surprised in my life than when she said I had made her happy by my choice."

"What could they urge against it—except the want of money?" inquired Mildred, timidly.

"Nothing at all," answered the gentleman, in a tone of resentment: "that is, nothing reasonable. Only parents are always so fidgety over their children's marriages. I declare to you, Mildred, I was a regular coward about telling them; and once I thought of speaking to you first, and getting you to break the subject to my mother: you are such a favourite."

"It would have been a novel mode of procedure," thought Mildred to herself.

"We must have the wedding in a month," continued William. "I won't wait a day longer. I have seen a lovely little house, just suitable for us, and——"

"You might have asked me first, I think," interrupted Mildred, "before you fixed the time."

"What for? Will not one time do for you as well as another?"

Miss Arkell looked up at her cousin. He seemed to be talking very strangely.

"You need make no preparations, Mildred, to speak of," resumed Mr. William: "only a dress and a bonnet. And as I suppose they will be alike, yours and Charlotte's—it's orthodox, is it not, for the bride and bridesmaid to be dressed the same—my mother can take all the arrangement of that."

"So you have fixed upon the bridesmaid!" exclaimed Mildred. "Who did that?"

"Charlotte herself. But no plans are decided on. The fact is, I thought it quite enough, for one day, to let out a hint of matters to the old folks, without entering into details."

"With regard to a bridesmaid," observed Mildred, "Mary Pembroke has always been promised——"

"Now, Mildred, I won't have any of those Pembroke girls at my wedding," interrupted William. "What you and my mother can see in

them to be so fond of, I can't think. Provided you have no objection, let it be as Charlotte says."

"I think Charlotte takes more upon herself than she has any cause to do," returned Mildred, who could not, even yet, divest herself of a sore feeling towards Miss Travece.

"I'll tell her, if you don't mind, Mildred," laughed William.

What further elucidation might have taken place, was cut short by the entrance of Peter Arkell. He took the fourth seat at the card-table, and Miss Travece joined William and his cousin.

There was an old harpsichord in the next room, and to this the three resorted. Miss Travece could accomplish a few tunes upon it: a great thing in those slow and moderate days. She sat down to it now, and William brought his flute and played with her. *He was a most accomplished musician, and Mildred sat enraptured, listening to him, as she had done hundreds of times before.*

The sore feeling towards one of her companions, lying in Mildred's heart, increased; for William Arkell's whole attention was given to Charlotte Travece. For one word that he vouchsafed to Mildred, he addressed fifty to her. They seemed absorbed in each other, neglecting Mildred. "No matter," she murmured to herself, "no matter; I shall soon be his chosen wife: so let me not begrudge some of his kind feelings to another." And while she was thus thinking, they were called to supper.

"What a lovely night it is!" uttered Peter Arkell, as he stood at the hall-door, when they were about to leave.

"It is that!" added William, looking out. "I think I'll have a run with you. What are they all stopping for?"

He need not have said "all." Mildred was at his elbow, ready and waiting. It was her mother who lingered.

"Have you spoken to her, Betty?" whispered Mrs. George, keeping her sister-in-law at the back of the hall, in defiance of the impatient group.

"I spoke to her as soon as she came home: it was that made us a little later than we should have been," was Mrs. Dan's reply.

"She is not in opposition? You see I don't open the subject to my husband, until we are sure of Mildred," explained Mrs. George Arkell. "She will not object to William?"

"Not she," uttered Mrs. Dan. "I'll tell you a secret, Grizel," continued the old lady. "I am pretty sure, by what I have observed, and by Mildred's agitation to-day, that she has been in love with William for years. I have long suspected it: but, you see, it was not a thing for me to speak of before."

"I say, aunt, are you coming to-night or to-morrow?" called out William.

"I am coming now, my dear," replied Mrs. Dan, and she walked forward and took her son's arm. William followed with Mildred.

"Now don't you go and tell all the world to-morrow about this wedding of ours," was his first observation to his cousin. "Don't you get chattering to those Pembroke girls."

"How can you suppose such a thing likely?" she retorted.

"Why I know you young ladies are fond of gossiping; especially if you get hold of such a subject as this."

"I don't think I have ever deserved the name of a gossip," observed Mildred, quietly.

"Well, Mildred, I do not know that you have. But it is not all girls who have your calm good sense. I thought I would just give you a caution."

"William," she said, anxiously, "you are scarcely like yourself to-night. To suppose a caution, in this case, necessary for me!"

He had begun to whistle, and did not answer her. It was a verse of a song, popular in those days. When he had whistled it through, he stopped and spoke.

"How bright the stars are to-night, Mildred! I think we shall have a frost."

Inexperienced as Mildred was, in such matters, she could not help feeling that he was wonderfully cool, in his capacity of lover, especially for the day of declaration; and whilst she was hesitating, and wondering, he began whistling again. A verse of another song this time.

Mildred looked up at him when it was about half over. His face was turned towards the heavens, but she could see it plainly in the light of the night. He was evidently thinking much more of the stars than he was thinking of her, for his eyes were roving from one constellation to another: and she remained silent also.

"So you like my choice, Mildred?" he began again.

"Choice of what?" she asked.

"Choice of what!—as if you did not know! Choice of a wife."

"How is it you play so with my feelings this evening?" she exclaimed, the tears rushing to her eyes.

"I have not played with them, that I know of," retorted Mr. William.

"You are getting fanciful."

She could not trust her voice to reply. So the gentleman tried again one of his favourite airs.

"I proposed that we should be married in London, amongst her friends," he resumed, presently; "but she seems to think it will be just as well to conclude it down here."

"Amongst whose friends?" inquired Mildred, in amazement.

"Charlotte's. But it is better as it is decided. For in that case you could not have been bridesmaid—not to speak of all the bother of a journey beforehand."

"I bridesmaid!" exclaimed Mildred, all the blood in her heart seeming to rush to her brain, as a suspicion of the terrible truth flashed into it, like light. "Bridesmaid to whom?"

"You are dreaming, Mildred!" he ejaculated, stopping and looking at her.

"What do you mean?—who is going to marry?" she reiterated.

"Why, what have we been talking of all the evening?—what did my mother say to you to-day? What has come to you, Mildred? You certainly are dreaming."

"We have been playing at cross purposes," gasped Mildred. "Tell me who it is you are going to marry."

"Charlotte Travece. Who else should I be?"

Mildred's home was in sight, but, before they reached the door, William felt her hang heavily and more heavily on his arm. He bent forward to catch a glimpse of her features, under her bonnet, and then he

found that she was losing consciousness. "Mildred, my dear, what is it?" he asked, kindly, passing his arm round her. "Here, Peter! aunt!" he called hurriedly out, "just come back! here's something the matter with Mildred!"

"She has fainted!" exclaimed Peter, in alarm. "Mother, did you ever know Mildred faint in all her life?"

"It was that cream tart at supper!" lamented Mrs. Daniel. "I told Mildred she ought not to touch pastry at night."

And so this was to be the ending of all her cherished dreams! Mildred watched in her chamber the whole of that livelong night: there was no sleep, no rest, no hope for her: and she felt that so long as life should last, the desolation that had overtaken her could never be entirely driven out of her heart.

She saw, now, that some extraordinary mistake had occurred, either on her mother's part, or on Mrs. George Arkell's: and that William had not asked to marry her, but Miss Tralice. Not the least painful part of the business would be to undeceive her mother. We may at once mention that the misapprehension was on the side of Mrs. George Arkell. She had so thoroughly imbued herself with the notion that Mildred would some time be the wife of her son, that this, added to William's haste and obscurity when he broached the subject—and he did nothing more—had caused the strange mistake: though she had heard the name of Miss Tralice introduced, she fully comprehended that her part was only to be that of bridesmaid.

In accordance with this misapprehension, did Mrs. George disclose the news to her husband. And the old gentleman, immediately on the conclusion of breakfast the following morning, called his son into his presence.

"So, young sir," he began, "you are wanting, I hear, to encumber yourself with a wife! Don't you think you had better have taken one in your leading-strings?"

"I am twenty-five, sir," returned William, drawing himself up with offended dignity. "And you have often said that you hoped to see me settled before——"

"Before I died. Very true, you graceless dog. But do you mean to say you want me to die yet, or are in fear of it?"

"God forbid!" echoed William.

"Well," continued the good manufacturer—and William had known from the first, by the tone of his voice and the twinkle in his eye, that he was pleased rather than angry—"I cannot say but you have chosen a worthy wife, though she is portionless."

"Our business is an excellent one," interrupted William. "To look out for money with a wife would be almost superfluous."

"Not exactly that," smiled Mr. Arkell, "but I suppose we can't have everything. She has been a dutiful and affectionate daughter, William, and she will make you a good wife. I should have been better pleased though were you not related."

"Related?" exclaimed William.

"For I share in the prejudice that exists against cousins marrying," proceeded Mr. Arkell. "But I am not going to make it an objection now: as you may suppose, when I tell you that I foresaw, long ago, what your intimacy would probably lead to."

"She is no cousin of mine," repeated William.

"No *what*?" asked the manufacturer, pushing his glasses to the top of his forehead, and staring at his son. "Is the thought of this marriage turning your head, my boy?"

"I don't understand, sir," repeated William, perfectly mystified. "I only said she was not my cousin."

"Why, God bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Arkell, "what do you mean? She has been your cousin ever since she was born—she is the daughter of my poor brother Dan—do you want to disown her now?"

"Are you talking of Mildred Arkell?" exclaimed the astonished bridegroom elect. "I don't want to marry *her*. I am going to marry Charlotte Tralice. Mildred's a very nice girl for a cousin, but I never thought of her as a wife."

Mr. Arkell stood contemplating his son for a minute in silence. He then turned short away, and walked into the presence of his wife.

"A pretty ambassador you would make at a foreign court," he exclaimed, "to mistake your credentials in this way!"

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. George, looking up from her patchwork.

"You told me William wanted to marry Mildred."

"So he does."

"So he does *not*," returned Mr. Arkell. "I wish he did. He wants to marry your fine visitor, Miss Charlotte."

"Dear! dear!" faintly uttered Mrs. George, dropping her work and clasping her hands, "I hope not!"

It was of no use "hoping," one way or the other. Mr. William had set his heart, or, it may be better to say, his *will*, upon Charlotte Tralice, and he meant to marry her. And when an only and indulged son resolves upon such a step, opposition is in general very faint, if made at all.

"It is a sad piece of business," lamented his mother to him. "Mildred would have been to you the better wife."

"I don't think so," persisted Mr. William.

"We have made a fine mess of it, together," retorted his mother.

"You should have been more explicit. A pretty simpleton I shall look in the matter—going to Mrs. Dan's yesterday, and making an offer, on your part, to Mildred!"

"But did you do so?" cried William, in dismay.

"I did indeed. It is the most unpleasant affair I ever got mixed up with."

"It does not matter," returned William, after reflection. "Mildred will only treat it as a joke."

"Mildred treated it in earnest," cried Mrs. Arkell, who, in her disappointment, was letting out more than she meant, or ought, to have done. "She was willing to take you for her husband, and her mother told me that she feared she had been secretly attached to you for years."

William remembered the scene of the previous night, and Mildred's sudden indisposition. It was accounted for now. He smoothed his hand over his troubled brow. He felt deeply perplexed and concerned; for the happiness of Mildred was dear to him as a sister's. But the more he looked at the case, the less chance he saw of mending it. So he reasoned himself into composure and indifference, as many another does. "There's no help for it," he concluded at last. "She will get over it in time."

What mattered the searing of one heart?—how many are there which are daily blighted, and the world knows it not! Time and events went on in Riverton, without reference to the feelings of poor Mildred Arkell: she had to bury them within her, and suffer in silence.

II.

WILLIAM ARKELL married the wife he had chosen. Mildred remained as she was before, quiet, unassuming Mildred Arkell; absorbed, it appeared, in the domestic cares of her own home, and in the daily decreasing health of her mother. Ere many months had elapsed, that mother died. And Mildred's heart almost leaped within her, in the midst of her bitter grief for the loss of her only remaining parent, for she felt that there was now no imperative tie to bind her to Riverton.

Quietly she arranged her plans, after much thought; quietly she hoped and prayed for assistance to be enabled to carry them out. Her first step was to call upon Colonel and Mrs. Dewsbury, with whose sons it was that her brother read the classics in an evening. Mildred knew the colonel had many and powerful friends, in different parts of England, and she at once stated the object of her visit, the nature of her petition—that Mrs. Dewsbury would interest herself to get her a situation with some one of them.

"In what capacity?" Mrs. Dewsbury asked.

"In any that I am fitted for," Mildred answered. Let her go anywhere, do anything, that would take her out of Riverton, she had nearly added; but she controlled her words, and spoke calmly. "I would go as governess," she proceeded to say, "provided accomplishments are not required: or I would go as humble companion: or"—and here her cheek blushed, for she thought of what the town would say—"I would go as lady's maid."

"Are you fitted for the latter?" inquired Mrs. Dewsbury.

"I think so," replied Mildred: "I would endeavour to render myself so. I have always made my own dresses and bonnets, and my poor mother's caps: and I am handy at plating and arranging hair. I have no fear that I should be found inadequate to my duties."

"You are a good reader, I believe?" added the lady.

"Yes," replied Mildred.

"I ask these questions," continued Mrs. Dewsbury, "because a widowed relative of my husband's, Lady Dewsbury, mentioned, the last time she wrote, that she was in want of some one to act both as companion and lady's maid. It was merely mentioned incidentally, and I do not know whether she is suited, but I will write and inquire."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" uttered Mildred, eagerly grasping at this faint prospect. "I shall not care what I do, if she will but take me!"

Mildred went back to her home, and for two whole weeks was she kept in suspense—letters were not written then by bushels, as they are now. At the end of that time Mrs. Dewsbury sent for her.

"Lady Dewsbury is willing to engage you," she said to Mildred, "provided you can undertake what she requires. Can you bear confinement?"

"I can indeed," replied Mildred; "and the better, perhaps, that I have no wish for aught else."

"Are you a good nurse, in case of sickness?"

"I nursed my mother in her last illness," returned Mildred, with tears in her eyes.

"Lady Dewsbury is a great invalid," proceeded Mrs. Dewsbury, "and what she requires is a patient attendant, a maid, in short, who will at the same time be a companion, and friend. 'A thoroughly-well brought-up person,' she writes, 'lady-like in her manners and habits; but not a *fine lady*, who would object to make herself useful.' I really think you would suit, Miss Arkell."

Mildred thought so too, and engaged herself there and then. She even fixed the time of her departure from Riverton, to enter upon her situation—within the week. Upon leaving Mrs. Dewsbury's, she went straight to Mrs. George Arkell's, and told her for the first time of these new plans, to the latter's extreme astonishment and anger.

"Do you know what you are doing, child?" asked her aunt. "Don't talk to me about Peter's income being small, and that he ought to put by for a rainy day! Let him put it by—it is what he should do. And you, Mildred, must come and live with us—be a child to me and to your uncle in our old age: since William left, the house is not like the same. We once thought—you will not mind my mentioning it now—that you would indeed have been a daughter to us, and then your home and William's should have been here."

"Aunt——"

"Be still and hear me, Mildred. I do not ask you this on the spur of the moment; because you have threatened to go out to service—and it is nothing less, child. Your uncle and I have talked about having you, ever since your mother's death; but we thought to let a little time elapse ere we spoke to you of it."

"Oh, aunt, you are both very kind," she murmured, with the tears rising, "and I should have liked much to come and contribute to your comforts, but indeed——"

"Indeed—what?" persisted Mrs. Arkell, pressing the point at which Mildred had stopped.

"Aunt! aunt! do not ask me. Indeed I cannot stop in Riverton."

"I can make nothing of her," cried Mrs. Arkell, who, after again vainly endeavouring to turn Mildred's resolution, left the room vexed and angry. "William," she said, just then encountering her son, "you heard but now about this senseless business of Mildred's—go in and see if you can do anything with her. I cannot."

William went into the room. Mildred was leaning back in her chair with an air of exhaustion, the tears standing on her pale cheeks. She passed her handkerchief hurriedly over her face, and sat up.

William looked at her and hesitated, speaking at length in a low tone. "Is there *anything* I can say, Mildred, that will induce you to abandon this undertaking of yours, and remain in Riverton?"

"Nothing," she replied.

"Why should you persist in leaving your native place—why have you formed such a strange dislike to it?" he continued, taking her hand.

She would have answered him; she tried to answer him; any idle excuse that rose to her lips, but as he sat there, asking *why* she had

taken a dislike to the home of her childhood, he, the husband of another, the full sense of all her bitter sorrow and desolation rushed upon her, and she hid her face in her hands, and sobbed in anguish.

"If I have had a share in causing you any grief, or—or—disappointment," he whispered, leaning over her, and speaking with emotion, "let me implore your forgiveness, Mildred. It was not intentionally done. You cannot think so."

She motioned him away, her sobs seeming as if they would choke her.

"I have begun to think lately," he continued, his agitation scarcely less than hers, "that it might have been well for us both had we understood each other better. You talk of going out into the world, Mildred, to lead a solitary life; and my path, I fear, will not be one of roses—although it was of my own choosing. Can we not try and make the best of what is left to us? Stay in Riverton, Mildred. Come home here to my father and mother: they are lonely enough: be to them a daughter, and to me as a dear sister."

"I shall never more have my home in Riverton," she answered, "never more, never more. We can bid each other adieu now."

He clasped her for one moment to his heart—as a cousin, perhaps—whispering, that if ever she should want a friend, ever want assistance, at any time, or in any way, not to forget him.

So that was how it happened that poor Mildred Arkell left her home to find one among strangers. And she was ever after, through life, looked upon as a cold, passionless being, devoid of warm affections. How many are there of those we meet in daily intercourse, who are alike despised for being cold and passionless! I never see one of these isolated women, but I mentally ask whether her feelings may not have been trampled on and crushed—feelings that once perhaps were warm and kindly as were those of Mildred Arkell!

A LATE NIGHT-SCENE ON THE BALTIC.

BY NICHOLAS MITCHELL.

HIGH PRIEST of light! withdraw your flaming torch,
And fire your altar in the Western World,
Cheering Canadian and wild Indian tribes.
Come forth, star-vestals! who all day have prayed
Hidden within your azure cells of heaven;
Unveil your pearly brows, unclothe your eyes,
And unabashed look down, that earth may drink
Your pure celestial beauty: Abbess Moon!
Sit 'mid your docile nuns, nor with cold gaze
Check their coy twinkling smiles, so sweet to-night.
Thou Baltic Sea! smooth out each curling wave,
Burnish its face, and edge it with soft silver,
To make a glass, that Ocean's wandering nymphs
May see their faces, and braid up their hair.—
Sleep in your cradle-caves, ye infant winds,
That else might grow to storms!—Steal, Silence! forth

From Night's blue chamber, and with finger laid
On Nature's lip, walk soft the water-world ;
And Beauty ! with your bare arms, and white brow,
Glide on the beam from Heaven's starr'd paradise,
And breathe on shore, and deep, and pine-topp'd hill,
Your spell of grace and glory.—Night ! O Night !
The calmer and exalter ! earth and man,
And all that's lovely, owe a debt to thee.
The conscious Ocean from its stilled deep breast,
Through its fresh lips—the murmuring shelly shore—
Cries out—I love thee, Night !—The mountain-tops,
Shimmering and smiling 'neath Heaven's million eyes,
Exclaim—I love thee, Night !—The haunted vale,
Half-sleeping, half-awake—delicious trance—
From all its freshened woods, and dew-hung flowers,
And silvered rills, whispers—I love thee, Night !
Let, too, the soul of man that would in peace
Muse or aspire, and secret commune hold
With God and Nature, cry—I love thee, Night !

They ride upon the Baltic, each huge bark,
British and Gallic—giants taking sleep ;
The sails furled up—those great white eyelids closed ;
The lily and the lion drooping low ;
Just swinging on the wave, as if in dreams,
That oft will stir the limb, and heave the breast ;
The lips—the port-holes—show the iron teeth—
Mouths that could pour forth thunder, fire, and death,
But placid now and harmless. The smooth seas
Kiss lovingly each war-ship's rugged side ;
And, anchored in long line, their towering masts
Cast shadows from the moon, till Western waves
Seem sudden planted with a leafless wood.—
The watchers walk the decks, like pigmy things ;
Ye scarce can deem that man so small, so frail,
Hath power to rouse from sleep, to guide, command,
The huge black Titans there—mind, mind the lord
Bowing all matter to its conquering will.

O mighty armament ! what dost thou here,
Clothed with dread force and thunder ?—not to bear
Ruin and desolation to men's homes,
But bring sweet exiled Peace, and strew her flowers
Along the blood-stained paths of earth again,
And wake again her silver-breathing voice.
The happiest lands are those that do good deeds ;
The greatest lands are those—not crushing others,
Slaughtering, or seeking power, but who build up,
Strangle wild war, and spread art, knowledge, love.
Russia ! not great, not happy, shalt thou be,
Blind to thy welfare, and, while spilling blood,
A mad, rash suicide ! The two knit lands,
Whose fleets this night o'erawe the Baltic wave,
Who send their armies forth to plant the tree
Of Right and Justice—these are great and blest ;
Albion and Gaul, the guardians of the world.

THE LOSS OF THE TIGER*—INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.

AFTER the cholera, the greatest calamity that has hitherto attended upon the operations of the British arms in the East, has been the loss of the *Tiger*. This loss was brought about by one of those dense fogs which have given to the Black Sea at once its name and its bad repute; so dense was this fog that the end of the jibboom could not be seen by a person standing on the after-part of the deck. This was on the morning of the 12th of May, 1854, three weeks after the bombardment of Odessa, in which the *Tiger* had taken an active part. She had parted from the admiral and the fleet at noon on the previous day, in company with the *Vesuvius* and the *Niger*, on a cruise along the coast. The *Tiger* lost sight of her consorts in the fog, and, although her course had been shaped with care to avoid danger, strong currents had carried the ship considerably to the westward of her reckoning. No land was visible, and when the ship struck, which she did between two rocks, the shock was so slight, that they imagined she had grounded on a sandbank which they knew lay to the east of their course.

It was about half-past five o'clock when we ran aground; shortly after, the fog seemed to grow thinner under the influence of the sun's rays, and revealed, to our astonishment, high land on our left. We then understood the critical position into which we had fallen.

As the fog cleared, we could distinctly see, under the curtain as it rose, the ripple of the limpid waves that broke upon the beach; and a small boat with two oars pulled across our bows close along-shore toward the city, evidently intent upon giving notice of the catastrophe; while just above, on the cliff, through the slowly disappearing fog, we could discover the well-known figure of a Cossack on horseback, with long lance in hand, no doubt meditating on the expediency of galloping off to announce the news to his superiors of the grounding of a steamer on the coast. To increase, if possible, the interest of the scene, we could discern two ladies, with pink parasols, promenading in their garden, which reached the edge of the cliff; and these ladies, with many others who joined them later, were witnesses of all that occurred during the day, looking on whilst the firing took place between us and the Russian troops.

The Cossack rode off, but the ladies remained; the former to collect the enemy's troops, the latter to witness the result of the combat. The anxiety of mind both of officers and men became in the mean time intense. It was in vain that they hove away at the capstan; nothing would stir the doomed ship; while every moment they were expecting to be attacked by overwhelming numbers of artillery and musketry. Nor were they long kept in suspense as to their fate.

The attack was begun by the latter, the number of which we could not ascertain, as the Russians fired from under a bank, on that part of the cliff nearest to the ship: the balls came chiefly through the rigging, so that at the onset no one was killed.

During the firing the boats were lowered, and an anchor laid out, in order to draw the ship off after she had been lightened. Every exertion was made, and many things thrown overboard; but she was too firmly fixed on her rocky

* Narrative of the First Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Tiger*. London: Chapman and Hall. 1854.

bed to be dislodged. There were a hundred and fifty men at work at the capstan ; and this compact mass would have formed an excellent target for the musketry, but fortunately it was not visible from the shore, so that the fog was, to a certain extent, of use to us.

The table being hove as taut as was prudent, without having moved the vessel, it was deemed expedient to prepare for resistance to the artillery, which we expected would soon open upon us.

The head of the vessel was the part nearest the shore ; we stood pointing, as it were, with our jibboom to the cliff, the shore bearing away to our left. It was therefore requisite to form a kind of rampart in the front part of the vessel : this was done by hanging the hammocks of the men, containing their beds and blankets, to a stout rope, from the rigging to the fore-stay on each side, thus intercepting the line of fire from the cliff above. The hammocks afforded protection from the fire of the musketry, whilst our men were free to fire from below them.

Many were the anxious looks we cast upon the standard compass, to discover the least symptom of movement in the vessel, consequent on the strain of the cable, which we kept at the highest point of tension. But, although the sanguine hopefully cheered, and cried, "She moves!" thus encouraging the exertions of the seamen at the capstan, we were soon made aware of the fallacy of our expectations.

About half-past nine the guns of the enemy opened fire. They consisted of eight 24-pounders, which had just arrived from Odessa ; they were placed in a position nearly ahead of us on the cliff, so that their shot could rake the ship fore and aft, our guns at the same time being useless, as they could not be trained sufficiently forward to bear on the shore. It was therefore deemed expedient to send the men below, to cast the guns, now become useless implements of war, into the sea, in order to lighten the ship, and enable her to respond to the force applied by the cable and capstan on the anchor laid out to the southward. The men were also thus kept out of unnecessary danger below the upper deck, while they effected the object we had in view—that of lightening the vessel—by throwing sixteen guns overboard. Still, to our great disappointment, the vessel did not move.

In the meanwhile we had contrived to bring one of the guns on deck, to bear upon the cliff, from under the hammocks, in response to the artillery opened upon us from above ; but it may be easily imagined how useless was the firing upwards in such a situation.

The firing of the Russians, before it obtained the proper range, was chiefly in the rigging, which was much cut up by it. Soon however it began to tell upon the hull of the ship with terrible effect, each discharge either lodging the balls in her, or passing clearly through into the sea. If the vessel had not been already resting upon the ground, she must have sunk by reason of the many shot-holes, which we could not have plugged up fast enough to counteract the effect of the enemy's fire.

Red-hot shot now began to be thrown into the hull, and we soon discovered that the vessel was on fire in two places : in the pinnace, which was in the centre of the ship, and had not been let down ; also in a very dangerous position below.

The ball that took effect had entered through the starboard or right-hand bow of the ship, and lodged in the store-rooms, leaving a clear round orifice, through which we could see the land as through a port-hole.

As the store-rooms adjoined the fore-part of the powder magazine, it was necessary to make every possible exertion to extinguish the flames ; so that we had to call off all the men that could be spared from other duties to man the pumps. Four of these were worked without intermission, and succeeded in partially subduing the fire ; three of the pumps were then turned to play into the powder magazine ; and these continued to the last a work which is not so easy as may be imagined.

At a quarter-past ten o'clock a shell from a Russian 24-pounder struck the bow-port close by the only gun that could be brought to bear upon the shore, and exploded, disabling a midshipman and three of the men serving the gun. Such was the effect of the bursting of this shell, that, in addition, it carried off the left leg of Captain Giffard, who was standing by the gun, and wounded his right leg. One of the pieces of metal broke the telescope that he held under his arm, and ten or eleven other pieces cut his clothes and inflicted severe bruises.

The midshipman, poor young man! had both his legs carried off, and lived only a few hours after an amputation had been effected by the surgeon on board: he died on shore whilst being transported to the hospital: he was a distant relation of the captain, and bore the same name.

William Trainer, the captain of the gun, lost his left leg, and died whilst being removed to the hospital, after proper attention had been paid to him on board. William Tanner, serving at the gun, was severely wounded in the thigh, but recovered after being some time at the hospital. Thomas Hood, the powder-boy, about fourteen years old, received a severe wound in the stomach, and lived only a few days after reaching the hospital; he had already been wounded by a stray shot, but continued to serve the powder from the magazine.

Thus disabled, our firing ceased; upon which the Russians discontinued their fire. The wounded were taken down to the gun-room, to be attended by the medical officers; and the captain, who retained his faculties, ordered the Russian ensign to be hoisted, in token of surrender. The third lieutenant was next sent on shore with a flag of truce, to communicate to the officer commanding the Russian forces the fact of our having struck; as, in consequence of the fog, the flag was not discernible from the shore.

The third lieutenant not being able to speak French, he returned to the ship, and the first lieutenant was sent on shore. He was received on the beach by a junior officer, and conducted under a strong guard to General Osten Sacken, who stood on a path leading to the cliff. After some necessary questions, application being made for conveniences to transport the wounded to the hospital, the general at once complied, despatching an officer to hasten arrangements; and in less than half an hour a car and some easy-chairs appeared, which probably came from the villa of Mr. Cortazzi, the Mayor of Odessa, on whose grounds the battery and troops were posted, to the sad destruction of his flower-beds. The troops were about three thousand in number, and consisted of, the author says, a battalion; but we suppose he means a regiment of infantry and some squadrons of cavalry—lancers. The apparent number of troops was very much increased by an immense crowd of people, who hurried down from the city in all kinds of conveyances, and whose curiosity and ignorance of the danger they were incurring led them into contact with the horrors of war.

General Osten Sacken was exceedingly peremptory in urging the immediate landing of the crew; so apprehensive was he lest he might lose his prize, that he threatened to open fire again if the men were not landed forthwith. Luckily, although the formalities of quarantine were strictly observed towards the prisoners, the lost ship lay so near to the shore, that the first lieutenant was enabled to communicate with her from the top of the cliff, about thirty yards from where the general stood.

After a hundred and eighty men had been landed, a booted and spurred field-officer was ordered on board to take possession of the prize, with about forty or fifty Russian soldiers; but no sooner had he cleared

the shore, then two dark objects were seen through the fog approaching the scene of action. They were the *Niger* and *Vesuvius* coming to the rescue, and the boat was hailed to return, amid the greatest consternation.

The firing from the *Vesuvius* and *Niger* began about half-past eleven or twelve o'clock, and was returned from the shore, whilst the disembarkation of the remainder of the ship's company continued.

The officers on board the steamers could not distinguish, in the crowd on the beach, their fellow-countrymen, who were bravely carrying up the wounded in the midst of a shower of shells, which burst in all directions: to avoid which, the Russians had been trained to lie down flat, on a signal being given them to do so; and occasionally the remarkable scene was exhibited, of the jolly tars proceeding on their route up the cliff, regardless of the explosions and shot from the ships, whilst several thousand Russians were lying flat on their faces.

The firing from the consort ships still continued, without doing any material injury, after the whole of the crew, with the wounded, had been landed and marched off to the quarantine establishment. When, however, the true state of the case was discovered by the officers of the *Vesuvius* and *Niger*, they retired to make their report to the admiral: they perceived that it was impossible to get the ship off, and useless to expend ammunition on a bare cliff; for the Russian troops had now retired, being of no further service, and the artillery only remained.

All the vigilance of the Russian authorities was insufficient to prevent the depredations of fellows who found their way on board, and ransacked the ship; so that, when the professed restoration of the private property of the officers and men took place, little or nothing of value was forthcoming.

The crowd continued to press on the prisoners at their first halting-place, and there they first experienced that kindness of which they afterwards received so many proofs, during their residence among those whom the lieutenant gratefully designates as "our little-known enemies."

The quarantine at Odessa is, according to the same authority, a very different thing to the Austrian establishment at Orsova, and indeed to many other similar places in Europe. The building itself is erected with due regard both to health and comfort; the rooms are good, and well-furnished, the chairs being of damask, covered with chintz; there were sofas, bedsteads, and card-tables, and they were provided with every convenience.

On the 16th of May the *Furious* and the *Inflexible* steamed into Odessa under a flag of truce, bringing money, clothes, and letters. "Happy," writes the lieutenant, "were those (and few the disappointed) who received kind letters and messages from their friends in the fleet, and were reassured, in their confinement, of the sympathy of their fellow-countrymen!"

One day after the departure of the English ships, General Osten Sacken sent a message to the officers of the *Tiger* to inquire whether they had decapitated the pilot of the ship for having run her ashore? They could scarcely understand what was meant, until it was explained to them that a headless body had been found on board the ship, dressed in an English sailor's clothes. Nothing had been said on the subject until, about a week after, the head was discovered in another part of the vessel.

Signor Cambiaggio expressed a kind of apology on the part of the general for making the inquiry; he said that "of course we had every right to exercise the powers which our laws might grant in decapitating the man;" all he was desirous of knowing was, whether such had been the case. We assured him that this could not be, and that it must have been the body of some one who, having been successful in robbing the vessel, had returned to it in the garments he had contrived to carry off, and in search of fresh plunder; he must have been overpowered by some competitor, who had killed and decapitated him. It was some time before the Russian authorities could bring their minds to accede to this explanation. All that we could do we did, by pointing out the pilot, who was a Turk, and was in quarantine with us; and to certify that none of our men were missing. Still, we were constantly cross-questioned on the subject by other Russian officers, who apprehended that we had some object in concealing the fact.

On the 25th the *Furious* and *Vesuvius* returned with a proposal to exchange 179 soldiers and 9 officers, taken off the coast of Circassia, for the English, and the proposal was referred to the Tsar. On the 1st of June Captain Giffard sank under his wounds, and the gallant and much-beloved officer was buried with every honour due to his rank. The inhabitants of Odessa crowded round the procession, but there was not the least appearance or expression of exultation on the part of the multitude; on the contrary, sympathy was everywhere manifested. Indeed, upon this subject, the author pertinently remarks: "The sympathy everywhere shown was remarkable; and the conduct of our civilised enemies afforded a striking contrast to that of our barbarous allies, to whose assistance our country has generously proceeded. While staying at Constantinople we were often spat upon in the streets by the Turkish children, who certainly would not have felt such an abhorrence of us if it had not been instilled into them by their parents, who no doubt expressed in private the feelings which were thus aped and reflected by their little counterparts."

The opinions which we ventured to express as to the true character of our Mussulman allies, at the outset of the campaign, found little favour at the time, as was the case also with similar opinions emitted by others, whom a long residence had familiarised with that intense hatred and contempt borne by the Turk to Giaours of all grades and conditions, and which no generous interference on our part and on that of the French, no amount of exertion, or even sacrifices of property and life, will ever modify (among a certain class) in the slightest degree. The Turk, it was said, was a brave, gallant fellow; the Turk was sober and honest, more so than the long-persecuted Christian; the Turk was our ally, and in the right, and his faults and his bigoted prejudices were to be for ever buried under the generous succour tended to him by the Western allies. Wondrous error! We have seen letters upon letters from officers now thoroughly disillusionised upon such a subject, from men who have seen through the Turkish character at a glance, and before the war is probably brought to a conclusion there will be such a mass of opinion from our own countrymen brought to bear upon the illusions entertained at home, that it is to be hoped they will be dispelled in time to prevent such undesirable results as the Trans-Caucasian provinces and the Crimea being handed over to Turkish tyranny, misrule, and persecution, or England and France not taking material guarantees for the preservation of peace and commerce in the Black Sea, and for ensuring a real and not a most absurdly imaginary protection to the Christians.

Upon this point it may also be observed, that the occupation of the Danubian principalities by the Austrians is daily assuming more and more the character of a first step in the way of "partition." There are circumstances so peculiar in the position of Turkey, that all the eloquence of a Lamartine, all the efforts of diplomacy, and all the gallantry of the Western Powers, will not, without the holding of material guarantees, be able to avert the fate that awaits her. The superiority in numbers, intelligence, industry, and wealth, of the Christians in Turkey in Europe, would alone satisfy any unbiassed mind as to the future of the tyrannical Mussulman in Europe at least; but at the present moment the Russian is our political enemy, the Muhammadan our political ally but natural enemy. It will be well to consider deeply, as events proceed and facts develop themselves, how far such a country and such a people can ever be so far civilised as to be made to take rank among European nations, or to constitute a bulwark against Russian ambition and aggrandisement. We hold such policy, as advocated by Lamartine, to be a mere chimera; and that either a totally different state of things must be brought about, or material guarantees, such as the possession of the Crimea affords, must be held to preserve the peace of the world.

Shortly after the funeral of the unfortunate Captain Giffard, the first lieutenant was ordered to proceed to St. Petersburg—a long journey to be performed under such circumstances; but the details being pretty similar to what we read in most other Russian books of travel, they need not detain us here. We pass on to the interview of Mr. Royer with the Tsar, a brief but effective imperial *coup de théâtre*.

The emperor was standing in the middle of the room, dressed in the plain dark-blue uniform of a general-in-chief, and wore a simple white enamelled cross at the button-hole on his chest. This, I believe, was the cross of the Order of St. George, an honour conferred only upon persons who have rendered important services to their country. I imagine that his Imperial Majesty has not yet assumed the decoration of the highest class of the Order, which is worn by such men as Paskiewitch, Woronzoff, &c., and which was described to me as different in size from that worn by the emperor. I expected to see a fine tall man, but was not prepared to find his Imperial Majesty so much superior to the generality of men in height and appearance. He certainly did not look more than fifty; nor were there any particular signs of care on his countenance, at least not more than one sees in every man of his age. His features were fine and regular, his head bald in the centre, and his eye expressive of mildness, quite in accordance with his words.

I was aware that his majesty spoke both English and French, and hoped that he would address me in my native tongue. As I bowed and stepped forward, he addressed me as "Monsieur le Lieutenant," and inquired after my health, whether I had got rid of my fever, and how and where I had caught it. He asked me about the loss of the *Tiger*, and inquired why we had not anchored, being so near the land. I replied that the fog was very thick, and that by our reckoning we were some distance from land when the vessel struck. He asked if I was married, made some kind inquiries respecting the family of my late captain, and informed me that Mrs. Giffard was gone to Odessa, to join her husband, not having heard of his death.

His Imperial Majesty then said that it had been his intention to grant the captain his liberty; but as that was now impossible, he would extend that grace to me as the next in command, and asked me how I should like to go home.

I was quite taken aback by this announcement, as although I had been told at Odessa that I should have my liberty, still I did not anticipate that it would be granted so soon and so freely. I was therefore unprepared to

answer the question as to my intended route, and said that I really had not thought of it; upon which his Imperial Majesty burst into a fit of laughter, much amused at my surprise and embarrassment, and said, "Allez donc, pensez-y (Go and think about it), and let me know this evening, through the minister of war, what road you would like to take." He then bowed me out of the room, turning to the prince, to whom he made some remark in Russian, and the latter followed me.

The successful landing of the allied army upon the coast of the Crimea may be considered as the first earnest step taken to revenge the invasion of Turkey by the Russians, the catastrophe of Sinope, the loss of the *Tiger*, and the deaths of many brave men and gallant officers. The details are not at this moment before us, but the whole extent of the great bay of Kalamita, from Cape Baba to Cape Loukul, has probably been the scene of these stupendous operations, compared with which the previous landing of hostile forces on countries about to be invaded will bear no comparison.

The preparations for a great maritime invasion were, indeed, never before upon so gigantic a scale, nor so complete as in the present instance. The result shows more than anything else what can now be done by steam used for transports and men-of-war. The preparations for the voyage had been made with consummate ability. In Baltchik Bay the British transports and steamers, to the number of one hundred large vessels, exclusive of the fleet, lay in five lines, corresponding to the five divisions of the army. Each of the steamers took two transports in tow. The infantry were principally embarked in the steam vessels; the artillery filled thirty-two transports; and the rest conveyed the stores of the army. In this order the flotilla proceeded from Baltchik, coasting along the Bulgarian shore till it reached the place of rendezvous at Fidonisi, the Isle of Serpents. From this spot to Cape Tarkan, the extreme western promontory of the Crimea, the distance is about 150 miles due east, so that in some twenty-four hours from the time of sailing the fleet must have been within sight of the enemy's coast; and before such an armada, the first available port that presented itself—Eupatoria—struck, with almost the minimum amount of resistance that could be presented by a fortified and, according to all accounts, a garrisoned town.

Eupatoria, which thus constitutes the extreme left of the invading army, is little noticed in ancient history, although it occurs under that name in Ptolemy and Cellarius. In the middle ages it took the barbarous name of Koslov, but the Russians restored to it its old classical name. Being out of the way of travellers, it has been seldom visited. Dr. Goodenough lay off it in the *Blonde*, and says Bishop Heber visited it, "but could remember nothing interesting that he had found there." Oliphant says, "We touched at Eupatoria, an uninteresting town, situated upon the low steppe, but considered the most thriving port in the Crimea. It owes its prosperity to the great number of Karaite Jews resident here. These successful traders compose the greater part of the population, and the handsomest synagogue of which the sect can boast adorns the town." Mr. Scott also touched at this port on his way from Sebastopol to Odessa. "The town (he says) has nothing remarkable about it. The inhabitants are composed of Karaites and Tartars, the former carrying on a successful trade. We visited the synagogue, one of the best pos-

sessed by the sect in Russia, and found it, like that of Tchuful Kalah, remarkably clean, and in other respects worthy of inspection. Here much wheat from the steppe of the Taurida is shipped, and salt from the saline lakes, which abound on the coast."

The town of Eupatoria was, in the time of the Genoese, one of the principal mercantile stations of the Crimea, and is said still to contain from 10,000 to 12,000 inhabitants. Three forts have lately been erected to defend the place, in addition to the old Genoese wall, and the garrison has been loosely stated at 15,000 men. The Russians, it appears, were not, however, in a condition to resist the armada which appeared before its walls on the 13th of September.

One of the principal roads in the Crimea connects Eupatoria with Simferopol, the capital of the country, and from which the port is forty-five miles distant; roads of a very inferior description connect the port with Baktchi Sarai, the "garden-palace" of the khans, also forty miles distant, and with Sebastopol, from forty-five to fifty miles distant. On the latter road are four rivers, the Boulganak, the Alma, the Katcha, and the Belbek or Kubarba, which, while they form lines of resistance for the defence of a country, so they are also advantageous in many points of view to an invading army. This line of coast between Eupatoria and Sebastopol is said to be defended at unequal distances by batteries consisting of six howitzers.

Marshal Munich, in the campaign of 1736, having advanced from Perecop to Eupatoria, the Russian general advanced thence by the coast-road to Baktchi Sarai, and the historian of the war adds, that since the troops had entered the Crimea they had nowhere found such abundance of victuals and provisions as by this route. In six days' march the Russian army reached the gorges of the mountains which crown the flat ground in the environs of Baktchi Sarai, which was then the residence of the Khan of Crim Tartary, and there a decisive battle was fought.

It was at first supposed that, from this military antecedent, the allies would also have followed the coast line; but after the capture of Eupatoria, on the 13th of September, and the probable advance along the line of coast westward of part of the troops landed at so favourable a position, it appears that on the 14th and subsequent days, the different fleets were engaged in landing troops at various points of the bay of Kalamita—the chief station selected by the English being a place called the "Old Fort," about twenty miles south of Eupatoria, and thirty north of Sebastopol.

Once the landing effected, it is scarcely to be anticipated that the Russians will act precisely in the same way that they did on the occasion of the French invasion in 1812, and keep retiring before the invaders without striking a blow. All the troops that have been dispersed along the coast, at Balaclava, Aloupka, Yalta, Aloutsha, and at Theodosia or Kaffa, will, with the garrisons of Karasu Bazar and other inland towns, be concentrated with all possible expedition at Simferopol, and will probably be disposed along the glens and slopes which descend from the uplands of Baktchi Sarai, or may even be advanced to the banks of the Alma, which lies between the place of landing and Sebastopol.

The defeat of an army so disposed, unless it retires of its own good will,

is essential to a successful siege of Sebastopol; and with such a defeat, and the consequent reduction of Simferopol and Baktchi Sarai, Sebastopol (the sea being held by the allies) falls as a matter of course. A great deal too much has been made of the fortifications of Sebastopol. Constructed as they are, of a very friable tertiary limestone, it is most probable that they would soon tumble to pieces before a few heavy guns.

Even the number of pieces of artillery which could be brought to bear upon one point in the defence of Sebastopol in its maritime aspect has been exaggerated. Mr. Oliphant estimated these at twelve hundred, but Mr. Scott, a later traveller, says:

At the period of our visit there were certainly not more than eight hundred and fifty pieces of artillery defending the port towards the sea, and of these about three hundred and fifty could be concentrated on a ship entering the bay. Other batteries, however, are said to have been since built. We took some trouble to ascertain these facts by counting the guns of the various forts; not always an easy matter where any suspicion of our object might have subjected us to grave inconveniences. Sebastopol is admirably adapted by nature for a strong position towards the sea, and it will be seen from what we have stated above that this has been fully taken advantage of to render it one of the most formidably fortified places in that direction which could be imagined.

We are well aware that the *casemated* fortresses are very badly constructed, and though having an imposing exterior, that the walls are filled in with rubble. The work was carried on under Russian engineers, whose object was to make as much money as possible out of it. They were, moreover, found to be defective in ventilation, to remedy which some alterations were subsequently made; but admitting all their defects, they are still strong enough to inflict some amount of injury on an attacking fleet before their guns could be silenced. And when that is accomplished, supposing there are now nine hundred and fifty pieces, there would still remain five hundred guns of large calibre, in strong open batteries, half of them throwing shells and red-hot shot, independent of mortars. This is a force of armament against which no fleets have been tried, not only with regard to the number of guns and weight of metal, but the nature of the projectiles; any single shell fired point-blank, and striking between wind and water, being sufficient to sink a ship.

If Sebastopol can be so easily taken by the allied fleets alone, and without land forces, as some people appear to imagine, it would be very satisfactory to know what amount of resistance it is expected that Portsmouth could offer to an enemy, with her seventy or eighty guns, not above five-and-twenty of which are heavier than thirty-two pounders.

We do not mean to assert that it is impossible to destroy Sebastopol from the sea alone, but we believe that it could only be accomplished by an unnecessary sacrifice of life and ships with our present means, and that it would be nothing short of madness to attempt it, unless we had a reserve fleet on the spot, sufficiently strong to ensure the command of the Black Sea in case of failure.

Mr. Scott, speaking of the port of Sebastopol generally, says:

The port of Sebastopol consists of a bay running in a south-easterly direction, about four miles long, and a mile wide at the entrance, diminishing to four hundred yards at the end, where the "Tchernai Retchka," or Black River, empties itself. The average depth is about eight fathoms, the bottom being composed of mud in the centre, and gravel at the sides. On the southern coast of this bay are the commercial, military, and careening harbours, the quarantine harbour being outside the entrance; all these taking a southerly direction and having deep water.

The military harbour is the largest, being about a mile and a half long by four hundred yards wide, and is completely land-locked on every side. Here it is that the Black Sea fleet is moored in the winter, the largest ships being able to lie with all their stores on board close to the quays. The small harbour, which contains the naval arsenal and docks, is on the eastern side of the military harbour, near the entrance.

The port is defended to the south by six principal batteries and fortresses, each mounting from fifty to a hundred and ninety guns; and the north by four, having from eighteen to a hundred and twenty pieces each; and besides these are many smaller batteries.

The fortresses are built on the casemate principle, three of them having three tiers of guns, and a fourth two tiers. Fort St. Nicholas is the largest, and mounts about a hundred and nine guns: on carefully counting them, we made a hundred and eighty-six. By great interest we obtained permission to enter this fortress. It is built of white limestone, a fine sound stone, which becomes hard, and is very durable, the same material being used for all the other forts. Between every two casemates are furnaces for heating shot red hot: we measured the calibre of the guns, and found it to be eight inches, capable of throwing shells or sixty-eight pound solid shot.

Whether all the guns in the fortress were of the same size, it is impossible to say, but my belief is that most of the fortifications of Sebastopol are heavily armed. We entered Fort St. Nicholas through the elegantly-furnished apartments of the military commandant, situated at its south-western end.

And further on he adds:

In speaking of the means of defence at Sebastopol, we have left the Russian fleet out of the question. This, however, is not to be treated either with indifference or contempt; for while we are ready to admit that neither in the strength of the ships, in the quality of the sailors, nor in any other respect, can it be compared for an instant to those of England and France; yet there can be no doubt of the Russian seamen being well trained in gunnery, nor of their being endowed with a kind of passive courage, which would lead them to stick to their work, when not called upon to exercise their seamanship, in which they are very deficient.

It must be kept in mind, that whatever military operations attend upon the first steps in the invasion of the Crimea, and however much French and English may vie in their gallantry before Sebastopol, that whether the main army of the interior is defeated, retires before the army of invasion, or is sent to reinforce the garrison of Sebastopol—that there is no permanent safety to an army of occupation until the lines of Perecop are duly held by the forces of the allies. That fortress is the key of the country, and if left in the hands of the Tsar, he will be continually pouring down vast bodies of Cossacks and other troops—even the Guard is said to be on the move to the south, and there is railway accommodation as far as Moscow—to harass, if not ultimately exterminate the allies; but if, on the other hand, the allies strengthen and man these lines sufficiently to resist the whole power of Russia, the Crimea, as a natural sequence, falls into their hands. After the defeat of the army, said to be under the command of Prince Menschikoff, the occupation of Simferopol, the reduction of Sebastopol, and the capture or flight of the Russian fleet, the allies will still be forced, as a matter of stern necessity, to assail the division under Osten Sacken at the lines of Perecop, and those lines once held—the Crimea, from Yeni Kalak to Tarkan, and from Perecop to Aloupka, becomes a material pledge of peace, and a hostage for the safety of Europe and the Orient alike.

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THE GREEK INSURRECTION.*

On the 5th of January last the Greek insurrection broke out, and our readers will doubtless still bear in mind the feeling of pained surprise which the news of this precipitate movement excited through the whole of Europe. At a moment of the gravest complications, Greece, who owed so much to the two great European Powers, was so headstrong and ungrateful as to commence a rebellion and create new difficulties for England and France. After all that had been done for her to maintain that species of *prestige* with which she has been invested, and which she will never entirely lose, it might naturally have been anticipated that Greece would range her forces on the side of civilisation, in order to repel the violence and tyranny of the Tsar.

Still, no one was for a moment mistaken as to the origin and intention of the Greek insurrection. It was soon seen to be a direct emanation from the Russian party, or rather it was known that in Greece there was only one influence, one rallying cry—Russia—which maintained in the Greek territory the ancient feeling of disturbance and insurrection. Russian gold was lavishly expended from one end of Greece to the other; her agents, openly moving everywhere, supplied arms, organised bands, and excited the people to rise against the Turkish government. At the precise moment, then, when Russia had turned the whole of Europe against herself, when she had accumulated so many acts of violence and bad faith—so worthily crowned by the massacre of Sinope—Greece thought proper to declare herself Russian, to attach herself to the cause of the Tsar by all her sympathies and active strength, and to draw up her combatants in the rear and on the flank of the Muscovite armies, as *tirailleurs*, or a species of Hellenic Cossacks, intended to harass the troops of the allied powers.

The Greek insurrection, then, was in principle impolitic, imprudent, and unjust; it took the part of the bad cause and proved the Hellenic population to possess a great share of ignorance and ingratitude. Greece threw herself blindly into Russia's arms, determined to play her game without having studied or comprehended it; she risked, in the dangerous chances of revolt and battle, a fragile nationality which had been so frequently compromised, and which had only been saved by the greatest sacrifices on the part of her supporters. We will proceed to examine the nature of this Hellenic insurrection in its development, and see whether the details will in any way compensate for the folly and disgrace which marked its outbreak.

The Græco-Turkish provinces, Epirus and Thessaly, formed the principal focus of the insurrection. Through the traditions and the manners of the inhabitants, who are pre-eminently addicted to piracy and kleptism—through the natural disposition of the terrain, which is filled with narrow valleys and defiles, forming a multitude of natural fortresses—the factious movements and attacks of the insurrectionaries have ever found

* Die orientalische Frage in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung, von Dr. Richard Roepell. Breslau, 1854.

La Grèce et ses Insurrections. Par Edmond Texier. Paris, 1854.

full scope in the plains of Epirus and Thessaly. In order, therefore, to form a correct idea of the insurrection, and to appreciate its importance and character, it is indispensably necessary to be acquainted with the theatre on which the tragedy was played, more especially as Epirus and Thessaly have been rarely visited by travellers, who generally traverse Greece for archaeological purposes.

The picturesque country which we propose to describe is situated between the Hæmus, the Adriatic, and the Gulf of Salonichi. A chain of mountains separates Epirus and Thessaly, Macedonia and Thrace. There are few points in Europe that have been so rarely explored. For four hundred years, that is to say, since these countries have been subjected to the Turks, they have been entirely neglected by travellers, so much so, that it is still a question of discussion whether these mountains form one chain or so many distinct plateaux. "The whole of Epirus, or Lower Albania," says Malte Brun, "is a chain of mountains, generally calcareous, intersected by deep valleys, and inclosing very few plains." Epirus is bounded, in the direction of Thessaly and Macedonia, by the peaks celebrated in the old poetic myths, Pindus and Pelion, whose names, however, possess but very slight attraction for the ears of the present inhabitants. On the sea side it is defended by walls of rock, stronger than any which could be built with human hands. It is supposed that traces may still be found in these fortifications of the handiwork of the Cyclopeans—those fabulous workmen, who selected these rude countries for the centre of their earliest labours. The principal ports of Epirus are Parga, Butrinto, Salagora, Prevesa and Aulona. Fleets may blockade these ports and disembark troops, and still the assailants could not render themselves masters of the country, or even surmount the line of rocks. It is only necessary to cast a glance at these formidable defences to see that it would be labour in vain to attempt a regular siege; the assailants would expose themselves to a loss of time as considerable and fruitless as that which Massena underwent before the famous lines of Torres Vedras.

The Turks acquired possession of Thessaly and Thrace in 1890. They did not penetrate into Epirus till forty years later, fearing that race of Epirotes, already so well known for their warlike habits and love of plunder. The Greek empire was dissolved, and the Mussulman power, then at its zenith, everywhere excited astonishment and terror. History agrees in confessing that the Epirotes did not display, in these contests with the Mussulmans, that energy and intrepidity which they have since revealed. They yielded without a blow.

Epirus at the present day is divided into a number of small cantons, forming, as it were, so many separate states, enjoying their own government and administration, and only communicating with the pacha, who represents the Sultan, and receives the annual taxes which the different villages pay, or are assumed to pay. The different chains of mountains which intersect Epirus have been the cause of this multitude of districts, which all possess their own peculiar character, and which could only with great difficulty be subjected to a uniform and regular mode of government. At the extreme limit of Epirus is situated the canton of Mezzovo, which may be regarded as one of the principal seats of Greek fanaticism. In this canton there are several tribes, who live in a state of entire independence, bordering upon savageness, without laws or any other notion of

the manners and customs of other nations. The next point worthy of mention is the celebrated valley of Sarrina, which plays so great a part in the history of the War of Independence. This valley is reached by four roads bordered by deep precipices. A very small number of troops is sufficient to guard the outlets. The canton of Souli has also gained an historic name; it is equally difficult of access. It is an inextricable labyrinth, a collection of Thermopylæ, in which only the inhabitants can find their way. Behind the chain of mountains, serving as a rampart to the country of the Souliotes, are situated Paramitia, Parga, and Butrinto, all places rendered famous by the heroic resistance of the fathers of the present insurgents. The Turks have built above Arta a fortress, which is far from being perfect in a strategic point of view, and which could not hold out long against regular troops having at their command the means of attack which science has created for modern sieges.

Of all the provinces over which Turkey has extended her dominion, Epirus was by far the most difficult to conquer, and it cannot even yet be said that it has ever been in a state of entire subjugation. The Mussulman armies took possession of certain important positions—plateaux or defiles, which they regarded as the strategic keys of the country; but it was long ere they could establish communications between the fortresses and different points of defence. The possession of the maritime towns has given the Turkish government greater access to, and importance in, Epirus; but it has never effected that military union which is so necessary for the administration of this province, and especially for its subjugation in a time of revolt. Thus, Janina, which is in the centre of the mountains, is never entirely safe against a *coup-de-main* on the part of the insurgents, because all the defiles which surround it, and hitherto regarded as impregnable, only form subterraneous passages by which the rebels can always find their way into the very heart of the country. It has often been regarded as a matter of surprise that the Turks have not constructed a regular chain of forts, which should enclose the whole of Epirus and put an end to the present dangerous partition into detached cantons. These works will undoubtedly be executed sooner or later, for the entire subjugation of the province can only be purchased at that price, but for the present they have been impeded by the natural repugnance of the Turkish troops to undertake any building, and to the carelessness of the pachas, who are notorious for their lax mode of government.

We are now acquainted with the terrain upon which the Hellenic insurrection broke out, and it is easy to understand that a people so little advanced in civilisation, and placed in such peculiar positions, both of manners and territory, would easily be persuaded to revolt as soon as they felt the impetus of another power which animated and encouraged them. On the 5th of February last, the revolt, which had been in agitation for some time previously, and which had announced its existence by certain precursive symptoms, broke out definitively on the Turco-Grecian frontier. They were not merely nameless bands of adventurers who set in motion this dangerous outbreak; distinguished men, belonging to the highest ranks of the Greek army, did not hesitate to place themselves at its head, and to summon the whole Christian population of the Ottoman empire to revolt. It was soon seen that this was not one of those fortuitous events which take place contrary to the expectations and provisions.

of the whole world : the design was formed, and the details were arranged prior to the outbreak.

Lieutenant Karaïskaky, bearer of a name celebrated in the annals of modern Greece, was in garrison at Larissa. He left that town escorted by a few intrepid and resolute comrades. He carried off with him the government chest, containing 20,000 drachmæ, and which was absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of his enterprise, and appeared in arms upon the Turkish territory. Two villages belonging to the district of Arta rose at his summons, and formed the nucleus of the insurgent band. Karaïskaky summoned all the people of the country through which he passed to join him. He declared that the hour of deliverance had arrived for all the Christian population subjected to the yoke of Turkey ; the time was come for them to regain their independence and their nationality: the Græco-Turkish provinces could rely on the powerful assistance of the men and money Greece was about to send in a short time to second their efforts and favour the general rising.

Karaïskaky, in spite of his efforts and his zeal, made but slight progress in the districts to which he had proceeded. He was only followed by the inhabitants of two villages, who had been previously gained over, and a few individuals who had with great reluctance joined the insurrectionary forces. Still, daily proofs were obtained that the Greek government was either in overt communication, or, at the least, in avowed and actual connivance with the insurrection which had just broken out on the Græco-Turkish frontier. In the principal towns of Greece insurrectionary committees were organised before the very eyes of the authorities, who, far from attempting to put them down, lent them their assistance ; while every one was eager to aid in the cause by equipping and arming the combatants for this war, which they sought to exalt to the dignity of a crusade.

The diplomatic agents of the various powers, among others, M. Forth-Rouen, French minister at Athens, thought it their duty to make the Hellenic government acquainted with their views as to all that was taking place, but they only obtained vague and unsatisfactory answers. When the ministers of King Otho were pressed to act against the insurrection, and to take repressive measures, they explained their inactivity through the small body of troops Greece had at her disposal just at that moment, and the demonstrations they had hitherto made, far from being decisive, assumed, on the contrary, the appearance of ill-will and derision. All that had been done was to remove the prefect of police, a person of no importance, and who had no influence over the manifestations ; and among the officials of higher rank they arrested—the director of the military band.

The Court no longer dissembled the joy and hopes excited by the progress of the insurrectionary movement : they already fancied themselves once more masters of the provinces Turkey held in her power, and they openly mentioned, with all sorts of enthusiastic demonstrations, the names of the deputies, secretaries, and ministers, who communicated directly with the insurrection. These persons did not cease sending ammunition and subsidies ; and they had written to Tyro and Scyra, ordering volunteers to be enrolled, in order that there might be no delay in invading the Turkish territory. The names of these gentlemen were MM. Prathè, Paximidi, and Drosso. Christidi Prathè, the brother of

the deputy, had been seen—like a new Peter the Hermit—declaiming in the public square, and employing all the resources of his eloquence to excite the fanaticism of the mob. Generals, whose names were popular, among them Theodore Grivas, Travellas, and Tissaminos, had already gone to the frontier for the purpose of fomenting the insurrection. In order to increase the number of their adherents, they had forced every one they met to join them, and they had succeeded in collecting a species of army composed of the most discordant elements. It was even stated that they had already formed a provisional government. Circumstances of great gravity, and for which the Greek government would have eventually to be answerable to the other powers, had occurred at Patras, Missolonghi, and Chalcis; the doors of all the prisons were opened, and the criminals set at liberty, in order that they might proceed into Turkey and join the rebels. It was easy to foresee the consequences which such a step must infallibly entail for the public security and morality, whenever the war was at an end, or even during its progress.

In the face of such demonstrations, the Turkish government did not remain inactive. Seeing that the enrolment of volunteers took place in the public squares and streets of Athens, the head of the Ottoman legation protested, in most energetic language, against all the acts which were taking place in his presence, and held the Greek government responsible for the consequences. These protestations remaining without effect, the government of the Sultan was obliged to take defensive steps in order to stop at once all that was being done in Greece against the security and integrity of their territory. The Governor of Janina, as soon as the news of the movement reached him, sent off a body of five hundred irregular Albanians, and a battalion of regular troops. From Birac and Monastir three battalions also set out for Janina, in readiness for any event, and Hassan Bey marched from Larissa with one hundred Albanians and one field-piece. These forces appeared to the Ottoman government more than sufficient to disperse the bands of the insurgents, who were regarded as a collection of adventurers and vagabonds. We must, however, add that the insurrection was still in its bud, and its extent and possible development could not yet be decided.

On the 18th March, Amiral Le Barbier de Tinan sailed from Constantinople, with one English and one French frigate, and it was stated that he was commissioned to make the most energetic representations to Otho and his ministry on the subject of what was taking place in Greece. The admiral even received secret instructions, authorising him to inform the king that, if he had not sufficient strength to recal his subjects to their duty, and to prevent them from any participation in the Epirote insurrection, the allied powers were determined to act, and put a stop to the hostile demonstrations on the part of the Greeks. It was in vain, however, that the representatives of the four powers united to give the king, and more especially the queen, the benefit of their counsel: unfortunately, their advice and representations remained, as before, without any effect. The ministers continued, as they had always done, to evince their lively desire to break off all connexion existing between Greece and the revolted Turkish provinces; but, despite their assurances, matters went on precisely in the old way. Daily fresh desertions were announced of men belonging to the royal army, and who abandoned their flag to enrol themselves beneath the banner of the insurrection, and

though the generals pretended to complain of these desertions, it was easy to see that they took no precautions to prevent them.

By the middle of March, the number of insurgents overrunning the Turkish provinces was estimated at six thousand; they had taken possession of several villages, made the inhabitants prisoners, seized their property, money, and jewels, which they hastened to place in security by sending them to Greece, which country thus became their common exchequer, and a depository for their booty. It is needless to remark, that depredation was one of the great stimulants in this war, into which so many persons rushed with the name of religion on their lips, and a desire to appropriate the property of their neighbour in their hearts.

The Mussulmans, when compelled to retire from the villages which had fallen into the hands of the rebels, fell back on Dimoco, Tricala, Larissa, and Almiro, where the chief strength of the Turkish forces was concentrated, and they temporarily yielded the country a prey to the inroads of the insurgent bands that daily became more numerous. At the head of the Greeks were seen officers of high rank, who could, by their education and influence, have given the insurrection unity and stability, were it possible to direct movements of such a nature. It was even said that Soutzo, the minister of war, notorious for his intrigues and direct relations with the Russian Government, was prepared to resign his functions immediately, and take the supreme command of the armies of the insurrection.

Turkey, through the sudden outbreak of hostilities, was as yet unable to oppose any large force to the insurgents, for, as we all know, her troops were at that moment gloriously engaged elsewhere. Besides, through a very wise and politic precaution, the Turkish government had always avoided publishing the exact number of troops it sent into the insurgent provinces: it was sufficient for it to be known in Greece and elsewhere, that the Ottomans were in readiness, and determined to put down the movement at every point. It has been frequently made a cause of reproach to the Turks, that they waited too long before they opposed the Hellenic insurrection with the necessary energy, and that they allowed it to grow and gain consistence; but we do not think that the Turkish government deserves the rebukes which have been administered to it, and it is not true that it displayed any indecision or weakness in the presence of the Hellenic insurrection. We should take nations and events as they are, and above all not regard—as is so frequently the case in England—Oriental affairs through European and constitutional spectacles. It must be remembered, once for all, that these Græco-Turkish provinces about which we are now writing, are really always in a state of effervescence and disturbance. Revolt, more or less declared, is ever breaking out there, and we might almost say that at any moment the horrors of the Sicilian Vespers might be repeated. It is not in vain that the Greeks have been called *artistes en insurrection*; it is certain that they always are prepared for any popular commotion which holds out a prospect of pillage. When the rising of the 5th February was announced, the government of the Sultan was bound, in the first instance, to discover whether it was a simple *émeute* or a serious insurrection. A certain time was therefore required in order that Turkey might appreciate in their true light the events in Epirus and Thessaly, and it then discovered that it must act with a vigour proportioned to the extent of the insurrection.

At the time when the Hellenic propaganda had made its greatest progress—when nothing was spoken of at Athens and elsewhere but of recruiting and enrolling volunteers, the Turkish government only had along the whole frontier line one battalion of infantry, six battalions of light troops, a squadron of cavalry, and four pieces of artillery. These troops formed an effective strength of from 4000 to 5000 men: adding the 6000 who were already in Thessaly and Epirus, we arrive at a total of 10,500 regular and irregular troops. This *corps d'armée* formed the principal centre, the nucleus of the troops opposed to the insurgents. The Ottoman government sent off all the troops that could be detached from the army commanded by Omar Pacha, and 10,000 Arabs were expected to arrive from Alexandria and stifle the insurrection in its defiles or its mountains.

To meet this concentration of the Turkish forces, and to sustain the enthusiasm of the insurrectionary army, the Greeks in Epirus did not cease to spread about news tending to conceal the real movements of the Ottoman army. One day it was stated that Janina had fallen into the hands of the insurrectionists; complete details were given, and all the operations of the siege, which were purely imaginary. At another time, a considerable corps was said to have arrived from Constantinople and landed at Prevesa, who had been utterly cut in pieces. The list of dead and wounded was added, and the names of the generals killed in action. But it was soon discovered that the battle of Prevesa was as false as the siege of Janina, and must equally be regarded as a production of the Hellenic imagination. Thus imposture and boasting played a great part in the ranks of the insurgent army. Repetition and invention multiplied the bulletins of imaginary successes and chimerical advantages, while waiting for real victories.

The news from the Turco-Greek frontier, which arrived at Constantinople by express, or that received *viâ* Salonichi, agreed in the statement that the armed bands which had invaded the Ottoman territory had been repelled at several points upon the Greek territory. A unanimous and complete insurrection of all the Christian populations of Epirus had been calculated on, and up to the present only an irregular agitation had been produced without any central support, or any direct communication between the different bodies. Russia, in spite of all her intrigues, all her efforts, and the gold which she incessantly and profusely scattered over Epirus, could not change the nature of the case, or arouse that enthusiasm and conviction which are produced by a sacred cause. The new Heterists, collected beneath the old banner which recalled the organisation and movement of carbonarism, had not retained any of the qualities of devotion and faith possessed by the first founders.

Political associations cannot be restored; when they have once been extinguished, when time has destroyed their ardour and prestige, they cannot be summoned again into existence under the conditions of their original foundation. It requires another rallying word, a new banner, almost as much as other men and other events, to re-establish the ancient bonds and collect the combatants and apostles. In the midst of these incoherencies the Mussulman press most clearly proved the critical position into which King Otho was daily hurrying further and further. "When the frontier has been once pacified," the Turkish papers stated,

"the wandering and plundering bands taken prisoners or dispersed, the whole insurrection put down, what fate will be reserved for Greece? What posture will she assume in the eyes of intelligent and political Europe? Does she build upon the protectorate of Russia in order to carry on with impunity direct or indirect hostilities upon the territories of a neighbouring state, and encourage revolt, brigandage, and rapine? Greece forgets that she has always owed great financial and commercial obligations to the Turkish empire, which has never hesitated to open its ports to her industry, to ensure her merchants every variety of guarantee, and even peculiar privileges, without any commercial treaty, or any expectation of reciprocity. Turkey, on the other hand, did not expect gratitude from the Greek government, but a regard of mutual rights and the maintenance of the regular relations which should exist between two conterminous nations. The destruction of the modern Greek race, and that which incessantly menaces her government and her nationality, is that immense presumption which devours her, that blind confidence in her strength and power. Greece too often forgets that she possesses no army. Does she call by that title the few soldiers who may be met in the streets of Athens, and who can only be used to mount guard at the palace gates? Can she say that she actually possesses a fleet? As for her finances, public shame compels us not to mention them. To do so would be creating a theme for criticism and recrimination. They form one of those ever bleeding wounds, which can only excite pity, if they cannot give rise to a more legitimate and truer sentiment."

Thus the Mussulman papers expressed themselves in the midst of the insurrectionary contests, and while the troops of the Sultan were employing their utmost exertions to scatter the enemy. Abstracting that spirit of acrimony which necessarily animates newspaper polemics, we cannot help recognising, in spite of certain exaggerations, a great deal of justice and truth in the language of the Ottoman journal.

Now that we have been able to form an idea of what was going on in the ranks of the insurgents, and the state of ignorance prevailing among the majority of these adventurers, whom the Muscovite propaganda tried in vain to exalt into heroes, we shall have less difficulty in understanding the facility with which the most mendacious and absurd reports were received and credited by them. The propagandists told them, in order to raise their courage, that France and England favoured the insurrection; and we can see, from this simple fact, what was the political bias of the insurrectionary movement. The men who were making war in its name did not even know whether two powers of such importance as England and France were for or against them. They all remembered that, during a war which was called the War of Independence, they had seen the French and English fleets take the part of Greece against the Ottoman empire—why should not this alliance remain for ever? Had not the Turk remained the eternal enemy of the Christian name, who should be combated upon every occasion that presented itself? Thus reasoned the majority of the insurgents, who expected at any moment to see the French and English battalions arrive, to offer them the fraternal support of their army, and aid them to throw off the Mussulman yoke. These hopes and illusions were proved by several curious documents seized on the person of some of the prisoners. They were published in the columns of the Ottoman papers.

Still, the representatives of France and England could no longer endure the strange abuse which was made of the name and intentions of their country; and since the unhappy people of Epirus and Thessaly were so blind and ignorant as to believe these clumsy falsehoods, it was necessary that they should be undeceived, and informed of the real state of the case by authentic and official documents. On the 29th of March, the English ambassador at Constantinople addressed to all the English consuls in the Levant a circular on this subject. His example was speedily followed by the French envoy; and after the publication of these two documents, it was noticed that there was a sudden check in the movements of the insurgents, especially of those who had chosen Epirus as the scene of their enterprise. But the implacable propaganda, which pursued its object with such incessant activity, was not disposed to lose all the fruits of its exertions. The effect produced by the two French and English circulars could not have escaped its notice, and it felt that the races, which had been so long fanaticised, would sooner or later escape from its influence. It, therefore, made a movement in the direction of Samos, the inhabitants of which island they fancied disposed to rise against the authority of the Sultan. Agents were sent over to distribute incendiary proclamations, money, and arms, and to declare that it was time to put an end to the Turkish rule; they also continued to propagate the falsehood, refuted everywhere already, of the British and French alliance being intended to promote the interests of the insurrection. The people of Samos remained impassible before all these provocations; neither the religious interest nor promises could act upon them, nor induce them to take part in a movement of which they comprehended the real meaning. The consequence was, that the Russian agents were entirely defeated in their object.

The insurrection now appeared to have changed its scene of action; suppressed in several important parts of Epirus, it broke out again in Thessaly with renewed fury. In the first days of April reports were spread of very frequent and smart actions which had taken place between the bands of Klephts and the irregular troops; some of these bands, bolder and better armed than the rest, had even advanced as far as Pharsalia. The panic was general. These combatants, dispersed in all directions, were not merely dangerous to those whom they regarded as their enemies; in their blind instincts for violence and pillage they attacked their co-religionists. Whole families of Greeks were seen to throw themselves at the feet of Turkish officers to supplicate them to protect them against the plunderers. At Larissa, the rumour was spread that 15,000 insurgents, forming three different *corps d'armée*, were going to surround the town and plunder it, and General Grivas, a man whose life resembles a romance, had succeeded in collecting under his orders 100 regulars and 500 irregular troops belonging to the Greek army. He had already passed Damoko, was marching upon Dabrita, and menaced to cut off the communication between Larissa and Bitolia. Another personage, not less extraordinary, and who represents one of the most marked features of the insurgent army, General Hadji Petros, had under him a corps of 3000 men, who were said to be entirely devoted to him, and in a tolerable state of discipline; he was said to be only two hours' distance from Trisala. Finally, it was said that General Papacosta maintained himself in a very strong defensive

position near Armiro, whence it did not appear likely that the Mussulman troops would be able to drive him out, or even venture to attack him. His corps amounted to not less than 4000 men. It will be seen from these details that the Thessalian revolt was at this time powerfully organised, and well supported by brave troops and skilful generals who had succeeded in putting a stop, temporarily at least, to their divisions and rivalry.

The Turkish government had been fortunately warned of the considerable development which the Thessalian insurrection had acquired. The troops hitherto sent against the Klephts had been considered insufficient, and in some of the engagements many of the Albanians had deserted to the enemy. Five hundred volunteers had been hastily enrolled, on whose courage and devotion the government could depend; but they were deficient in that military discipline for which zeal is but a poor substitute. These volunteers had been joined by 1800 redifs, who happened to be in barracks at Tirnova, by the irregulars of Dervant Aja, and by 800 Moreotes. Unfortunately, too, great dissensions existed among the irregulars, almost as dangerous in their effects as those found among the insurgents; but in spite of their numerical inferiority, this handful of men resolutely dared the engagement, for they were commanded by Abbas Laliote. It is impossible to write the name of this man, now so popular and celebrated throughout the whole of Turkey, without recalling the services he has rendered to the Mussulman cause by the severe and repeated lessons which he gave the insurgents whenever he met with them. Captain Abbas deserves the honour of a special biography. Albanian by nation, born and educated at Laka, in the Morea, he is the issue of one of those Albanian families who abandoned their homes in the seventeenth century, and established themselves in various parts of Greece. In the revolution of 1822, he had been distinguished among the most resolute and intelligent leaders, and was forced to expatriate himself. He became a farmer in Thessaly, and thus acquired a knowledge of the country upon which he was afterwards called to fight. It is well known what advantages such knowledge affords in partisan warfare. Abbas Laliote is considered one of the bravest men in Turkey; he has served with a great deal of distinction in Rumelia and Africa, and at the first news of the insurrection he hastened to offer his services in the defence of the country.

Soon after, news was received *viâ* Salonichi of the arrival at Volo of four Turkish frigates, who brought to the scene of war six battalions of Egyptian troops, and all the *matériel* which had been embarked requisite to act vigorously against the Hellenes scattered over Turkey. At the same time it was stated that a body of 500 Albanians was marching on Larissa, and would soon arrive to join the Egyptians. It was easy to foresee from this concentration of the Mussulman forces, and the movements in advance continually made by the insurgents, that a general and decisive action was about to take place. At Volo and Armiro the two most considerable engagements of the whole campaign took place, and which decided the fate of the Thessalian insurrection. The insurgents collected in considerable numbers on the mountains surrounding Volo, whence they descended into the plain, where the Mussulman troops awaited them with great firmness. It is impossible yet to give any detailed account of the battle of Volo—all that is known is the general result. Eye-witnesses agree in stating that the Hellenes commenced the action

with great fury by rushing on the Mussulmans; however, after a heavy discharge of musketry, which lasted about an hour, the fire of the Hellenes was perceived to slacken. They soon gave way and fled, for they were unable to withstand the firmness of the Turkish troops. The loss of the Hellenes in the fight at Volo was estimated at fifty dead, and a nearly equal number of wounded and prisoners. After this check the insurgents retired to the mountains, leaving their arms and horses behind. It was not anticipated that they would soon form again and try the chances of battle. Their soldiers, who were entrenched at Old Volo, set fire to that place before retiring, and a great number of families sought refuge on board vessels, which lay at no great distance from the scene of the engagement. During the fight, the Austrian corvette *La Carolina* had protected the new magazines of the Scale. The commander of the corvette had sent on shore twenty-five well-armed and resolute men, in order to assert the active interference of his nation.

The battle near Armiro was still more considerable and sanguinary than that at Volo. On this occasion the Hellenes had displayed a resistance and a knowledge of tactics which was not anticipated from them. They had attacked the Turks repeatedly, with most brilliant energy and courage. The leaders themselves seized a musket, and placed themselves in the ranks of the soldiers. Spite of their exertions and their numerous acts of valour, they had been compelled to retreat before the Mussulman troops, who pursued them furiously, and prevented them from concentrating behind a wood, where they hoped they could reunite and recommence the engagement the next day. The troops of the Sultan took a great number of prisoners. The banner of the rebels was found on the field of battle beneath the corpses. We may say that these two combats at Volo and Armiro gave a fatal blow to the Thessalian insurrection.

At the commencement of April, it was an evident fact that the insurrection, far from extending through the whole of the Græco-Turkish provinces, was confined to a district growing daily more limited, and losing all the advantages it had previously obtained. Still, at the moment when it appeared suppressed and conquered in the Thessalian provinces, it broke out again with considerable intensity in Epirus, which was supposed to be utterly pacified. Reinforcements of good Mussulman troops were considered necessary, unless the insurrection should be allowed to regain the whole extent of ground which it had lost.

No great amount of value, however, could be placed on the actual services which the irregulars could furnish on a given day. In addition, new bands of Hellenes were said to be daily swelling the number of combatants already spread over the country. Karaïskaky, Hervas, and Grivas, more resolute than ever, and full of confidence in the future of the cause they were defending, had ended by forming among themselves a species of alliance solely based on their word and the fancy of the moment, but which was sufficient to establish some agreement and unanimity in their operations. Their *corps d'armée*, composed of at least 5000 men, were only two or three hours distant from Janina, and although they had suffered a severe check by a sally made by the garrisons, they held their ground firmly, and did not appear disposed to give way, at least unless attacked by superior forces. The communication between Janina and Salonichi was entirely interrupted; letters and despatches no longer arrived by the regular route, for the terrible Zapopoulo, at the

head of 1000 insurgents, occupied the whole of the mountains of Mezzovo, which separate Thessaly from Epirus.

Papacosta, another very extraordinary chief, had established his headquarters at Platano, with 600 men, who were prepared to die with him. A corps of Albanians, who fancied they could despise this little band, went to attack them, without taking any precautions or the necessary ammunition. A very lively action took place, and on this occasion the victory was not on the side of the Mussulmans, who found themselves in want of powder and bullets in the middle of the combat. They were compelled to retreat, after having suffered considerable loss, and leaving many prisoners in the hands of the insurgents.

At the same time mention was made of several bodies of insurgents, of whom some amounted to 500 or 600 men. They traversed the villages, killed or carried off by force all the inhabitants who attempted to resist them, plundered the houses, and ended by burning them. The insurgents were generally armed with Russian muskets, and some wore the eagle; considerable sums of money were also noticed in their possession, without any difficulty about discovering the source whence it was derived. It was also known, that in the direction of Almiro 4000 Greeks had formed themselves into battalions with a gun, with the intention of attempting a *coup-de-main* upon this town, which was considered an important position. At Kalifari, in the neighbourhood of Garditza and Tricala, several very serious combats had taken place, occasioning great loss to both parties; and the insurgents in this direction, when recruited by those who had recently arrived from the village of Agrafta, formed a corps of about 3000 men, while the Turks could only oppose 1300 to them, among whom there were not more than 600 regulars.

Thus the Greek insurrection went on with various results upon a number of points, checked in one place only to break out further off; threatening to occupy for some time a part of the Turkish force, which, if small, was sadly wanted elsewhere, when that country required all its resources to struggle against her powerful antagonist. The moment at length arrived when the Ottoman government was driven to ask of the Greek government for official and decisive explanations as to the attitude it had assumed, and the part it played in the insurrection of the Epirote and Thessalian provinces. Nechet Bey, the Ottoman *chargé d'affaires* at Athens, was ordered to draw up a note, conceived in very firm and energetic language, complaining of the conduct of Greece, and demanding satisfaction. The answer of M. Païcos was truly worthy of the cause he served; it was full of vague generalities and special pleading. At the same time, too, Russia made her appearance on the scene of contest, in the person of the celebrated M. de Nesselrode, who drew up a circular note addressed to the Russian diplomatic agents abroad.

It now remains for us to follow the insurrection in its period of definitive decrease, which commences at the end of April, and announces that, with the exception of partial risings, the general revolt can never break out again with the character and development it originally assumed. It was stated that the insurrection, confined to a few districts of Thessaly, had commenced its retrograde movement, and unless some unexpected event endowed it with fresh strength, it might be asserted that it would never regain its old footing. It was discovered, even in Greece, that many villages had been burned, much blood shed, and

families rendered wretched—and all this an utter loss—without any definitive advantage being derived from it. With the exception of two villages on the frontiers, no movement had taken place in consequence of the last engagements fought by the Russian troops. It was seen, too, at Athens that the majority of the volunteers had been enrolled under the direct influence of the Russian party; for, with the exception of General Grivas (who had gone without authority), Hadji Petros, and Colonel Karatano, it was proved that all the other troops were maintained, equipped, and paid by Russia. The money was stated to be sent by Greeks domiciled in different parts of Europe; it had come from Marseilles, Trieste, Vienna, Constantinople, and Smyrna. Sums of money were also stated to have been forwarded by the Greeks in Russia, until it was proved that the greater quantity arrived from the Tsar, who represented the principal exchequer of the revolutionary movement.

The expedition of Grivas, and certain advantages he obtained at the commencement of the revolt, had led the Hellenic ministry to send General Tzavellas into Epirus. All the agents received orders not to give subsidies or ammunition to any one but him; a desire was felt to concentrate all the means of action in the hands of Tzavellas, and this measure was fatal to the rebels. Tzavellas, a lieutenant-general, a senator, and possessed of a considerable private fortune, did not display that promptitude and vigour in his movements which are essential for an expedition of this nature; he took nearly a month to go from Athens to the frontiers, and he was only followed by about one hundred soldiers, collected with much difficulty. On arriving at Petra, he found himself in the centre of a swarm of insurgents who slackened and paralysed his means of action. Hervas had pushed on towards Albania, after coming to an understanding with Karaïskaky and Zikos; Grivas was on the road to Janina; Tzavellas, therefore, whom we may add no one was willing to obey, was alone with a few Suliotes. He remained in the camp of Petra in a state of complete inaction, although the Peloponnesians sent by Colocotronis and Plassontas, under the command of their sons, had come in to join him. The divisions which had existed among the chiefs, and which had in some degree disappeared, now broke out with fresh vigour; all wished to augment their troops at the expense of those commanded by the other captains. In Thessaly, General Hadji Petros wished to become commander-in-chief—the only method, in fact, by which unity could be maintained; but no one would consent to such a step. The consequence was that the rebels, divided into several columns, acted independently and each on their own account. We must add that plunder was the principal object of these bands, and in this regard, they were naturally not very desirous to associate with others, and have to share with them the fruits of their plunder.

Among all the chieftains, Grivas was the one who was specially distinguished by the boldness of his movements, and the gloomy energy, mixed with ferocity, which he displayed both before and after a fight. He had, however, lately received a severe check. His troops had marched on Janina, committing terrible disorders on their route, and spreading everywhere terror and confusion. They were on the point of taking possession of Mezzovo. The inhabitants, justly alarmed by the arrangements of the terrible assailants who were marching upon them, had immediately called the Mussulman troops to their assistance, who, however,

could not aid them, through their inadequate numbers. Grivas immediately took possession of the town. The plundering commenced in various quarters; the houses were set on fire while the soldiers entrenched themselves in others. The Pacha of Janina marched his whole garrison against Grivas, and was only able to drive his troops out of their positions after unparalleled efforts and a struggle which did the greatest honour to the courage of both parties. Grivas defended himself like a lion during forty-eight hours. There were literally streams of blood around him. Several times he was supposed to be killed; once even he was seen to fall, and his troops uttered a yell as a signal of despair. But he rose again directly, brandishing his sword in the air to prove that he was alive and still ready to fight. Still the moment at length arrived when he understood that resistance was no longer possible. All the houses he occupied had been destroyed in succession by the artillery, and were converted into heaps of ruins filled with corpses. His troops were decimated, and he found himself almost alone with a few combatants who had sworn to die with him. He had made a *sortie* in the night, and succeeded in reaching the mountains with the *débris* of his column. Many of his soldiers hastened to join him. It is said that before retreating, Grivas desired to kill all the wounded lest they might fall into the hands of the conquerors. One of his most devoted soldiers begged him to take the initiative with him. Stretched at the feet of his general, with his left thigh shattered by a bullet, he wished that an end should be put to his sufferings, and offered his own sabre. The day after this obstinate struggle, so terrible in its details, the Pacha of Janina set out in pursuit of Grivas, but was not able to come up with him. It was soon found that he had passed by Agraffa and Aspropotamo, to seek a refuge in Thessaly, but he soon returned and was once again within two hours' distance of the frontier.

The plenipotentiaries of the chiefs of the expedition were continually proceeding to Athens and soliciting audiences from the king, in order to make known their demands and their complaints. It was proposed to M. Metaxas, the former ambassador, that he should place himself at the head of the insurrection, in order to give a certain direction to the popular movement, and establish a supreme command which should put down these little chiefs; but Metaxas refused. The same proposition was made to General Gardikiotis Grivas; but he also declined. The next mentioned were Spiro-Mibo, Soutzo, minister of war, and Plapoutas; but nothing could be arranged. It was proposed to send 60,000 drachmæ to Theodore Grivas, in order that he might return to the neighbourhood of Mezzovo and renew the attack which he had so brilliantly commenced; but it was apprehended that, by sending him this sum, the jealousy of the other chiefs would be aroused, and Grivas be exposed to the poignard of some assassin.

The enrolments, momentarily suspended in consequence of the representations made by the diplomatic agents of France and England, were resumed with fresh activity. A deputy of Attica enrolled men almost publicly and sent the volunteers to Thessaly, with his brother at their head. Two companies of troops of the line under the orders of Lieutenant-colonel Kyprianos, were said to have deserted with their arms and baggage. It appeared, in fact, as if affairs had returned to the first days of February, that is, to the commencement of the insurrection. Turkey,

besides, did not fail to point out to the representatives of England and France the progress daily made by Greek pirates against the merchant vessels of the whole world. The insurgent bands continued to spread and plunder in the neighbourhood of Armiro and Telestria, fighting against the Turkish troops that attacked and pursued them, without being able to annihilate them. All the proclamations in the villages gave a most pompous eulogium of the Great Emperor Nicholas, called the Chief by divine right of the great orthodox Christian family of the East, and announced the speedy arrival of fresh assistance sent by him. The inhabitants who had seen, on the passage of the insurgents, their villages burnt, their flocks carried off by those who called themselves their protectors, began to form the most unfavourable opinion with reference to the revolution.

The moment at length arrived when England and France recognised the necessity of putting a stop to this dangerous insurrection, by going directly to the fountain head, and appealing to the government which fomented it. A letter was written on the 12th of last May from Athens to the "Observateur de Trieste," containing the following passage:—"It is certain that the four great powers who signed the protocol of Vienna are losing patience; they desire to put a stop to the indecision and tergiversation of the Greek government with reference to the insurrection of Epirus." The *Moniteur* also received from Janina news of the 7th of May, confirming the numerous defeats sustained by the insurgents, and announcing that the revolt, in spite of all efforts and changes of fortune, could no longer carry on the struggle, and was at its last gasp. The following is the extract from the *Moniteur*:

"The principal Hætarist corps *d'armée* in Epirus, commanded by General Tzavellas, has been beaten and dispersed by the Ottoman troops. Attacked at Petra, on the 28th of the last month, by a corps under the orders of Omar Pacha, the Hellenes only offered a short resistance, disbanded and retired in great disorder on the frontier, abandoning to the Turks their chest, ammunition, and nearly all their *matériel* of war. Tzavellas succeeded in escaping; and the Hellenic Tagmatarque, Antonaki-Kalagmodarti of Patras was made prisoner. In the baggage captured at Tzavellas' head-quarters was found a secret correspondence between this leader and the Greek ministry, more especially with M. Soutzo, the minister of war; this correspondence is in the hands of Fuad Effendi. The communication has been restored between Janina and Arta. The only insurgents left are at Radovitzi; the rest of the country has returned to its duty, and has only curses to bestow on the Greek chieftains who tried to make them serve the interests of Russia."

The active interference of the allies soon put an entire stop to the revolutionary movements, and the Greeks are now in a state of tranquillity; but we think that the lesson which may be derived from the events we have detailed, will serve as a warning for the future. Never was the doctrine of non-interference more plainly taught than by the experience we have of Greece as an independent nation. May we hope that our statesmen may take warning by it, and in the settlement of the Eastern question—whenever that happy day may arrive—let them bear in mind the magnificent results of the battle of Navarino.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

THE district of the Crimea which has been lately the scene of so many glorious combats—the theatre of feats of arms and exploits of gallantry so honourable to all concerned—comprises essentially the country of the Goths and that of the Greeks, renowned in olden times as the Heracleontic Chersonesus, often we observe confounded in the papers with the Tauric Chersonesus.

The first containing within its somewhat limited confines the valleys of Baljanak, the Alma, the Katcha, the Balbek, the Salghir, and the Tchernaya, or Black River, comprises land as fertile as it is beautiful. It was across these valleys that Justinian I. built walls and fortresses which proved of great service to the Goths in a defensive point of view.

The second is a peninsula within a peninsula, and was once divided from the rest of the Crimea by a wall which stretched from Balaklava—the Portus Symbolorum and Genoese Cimbalo—to Sebastopol, ancient Ctenus, the remains of which still exist, and whose boundaries have been the scene of many a sanguinary conflict. Here arose that colony of the Greeks of Heraclea, which gave her name not only to the Heracleontic Chersonesus, but by extension to the Tauric Chersonesus, or the whole of that larger peninsula now called the Crimea. Here also stood the temple of the Tauric Diana, at which all intruders were sacrificed; and above ancient Ctenus and Inkerman—the caverned city of the Tauro-Scythes—was the Pontic Eupatorion and the Theodori of the Low Empire.

The movements of the allies, as well as the combats they have been engaged in in these classic and picturesque lands, have been replete with striking incidents. The fleet attending upon the progress of troops, every man of whom could be almost counted by the enemy, must have presented an unusually imposing array of force. The deer-like activity of the French Chasseurs and of the Zouaves in ascending the heights on the extreme left of the enemy was witnessed with feelings of admiration from every ship in Kalamita Bay. The difficulties and obstructions of every kind and description encompassed by the light division of the British army—trenches, heights, and redoubts centred around the strongest position of the Russians—assailed by the same division, and finally carried by the overwhelming weight of the Guards and Highlanders, the latter mistaken by the Muscovites for cavalry, and received in squares—the well-timed fire of the couple of guns so gallantly conveyed to the heights by Captain Turner, spreading consternation in the hostile ranks, and the batteries of the French sweeping them down on their left flank in their hasty retreat—ladies invited to see a review, hurried away by their flying

countrymen to the signal discomfiture of their apparel—presented altogether a scene of bustle, struggle, fire, noise, and slaughter well calculated to leave a lasting impression on all who witnessed it. Then, again, in the after scene, amid the groans and shrieks of the wounded and the dying—men regaining their positions through avenues of dead—the surgeons and their aids on their boundless errand of succour—and the dying barbarians striking the hand held out to relieve their torments—there were also strange things enacted. There were jolly tars, who had danced with glee on landing at the victory won by their gallant countrymen, now busy measuring their capacious feet against the leather soles of the slain—there were men collecting breastplates, helmets, arms, and accoutrements which were as yet new to them—trophies of the battle they had been engaged in—there were others busy in more abject, yet excusable rifling; while the few men, still held in hand, were hurrying the dead of all nations into that deep trench which had so obstructed their onward progress; and over that fearful array of bodies they now heaped the raised earthworks above.

Scarcely recovered from their toil and excitement, there was a long march, past the Katcha, to the beautiful and fertile valley of the Balbek, where the fruit and vegetables of luxuriant gardens and orchards, the contents of the poultry-yard, the dairy, and the kitchen, and in many instances the resources of the parlour and the cellar, were alike quickly made to contribute to the comforts of the wearied and the exhausted soldiery. That night many a fortunate fellow in advance of his comrades slept on a mattress or a sofa, and quaffed his fill of Crimean wine—not the worst in the world.

Then there was a still longer and more difficult march through dense woods and scrub, out of which—as if they had been laying in wait for them—those first in advance came upon a Russian convoy, which fled almost at the very sound of the British guns, and before the swords of the Scots Greys—unsheathed for the first time in Russian land—could be well brought to bear upon them. The whole affair was more like an event skilfully arranged on the boards of the Hippodrome than reality; miles of plunder strewed in every direction, and still remaining there when the French came up at night, attested, however, to the actuality of the thing.

Then there was the night bivouac in the deep glen of the Black River, not very far from Inkerman—that strange city of caves, which opens upon the Bay of Sebastopol. From hence Lieutenant—now happily Commander—Maxse made his lonely and adventurous night journey back to the fleet.

One more short march—their thirst slaked in the dark waters of the Tchernaya—and the staff turning a corner, were saluted by a shell from the old Genoese fort of Balaklava—the beautiful port; another minute and all the heights were commanded by the victorious soldiery of Albion, and at that very moment, by another strange *coup de théâtre*—one which must have struck awe into the small garrison, as well as into the pirate Greeks, dwellers in the town below—the great man-of-war of ancient Greece, represented in the nineteenth century by a British man-of-war—the *Agamemnon*—swept round the “sacred promontory,” as if still in search of his daughter Iphigenia, now represented by the “Virgin’s Rock.”

But we must fain leave the picturesque part of the campaign to take up the pen of the equable historian. The whole of the allies moved forward from their encampment on the shores of Kalamita Bay on the 19th of September, and after a wearisome march under a burning sun, and suffering much from want of water, they reached the insignificant but welcome stream of the Baljanak, some five or six miles from the Alma, upon whose banks, and more especially upon the heights above, the Russians had taken up their position, commanding the advance of the allies by redoubts and formidable batteries, which were so placed as to sweep the principal fords of the river and the ascent of the hills, thus rendered doubly difficult of access.

Lord Raglan describes the position taken up by the Russians in the most graphic language :

The bold and almost precipitous range of heights—of from 350 to 400 feet—that from the sea closely border the left bank of the river, here ceases, and formed their left, and, turning thence round a great amphitheatre or wide valley, terminates at a salient pinnacle, where their right rested, and whence the descent to the plain was more gradual. The front was about two miles in extent.

Across the mouth of this great opening is a lower ridge at different heights, varying from 60 to 150 feet, parallel to the river, and at distances from it of from 600 to 800 yards.

The river itself is generally fordable for troops, but its banks are extremely rugged, and in most parts steep ; the willows along it had been cut down, in order to prevent them from affording cover to the attacking party, and in fact everything had been done to deprive an assailant of any species of shelter.

In front of the position on the right bank, at about 200 yards from the Alma, is the village of Bouliouk, and near it a timber bridge, which had been partly destroyed by the enemy.

The high pinnacle and ridge before alluded to were the key of the position, and, consequently, there the greatest preparations had been made for defence.

Half-way down the height and across its front was a trench of the extent of some hundred yards, to afford cover against an advance up the even steep slope of the hill. On the right, and a little retired, was a powerful covered battery, armed with heavy guns, which flanked the whole of the right of the position.

Artillery, at the same time, was posted at the points that best commanded the passage of the river and its approaches generally.

On the slopes of these hills (forming a sort of table-land) were placed dense masses of the enemy's infantry, while on the heights above was his great reserve, the whole amounting, it is supposed, to between 45,000 and 50,000 men.

A casual correspondent to the *Times*, understood to be Mr. Layard, who witnessed the battle from the maintop of the *Agamemnon*, also describes the Russian position as "enormously strong." "Fancy," writes our active compatriot, "a gradually sloping country, without a single object to protect advancing troops, ending in a river sweeping round high cliffs of earth, in the centre of which, about three miles from the sea, was an amphitheatre of hills ; this amphitheatre commanded the principal fords over the river and the open country beyond ; it was strengthened by an earthwork with ten or twelve guns, and a permanent battery of twelve more."

The same day a part of Lord Cardigan's brigade of light cavalry, consisting of about 500 men, of the 8th Hussars, the 11th Hussars, and

13th Light Dragoons, pushed on in front, after the passage of the Bal-janak, and threw out skirmishers in line. The Cossacks advanced to meet them in like order, the steel of their long lances glittering in the sun. As the British advanced, dark columns of cavalry came into view in the recesses of the hills, and the skirmishers were ordered to halt, seeing which the Cossacks opened fire, while the main body slowly descended the slope in three solid squares. As our men were retiring, slowly answering at the same time the fire of the videttes, one of the Russian cavalry squares opened, a spirt of white smoke rose out of the gap, and a round shot, followed by another and another, came tearing through the ranks of the cavalry, who had four men severely wounded and six horses killed. Captain Maude's battery coming up to the support of the cavalry, the enemy was obliged to retire before its well-directed fire, and a French battery came up in time to complete their discomfiture.

The demonstration of the Russians on the right of the line of the allies near Zambruk was still more formidable. A strong column of cavalry, supported by a brigade of infantry, marched down to the plain. The cavalry deployed, skirmishing began, several volleys of artillery were exchanged, and the Russian infantry formed in squares. The same evening General Canrobert's division was also very hotly attacked. The Russian squadrons deployed on the right, and forming a great circle, charged directly down upon the French. The latter halted, formed three squares, and flanked by their artillery awaited the attack. A body of some 3000 dragoons were received with a terrible fire of cannon and musketry, and the whole mass was driven back in the utmost disorder to re-form behind the infantry. The Russian dragoons advanced, however, again to the charge, and once more were they ignobly driven back; and the second time, it is said that the general who commanded the infantry was so enraged at seeing the fine cavalry of the Guard disbanding themselves in so disgraceful a fashion under the eyes of both armies, that he received them with a general discharge, which, says an eye-witness among the allies, "surprised us much, and I own made us laugh heartily." But evening overtook the two armies now face to face and foot to foot, and both withdrew to their own encampments to await the eventful morrow.

The next morning, the 20th, the allies moved towards the Alma, from which they were only some five or six miles distant. General Bosquet was despatched at the head of a division of French troops, reinforced by eight Turkish battalions under Sulaiman Pasha, as early as six in the morning, to assail the enemy's left, by crossing the river at its junction with the sea and immediately above it. The remainder of the French divisions were to move up the heights in the front, while the English army had to attack the right and centre of the enemy's position. In doing this, the second division, under Sir De Lacy Evans, formed the right, and touched the left of the French army under Prince Napoleon; while the light division, under Sir George Brown, formed the left. The second division and the light division were supported—the first by the third division under Sir R. England; the second by the first division of Guards and Highlanders, under the Duke of Cambridge. The fourth division, under Sir George Cathcart, and the cavalry, under Major-general the Earl of Lucan, were held in reserve to protect the left flank

and rear against large bodies of the enemy's cavalry, which hovered like a cloud over the advancing troops from that direction.

General Bosquet manœuvred with as much intelligence as bravery. Marshal St. Arnaud attributes, indeed, to this first movement the success of the day. At half-past twelve the line of the allied army, occupying an extent of more than a league, arrived on the Alma, and was received by a terrible fire from the Russian *Tirailleurs*.

At this very moment the head of the column of General Bosquet appeared on the heights to the extreme left, and Marshal St. Arnaud gave the signal for a general attack in support of that movement. Prince Napoleon, at the head of his division, took possession of the large village of Alma, under the fire of the Russian batteries. The whole line advanced at the same time to the foot of the heights, under the fire of the Russian batteries. Then commenced, in the words of the lamented French marshal, who survived his victory so brief a time, "a real battle along all the line—a battle with its episodes of brilliant feats of valour."

The English were not so fortunate in their advance upon Burliuk as the French had been upon Alma. Before they could reach the village, it was fired by the enemy at all points, creating a continuous blaze for 300 yards, obscuring their position, and rendering a passage through it impracticable.

Two regiments of Brigadier-general Adams's brigade, part of Sir De Lacy Evans's division, had, in consequence, to pass the river at a deep and difficult ford to the right, under a sharp fire, whilst his first brigade, under Major-general Pennefather, and the remaining regiment of Brigadier-general Adams, crossed to the left of the conflagration, opposed by the enemy's artillery from the heights above, and pressed on towards the left of their position with the utmost gallantry and steadiness.

In the mean while, the light division, under Sir George Brown, had effected the passage of the Alma in its immediate front. The banks of the river itself presented, from their rugged and broken nature, most serious obstacles, and the vineyards through which the troops had to pass, and the trees which the enemy had felled, created additional impediments; add to which, their progress thus impeded had to be effected under a galling fire from the enemy. "Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown," Lord Raglan writes, emphatically, "advanced against the enemy under great disadvantages."

The gallant light division and its zealous commander nevertheless persevered, and the first brigade, under Major-general Codrington, succeeded in carrying the redoubt, or formidable intrenched battery on the heights, and in this operation he was materially aided by the judicious and steady manner in which Brigadier-general Buller moved on the left flank, and by the advance of four companies of the Rifle Brigade, under Major Norcott. The heavy fire of grape and musketry, however, to which the troops were exposed, and the losses sustained by the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd Regiments, obliged this brigade "partially to relinquish its hold."

At this critical moment the first division, which, under the Duke of Cambridge, had succeeded in crossing the river in support of the light division, came up, and a brilliant advance of the brigade of Foot Guards, under Major-general Bentinck, drove the enemy back and secured the

final possession of the work. In one report it is said that the Guards were driven back in storming the nearest battery, but they were rallied and led back to the charge by the Duke of Cambridge in person.

At the same time the Highland Brigade had been advancing in admirable order and steadiness, under Major-general Sir Colin Campbell, up the high ground to the left, and Major-general Pennefather's brigade advancing simultaneously to the right of the position which the light division had assailed under such trying circumstances, the enemy was driven from the stronghold they had taken such pains to defend and to secure—the salient pinnacle and ridge—as Lord Raglan so graphically describes it in his despatches—and which he designates as the key of the Russian position, and the point where the greatest preparations had been made for defence. Half-way down the height, and across its front, was a trench of the extent of some hundred yards, to afford cover against an advance up the even steep slope of the hill. On the right, and a little retired, was a powerful covered battery, armed with heavy guns, which flanked the whole of the right of the position. Artillery, at the same time, was posted at the points that best commanded the passage of the river and its approaches generally. Such were the difficulties the light division had to surmount in its advance; it had to cross the trench in the midst of a covered, steady, and murderous fire, and to carry the batteries and redoubts by the bayonet, before the first division came up to their aid and secured the victory of the Alma.

No doubt the operations of the Franco-Turkish column on the extreme left of the Russians, and the right of the allies, were, before the heights were ultimately gained possession of, marked by the same brilliant feats of valour as characterised the conquest of the amphitheatre of hills and strongholds on the right of the enemy's position by the British light and first divisions; but we should be inclined to suppose that the movement on the right of the enemy had more to do in deciding the day than the movement on the left, where the heights are said to have been but feebly protected. Upon this point an eye-witness justly enough wrote: "The armies were fortunately so placed that they had the work to do which best suited the peculiar qualities of their men. The English could not have scaled the heights like the French, nor would French columns in all probability have marched up to the batteries with that dogged courage which so distinguishes British troops when placed in the position in which they were during this battle."

The enemy thus driven in at the right and left of their position, and the heights at those two opposite extremities being held by the allies, the central divisions under Prince Napoleon and Sir De Lacy Evans, the latter supported by the third division under Sir Richard England, were enabled to form on the heights under a heavy fire of artillery, and advancing at the point of the bayonet, the retreat of the Russians became a real rout—the men throwing away their muskets and knapsacks in order to run the faster. Unfortunately, the absence of cavalry (and what there was had not been brought forward, owing to the nature of the ground on which the battle was fought) prevented all the advantages being reaped from this signal and decisive victory which must otherwise have attended upon it.

The battle of the Alma, it has been justly remarked, was not so much

a pitched battle as the storm of a fortified place—one of those enterprises which notoriously demand, and often defeat, the energies of the bravest troops. What the Russians could not do at Oltenitza, at Silistria, and at Kalafat, the allies accomplished against far greater odds. The Zouaves, the French Tirailleurs, and the Turkish and African troops, under the well-known Sulaiman Pasha (Selva), began the fight of the 20th, supported by the fire of the French steam-frigates, and first gained the heights; the central divisions were also in a similar position by three o'clock in the afternoon; but there can be no doubt that the brunt of the battle lay with the British army. The men had to advance against difficulties of all kinds—difficulties of ground, felled trees, a river with steep banks, a village on fire, showers of grape and musketry, and then steep hills with trenches to ascend, defended by redoubts of most formidable character. Nor was this all; a superior officer in the French navy, describing the battle in the *Moniteur de la Flotte*, writes: "All at once three enormous columns, which formed the Russian order of battle on the right, formed close column, fixed bayonets, and rushed at a run on the first line of the English." "If," the same writer adds further on, "the centre of the English lines had been pierced, all was over—the English army would have been destroyed; but these brave fellows bore the shock without breaking."

The fact of the British being able, harassed and thinned as they were by their struggle up the ascent, to withstand the Russian mass concentrated against them, is a good deal to be attributed to the timely support of the two guns brought to bear upon the Russian squares by Captain Turner.

There is no doubt that some disorder occurred at one period of the advance. No wonder that some of the regiments of the light division, having lost most of their officers and nearly a third of their force, and being divided by the irregular nature of the ground, found themselves momentarily checked in their course. Lucky perhaps it was that the support of the first division came in time—but that cannot justly be called lucky which was prearranged, and all that can be said is, that if the light division was not in itself strong enough to carry the chief and most formidable position of the Russians, against an overwhelming numerical majority on the part of the enemy, as well as great advantage of position and defences, it was so with the aid of the first division; and if at last, amidst a perfect storm of grape and musketry, the Guards carried the right of the intrenched battery, the Highlanders were not long in following them to the left. So effective was the flank movement of the Highlanders on their side, that some have not hesitated to describe it as the decisive movement of the day. It was decisive, because it was the climax of the contest; but the gallantry, the heroism, and the devotion of all who were engaged was irreproachable, and, indeed, almost unsurpassable.

Once the light division, followed by the first and second, had gained the heights, there were a few faint struggles from the scattered infantry, and a few rounds of cannon and musketry, and the retreat of the enemy became general. When the Russian artillery began to drive off, some of the 42nd are said to have actually laid hold of the wheels in desperation to prevent their escape. The enemy made an attempt to form again

on the top of the hill ; but Captain Brandling's troop of horse artillery, and Captain Barker's battery, pouring shot and shell into them, and the cavalry coming on, they threw off their knapsacks, turned, and fled in confusion. At the same time the French, who had driven the Russians in on the right, brought their guns to bear on the flying masses, who left three generals, 700 prisoners, and at least 6000 killed and wounded behind them. It was not, indeed, until the Russian cavalry and infantry of reserve had been brought up to cover the rear of the army that Prince Menschikoff was enabled to withdraw in tolerable order.

The slaughter of the Russians is said to have been frightful. One eye-witness says : " It would be impossible to describe the frightful scene which I witnessed in the square mile comprising this earthwork, the slope beneath it, and the slope above it, upon which were formed the enormous squares of the Russian infantry. The greater part of the English killed and wounded were here, and there were at least five Russians to every Englishman. You could not walk for the bodies. The most frightful mutilations the human body can suffer, the groans of the wounded, the packs, helmets, arms, clothes, scattered over the ground, all formed a scene that one can never forget."

The heaps of dead beyond the French lines were also said to be enormous. The loss of the Russians altogether, it is estimated, cannot be less than 6000 men;—10,000 haversacks and more than 5000 muskets were left on the field.

There were in the Russian army at the Alma, it is said, 12,000 of the Guard and 3000 of their much-talked-of regimental dragoons, and when we add to this that 15,000 men had lately joined from the Danubian Principalities and Odessa, and 8000 from the side of Anapa, it will be seen that the effects of this victory may be expected to be more decisive than was at first supposed. The choicest troops of the empire, including their Finnish riflemen, have suffered an ignoble defeat, while the strength of the whole surrounding shores of the Black Sea had been despoiled to ward off an inevitable reverse.

Yet so confident did Prince Menschikoff feel in the strength of his position, his numerous and well-served artillery, and his select and well-disciplined divisions, that it is said to have been found in his captured correspondence, that he made certain of holding out many weeks, that he considered the position on the Alma as stronger than Sebastopol itself, and that he even boasted that he was awaiting the allies in an impregnable position, and if there were 100,000 of them he would throw them into the sea.

The victorious allies, after spending a day in attending to the wounded and in burying the dead—painful duties in which they received the material aid of the fleet—quitted their position above the Alma on the morning of the 23rd, and encamped the same night on the Katcha, a distance of some six or seven miles. The next day (the 24th) they crossed the Balbek, three and a half or four miles beyond the Katcha, and it appearing that the enemy had occupied a very strong position to the north of Sebastopol. A council was held, and it was resolved, by an adventurous flank march to the left, to go round the bay and fortress, and seizing upon the little port of Balaklava, advance upon it from the south, or the Heracleontic Chersonesus.

The valley of the Balbek, in which this council was held, and where a momentary halt took place, has been much extolled by travellers for its beauty and fertility.

Some have even argued that it surpasses the Undercliff—the Crimean Tempe—in its picturesque succession of country-houses and gardens. Oliphant, for example, says that the vale of Baidah did not seem to him comparable either to the valley of Inkerman or that of Balbek; the richness of which exceeded anything he had yet seen. “The road follows the course of the river for some miles, overshadowed by wide-spreading trees, and passing through gardens, the productions of which it would be equally tiresome and hopeless to attempt to enumerate.” No wonder that the thirsty soldier devoured the treacherous grape, and that his bravery on the field was here rewarded by such plunder as the rapacious Cossacks had left behind them.

With the view to carry into effect the proposed alteration in the plan of the campaign, a reconnaissance was effected the next morning (the 25th) towards the Inkerman Light, which is at such an elevation as to be visible thirty miles out at sea; but Colonel Alexander, who was deputed on this service, only found a single causeway over a morass, and a bridge over the river, with a force on the opposite side. The whole country between the Balbek and the Black River, which runs into the Sebastopol inlet, is indeed described as being one uninterrupted jungle and forest, intersected only by the great road from Simferopol and Baktchi-Sarai to Sebastopol, and a cross-road, left in the first instance to the cavalry and artillery. The infantry were left to make a way for themselves through the wood as well as they could; and the confusion and the difficulties of such a progress are naturally described as having been very great.

The head-quarters of the army, followed by several batteries of artillery, were the first to clear the forest and gain the high road, near a clearance called “Mackenzie’s Farm;” and they there found themselves—no doubt to the mutual surprise of both parties—in the presence of a Russian detachment—variously reported as from 2000 to 25,000 strong!—convoying *matériel* and treasure to Baktchi-Sarai. The enemy was attacked the moment the cavalry could be brought up, and fled with precipitation, some towards Baktchi-Sarai, and others back to Sebastopol, leaving in the hands of our army an immense quantity of carts, baggage, stores, and ammunition. Some prisoners were also taken, among whom a captain of artillery.

After this adventure, and a short rest of an hour and a half, the march was resumed by the descent of a steep and difficult defile into the plains, through which runs the Black River, and this the cavalry succeeded in reaching shortly before dark, followed in the course of the night by the light, first, second, and third divisions; the fourth division having been left on the heights above the Balbek, to maintain the communication with the Katcha.

The march had been long and most toilsome, except at Mackenzie’s Farm, where two wells, yielding a scanty supply, were found; the troops were without water; many of the regiments were more than fourteen hours in arms; yet, be it said to their honour and credit, they supported their privations with the utmost cheerfulness.

It was from this station that Lieutenant Maxse, of her Majesty’s ship

Agamemnon, volunteered to retrace his steps by night through the forest, and across an enemy's country, to convey a verbal message, for he could be trusted with no other, to Sir E. Lyons to bring round his squadron to Balaklava; and so well was this extraordinary service performed, that Mr. Maxse reached the fleet at four A.M., and before noon the *Agamemnon* was off the "beautiful port."

The next morning, the 26th, the army pushed on at an early hour towards the little port and town, and, according to Lord Raglan's despatch, the guns from the old Genoese fort opened upon the column of the Rifle Brigade, as it showed itself on the road leading into the town; but according to private letters, the first shell fell amid the staff, on turning an angle of the road, and even placed the life of the general in imminent peril. This warlike demonstration necessitated the occupation of the two flanking heights by the light division and a portion of Captain Brandling's troop of Horse Artillery, while the first division took possession of the village of Kadikoi. A few shells soon brought the small garrison of the venerable fort to reason; and having surrendered, two companies of the Grenadier Guards were sent to protect the Greeks of Balaklava. Owing to the success of Lieutenant Maxse's most gallant night march, the *Agamemnon* appeared off the harbour at the very moment that our troops showed themselves upon the heights. The effect upon the inhabitants and garrison must have been magical. The next day, the 27th of September, that magnificent ship entered the little land-locked harbour, followed soon after by the *Caradoc*, on whose quarter-deck Lord Raglan and Sir Edmund Lyons are described as having met; the face of the former beaming with joy at the success which had hitherto attended our arms.

The French army, like the English, moved from its position on the heights of the Alma on the 23rd, and encamped above the Katcha on a plain from whence they could see the defensive works of Sebastopol. On the 24th they reached the valley of the Balbek. Hence, after refreshing themselves, they progressed the next day, the 26th, through the hilly country, within hearing of the cannon discharged by the British upon the intercepted convoy. At eleven o'clock in the night they reached the spot where the occurrence took place, suffering much from thirst, and with nothing at their bivouac to allay it. "Neither horse nor man," says a correspondent to the *Constitutionnel*, "had had anything to eat or drink since the morning, and there was not a drop of water in this accursed bivouac, where the Russians only left the execrable smell which they exhale even at incredible distances." As they were preparing to leave next morning they heard the distant cannonade which preceded the surrender of Balaklava. Descending by a dusty road, at one o'clock they slaked their thirst in the Tchernaya, on the opposite side of which they encamped. On the 27th a reconnaissance was made to within two miles and a half of Sebastopol. On the 28th a march of an hour and a half placed this army on the heights and in the rear of Balaklava, and in communication with the fleet, from which it received supplies.

All who have seen the little land-locked port of Balaklava speak in rapturous terms of its beauty and of its convenience; travellers vie with one another in their eulogiums of this most favoured little spot. M. Hommaire de Hell, who sailed from Odessa direct to Balaklava, describes his arrival as

follows:—"A boat was manned and sent off to explore the coast, and as its white sail gleamed at a distance in the sun, it looked like a sea-bird in search of its nest in the hollow of some rock. The little *Mary* imitated all our evolutions, skimming over the waves like a sea-swallow. She shortened her trip at every tack, and kept closer and closer to us; and our captain's face grew more and more grave, until all at once, to our great surprise, the rock opened before us like a scene in a theatre, and afforded us a passage which two vessels could not have entered abreast."

Oliphant describes the port as completely land-locked, and says that it was at one time so great a resort for pirates that it was found necessary to stretch a chain across the mouth of the harbour. Any vessel, he adds, however large, having once made its way through the dangerous entrance, may ride out the severest storm in safety upon its unruffled waters, and is effectually concealed from the seaward by the projecting promontory upon which stands the old Genoese fort, placed so as to command both the fort and the entrance.

The Rev. C. B. Elliott is still more precise in his descriptions. "The water," he says, "entering by a narrow strait scarcely thirty yards across, expands itself behind the mountains into a commodious basin, twelve or fourteen hundred feet in width, and three hundred fathoms deep, in which large vessels may ride in safety during the severest storms."

The same fairy port is approached inland by a country covered with scrub not unlike many glens in the Highlands. This is traversed till, suddenly, what at first sight appears to be a picturesque lake breaks upon the view. "I could hardly believe," says a traveller who first approached Balaklava from the land side, "that this tranquil inlet, surrounded on all sides by steep hills, was part of the same sea that lay spread before us yesterday, which we had quitted so abruptly, and no portion of which was now visible except the pool before us." The town is also described as being a charming little place, composed of neat white houses, shaded by poplars, situated upon the water's edge, and protected by the fortress above. It is paved with the red and white marble of which the surrounding rocks are composed. Most of the houses are balconied, and rise in terraces one above the other.

Between the town and the sea, overlooking both and standing at a fearful height on the summit of a mountain, is the fortress which the Genoese repaired and strengthened in the fourteenth century; one of the towers, of which there are now three, contains a large reservoir of water, supplied by means of a covered aqueduct from the *Tahirka Kayassi*, the well-known mountain, which, with its offsets, alike commands the ports of Sebastopol and Balaklava. From this elevated point the Genoese, once masters of the whole coast, scanned the sea like birds of prey, and woe to the foreign vessels tempest-driven within their range!

Balaklava, the ancient *Palakium*, the *Sinus portuosus* of Pomponius Mela, was ever known as "the beautiful port"—*Kalos limne* of the Greeks, the *Bella chiave* of the Italians. It was, however, known to the Genoese by the name of *Cembalo*, or *Cimbalo*, a corruption, apparently, of its Roman appellation, *Portum Symbolorum*. It is now the humble capital of a little Greek colony, founded in the reign of Catherine II., and which numbers several villages, with some 600 families. During her

war with the Porte, the empress thought, as Nicholas has done in our own times, of appealing to the national sentiments of the Greeks, and their hatred of the Turks. The result answered her expectations, and Russia soon had a considerable naval force in the Black Sea, manned by Greek sailors. When the campaign against Turkey was ended, the Greek auxiliaries took part in the military operations in the Crimea; and after the conquest of the peninsula they were employed in suppressing the revolts of the Tartars, and striking terror into them by the sanguinary cruelty of their expeditions. It was at that period that the Mussulmans of the Crimea gave them the name of Arnauts, which they have retained ever since. The peninsula having been finally subjugated, the Greeks were formed into a regimental colony, with the town and territory of Balaklava for their residence. They numbered before the war 600 fighting men; many are sailors, and the girls are said to be as fair and as gracefully formed as those of the Grecian Isles. They maintain their own religion, habits, and language, and every individual still boasts his descent from Grecian loins.

The variety of different nations which are found in the Crimea, each living as if in a country of its own, practising its peculiar customs, and preserving its religious rites, is one of those circumstances which impart to that region a great peculiarity. At Baktchi-Sarai we have Tartars and Turks; upon the focks above them, and at Eupatoria, a colony of Karaite Jews; at Balaklava a horde of Greeks; at Sebastopol and Simferopol an army of Russians; in other towns Anatolians, Armenians, and Germans; in the steppes, Nogays, gipsies, and Kalmuks: so that in a very small extent of territory, as in a menagerie, very opposite specimens of living curiosities are singularly contrasted.

This has had its origin in the circumstance that, richly endowed by nature, the Tauric Chersonesus, or Crimea, has always been coveted by the people of Europe and Asia. Pastoral nations have contended for possession of its mountains; commercial nations for its ports and its renowned Bosphorus; warlike people have pitched their tents amid its magnificent valleys; all have coveted a footing on that soil to which Greek civilisation has attached such brilliant memories. Who will say at the present moment what is to be the future of the Crimea, and if the commerce, the wealth, and the prosperity of the times of the Greeks and the Genoese is, or is not, to be revived?

It appears from a paragraph in the *Siècle* that a prince, descended from the Khans of Tartary, is attempting to raise all the Crimea against the Russians. It is said that he has been consecrated Padishah of the Crimea by an Ulema. But it might be pertinently asked, in reply to this—Are the allies fighting for the supremacy of Islamism? Is the blood of the Western Powers to be spilt and their means squandered in the cause of Muhammad? Are victories so dearly earned, and conquests so gloriously won, only to obtain a retrograde movement? What did the Tartar dynasty ever effect for the Crimea? Did they make that country, so favoured by nature among the most remarkable commercial states of the world, as the Hæcæans and Hellenic Greeks of old, and as the Greeks of the Low Empire and the Genoese did after them? On the contrary, by their low intellectuality, political and religious thralldom, and utter barbarity, they only paved the way for the first civilised nation

which was ready to march into the country. What kind of guarantee for the prosperity of the Crimea will a Muhammadan Tartar Khanate form? What kind of guarantee will it present for the peace of the world?

Balaklava, it is to be remarked, formed part of the Heracleian Chersonesus, being situate at the south-eastern end of that peninsula, across the base of which a wall stretched from the port to the eastern extremity of the Bay of Sebastopol. Thus exposed, it has often been the scene of deadly struggles. The last battle fought there was when the Russians, after cutting the Tartars to pieces at Baktchi-Sarai, defeated the Turks under Selim Khan at Balaklava, and restoring their creature Shahin Guerai to the Khanate, transported the Greek and Armenian colonists of the Crimea to Little Russia. It was this same Shahin who gave over the Khanate to Catherine in 1783.

To the east of Balaklava, the road from Sebastopol to Yalta, and the "undercliff" of the Crimea, renowned for its villas and mansions, leads directly by the Baidah Pass, at the summit of which a solid granite gateway has been erected, and from whence an extensive view of the whole line of shore is obtained. The old road, which could only be traversed on horseback, followed the coast for some distance further, and crossed the range by the Merdven or Devil's Staircase, the steps of which were hewn out of the living stone, or supported by trunks of trees. Mr. Elliott descended the Devil's Stairs in 1837, and describes the prospect presented by the rugged Yaila mountains on the one side, and the forests and rocks around sloping in gardens and vineyards down to the sea on the other, with the expanse of the Euxine as seen from an elevation of two thousand feet, washing the foot of the mighty Caucasus, as an *ensemble* of which no words can convey a just idea. The road below is carried through one of those long galleries which are met with in the passes of Switzerland, and beyond that it is cut along the side of a wall of rock, with nigh a thousand feet of precipice above and below. Take it all in all, the Pass of Baidah, although it has suffered from Pallas's comparisons with the Caucasus and Clarke's with Switzerland, is acknowledgedly a pass of great strength and exceeding beauty, where the most savage magnificence is brought into immediate contrast with the most lovely maritime scenery.

To the west of Balaklava is the monastery of St. George, now occupied by the allies, the seat of an archbishop, situated on the Sacred Promontory, its green-domed church, its terraces and blooming gardens, suspended several hundred feet above the sea, surrounded by vast masses of rock, which assume various grotesque shapes. Just below the monastery are shown the spot where stood the temple of the Tauric Diana, the very pedestal on which her golden statue was placed, and the "Virgin Rock," named from her priestess Iphigenia. At the foot of the cliff there is a natural colonnade of volcanic rocks.

Beyond the archiepiscopal monastery of St. George is Cape Chersonese, the most western point of this classic land, where is a lighthouse, which our sailors have lately lighted up, after its warning fires had been extinguished by the hostile Russians. At this point begins that succession of ports which renders this portion of the Crimea so important to war, to commerce, and to navigation. Between Cape Chersonese and the Sebas-

topol road, which comprise three important ports, there are six distinct bays running inland parallel to each other. First comes the double bay (Dvoinaia) and the Bay of the Cossack (Cozatchaia), at both of which the French are landing their *matériel*. Then the round bay (Kruglaia), that of the Butts (Strolesskaia), and lastly that of the Sands (Pestchannaia). It was in the space between the Bay of the Sands and that of the Butts, where the quarantine was lately established, that once stood the proud city of Chersonesus, the glory of Eastern Europe. Founded six centuries before the Christian era by a colony of Greeks from Heraclea, at present the only remains of all its greatness are a few heaps of shapeless stones; and strange to relate, the people who put the last hand to the destruction of whatever had escaped the barbarian invasions and the Mussulman sway, was the same whose conversion to Christianity, in the person of the Grand-duke Vladimir, was celebrated in Kherson in 988. When the Russians entered the Crimea some considerable architectural remains were still standing, among which were the principal gate of the town and its two towers, and a large portion of the walls; besides which there were shafts and capitals of columns, numerous inscriptions, and three churches of the Lower Empire, one dedicated to St. Vladimir, half buried under the soil. But Muscovite Vandalism quickly swept away all these remains. A quarantine establishment for the new port of Sebastopol was constructed on the site of the ancient Heracleon town, and all the vestiges of its monuments were rapidly demolished and carried away stone by stone; and but for the direct interference of the Emperor Alexander, who caused a few inscriptions to be deposited in the Museum of Nicolaief, there would be nothing remaining in our day to attest the existence of one of the most opulent cities of the northern coasts of the Black Sea.

Mr. Elliott says, that memorials of the grandeur of former days are not confined to the five miles within which Pliny circumscribes the city; but that they are to be traced through the whole of the Heracleontic Chersonesus, now lying open on the surface of the country, and forming large hillocks, consisting entirely of rubbish, bearing promise of a rich harvest to Mr. Layard or any adventurous archaeologist who may follow in the footsteps of the army. Remains of antiquity, indeed, abound throughout this district; besides the wall half-way between Balaklava and Sebastopol, circular stone basins, four feet in diameter, supposed to have been sacrificial vases, are met with buried some two feet deep in the soil; sculptures, coins, and other fragments of antique art are also frequently met with.

Writing of the remains of olden time which dot the surface of the Heracleontic Chersonesus, to which peninsula within a peninsula the warlike operations of the allies have been hitherto confined, we should not omit to mention that at the head of the great Bay of Sebastopol, on the highest part of the rocks, which dominate over the chapel crypts and sepulchral grottoes of Inkerman, shown by M. de Montpereux to have been the work of the Taureans, or Tauro-Scythes, stand some fragments of walls, the sole remains of a castle and town that formerly crowned the heights. These ruins appear to occupy the site of Eupatorion, erected by Diophantes, the general of Mithridates, who came over to assist the Heracleon colonists of Chersonesus against the Tauro-

Seythes. The same spot became afterwards, under the name of Theodori, the seat of a little Greek principality dependent on the Lower Empire, which was taken by the Turks in 1475, and soon afterwards totally destroyed.

The position taking up by the allies on the Heracleontic Chersonesus, to the south of Sebastopol, while more favourable for the reception of provisions and *matériel* from the fleet, was less so for supplies from the native population. Besides Balaklava, there are the little Greek town of Kamarra and the villages of Kadi-Koi and Karani, as also a few farms; but the mass of the country is mere scrub, across which the Tartars seldom lead their flocks to earn a scanty pasture. If, however, it was thought proper to descend by the Baidah Pass to the fertile undercliff which extends all along the foot of the Yaila Tagh, or "Summer Quarters Mountain,"—sometimes incorrectly written Ayila and Aiou Tagh—it would be quite a different thing; and it is highly improbable that any Russian detachment should have been left in that narrow tract of country, where it would be separated from the main body of the army, quartered most probably in Simferopol and Baktchi-Sarai.

Most travellers speak in terms of enthusiasm of this remarkable district. "Talk of the isles of the Archipelago," exclaims Hommaire de Hell, "with their naked rocks! Here a luxuriant vegetation descends to the water's edge, and the coast everywhere presents an amphitheatre of forests, gardens, villages, and country houses, over which the eye wanders with delight. The almond, the wild chesnut, the Judas-tree, the olive, and the cypress, and all the vegetation of a southern clime, thrives there with a vigour that attests the potency of the sun." The scenery about Alupka is described as still more striking. Aristocracy has set its seal on this favoured portion of the coast. The change in the appearance of the roads indicates the neighbourhood of wealthy landowners. They have been made expressly for the dashing four-horse equipages that are continually traversing it. The limits of each estate are marked by a post bearing the blazonry of the proprietor.

Among these estates, the first in rank is the almost royal residence of Prince Woronzow, which is said to have cost some 200,000*l.*, and excited the envy even of the Emperor Nicholas. Mishkov, the estate of General Narishkin, adjoins, and the general is said to expend annually 100,000 francs on the maintenance of the property, which comprises a park, a mansion, a church, and a great number of ornamental buildings, that bespeak the exquisite taste of the proprietor. Nearer to the Baidah Pass is Mukhalatka, the residence of Colonel Olive, a Frenchman, formerly page to Louis XVIII., who entered the service of the Grand-duke Constantine shortly after the return of the Bourbons to France. Numerous villas, indeed, occupy the coast all the way from the foot of the pass to Theodosia. The imperial family possess one called Orianda—a very chaste and pretty residence.

Throughout its whole extent, the coast presents only a narrow strip, seldom half a league wide, traversed by deep ravines, and backed by a range of calcareous cliffs that shelter it from the north wind. It is on this strip that the handsomest domains are situated. Among them are Kutchuk Lampat, Little Lampat, to distinguish it from Buyuk Lampat,

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Great Lampat, close by, and belonging to General Borodine; Parthenit, where is still to be seen the great hazel under which the Prince de Ligne wrote to Catherine II.; Kisil Tash, the "Sword Stone," the proprietor of which bears a well-known name—Poniatowski; Udsuf, lying close under the forest shades of Yaila Tagh; Arteck, the estate of Prince Andrew Gallitzin; Ai Daniel, the property of the late Duc de Richelieu; Marsanda and Nikita; Gaspra, where Madame de Krudener, author of "Valerie," died in the arms of her daughter, Baroness Berekheim; and Korais, where Princess Gallitzin, exiled from court, ended her days.

The proximity of Yalta to the most remarkable places on the coast, its harbour, and its delightful situation, made it, before this war, the rendezvous of all who flocked to the Crimea. There was regular steam-boat communication between this favoured watering-place and Odessa. Elegant buildings, handsome hotels, and a comfortable, cheerful population, indicated that opulence and pleasure had taken the town under their patronage.

Oliphaunt, however, was not pleased with Yalta; the houses were glaring white, the buildings fantastic, the chief hotel dear and uncomfortable, and the people "cockneyfied." It is curious what little matters—a shower of rain, a demand for a passport, a fireless stove, or a dirty bed—will give a dark colouring to a traveller's sketch. The charges of the "Grand Hotel" obliterated all the picturesqueness of a site which another traveller describes as "that white Yalta, seated at the head of a bay like a beautiful sultana bathing her feet in the sea, and sheltering her fair forehead from the sun under rocks festooned with verdure."

Mr. Scott was in better humour at the time of his visit. He describes the Crimea Tempe as a most lovely country, over which nature has shed some of her choicest blessings—unrivalled position, soil, aspect, and climate. "We seemed," he writes, "once more to have reached civilisation: elegant private carriages, gentlemen on horseback, and well-dressed women were to be seen as we dashed through a village of villas, and soon after into Yalta." Of Yalta itself the same traveller says, "A more delightful situation can scarcely be conceived." And of Alupka he speaks in rapturous terms as a delicious retreat, in which he only regretted that time did not permit him to enjoy a few days.

The whole of the valleys on the southern coast from the mountains to the sea-shore are covered with vineyards, and a great quantity of wine is made of all kinds, and of course of various qualities. Names are given to them, as in Hungary, from the celebrated vintages of France—as Bordeaux, Burgundy, &c. The red wines have, however, more body than claret, without being so heavy as port, and possess a very fine bouquet. Some of the sparkling white wines are also excellent. The Crimean muscatels would take a high place among the sweet wines of Europe.

HARRY BROWN AND THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

I.

"THIS is rather dreary work, Fred, knocking about here, doing nothing. Don't you think so?"

"Rather," replied the individual to whom the question was addressed.

"I fancy I should scarcely have volunteered this cruise, Fred, if I'd thought of its turning out so slow!"

"Well—I fancy not," was the second rejoinder.

There was silence for about five minutes after this brief conversation, which took place one evening not very long since on the quarter-deck of her Majesty's screw steamer *Tarantula*, employed at that time in blockading the Russian ports in the Baltic.

During the interval, the speakers continued to pace briskly up and down, wrapt as closely in their own thoughts as in their respective pea-jackets. At length one of them paused, and, taking his cigar from his mouth, again addressed his companion:

"Didn't the skipper, Fred, say something this afternoon about running down to Memel in a few days?"

"To-morrow," answered his laconic friend.

"Oh, to-morrow! The sooner the better. I'll tell you what, Fred. I've got a notion."

"What is it?"

"I'm thinking of taking a trip to St. Petersburg."

"The devil you are!" exclaimed the person called Fred, roused from his habitual taciturnity by the strangeness of the idea. "How do you mean to get there? I don't see much chance of it while things are going on this way. Why, it's all up with Cronstadt this year, let alone St. Petersburg."

"For all that, Fred, the journey appears to me very feasible."

"Journey! why you can't go by land!"

"Yes I can. You sailors seem to fancy everything impossible that's not undertaken by water!"

"Impossible! no! Only I should like to know what way you mean to travel. You seem to forget, Harry, that we're at war with Russia."

"You're wrong there, Fred. It's precisely because we are at war that I propose this expedition."

Lieutenant Frederick Short—that was his name—seemed quite at a loss to understand his friend.

"You'll never get over the frontier," he said. "Or, if you do, you'll never get back again."

"I think I can manage it both ways."

"But not reach St. Petersburg?"

"And reach St. Petersburg."

"Well, you must be a deuced deal cleverer than I am, if you do. Do you mean to say you're in earnest?"

"Perfectly. You know my love of excitement, or you wouldn't have seen me on board the *Tarantula*, at a time when I could have had some

of the best deer-stalking in Ross-shire. The skipper's invitation to come out here promised something better even than that. A brush with the Russians, thinks I, don't turn up every day; so I put up a revolver, as well as a rifle, invested seven-and-six in a Foreign-office passport in case of going back by land, got a passage in the *Breadbasket*, and—you know the rest. We didn't go to Sweaborg—we weren't at Bomarsund—we haven't done anything but stand off and on along this blessed coast, and, therefore, my dear fellow—I'm sorry to leave you, you're such a jolly lot, but—we must part company. I made up my mind to winter in St. Petersburg, with or without invitation, and take my word for it, I'll do what I intended."

"What you say, Harry Brown," returned Short, "is true enough. There *has* been nothing stirring aboard the *T'rant'la*, and I don't wonder you want to be off. But how the deuce you mean to get to St. Petersburg—and back—is a good deal more than I can make out."

"Nevertheless, Fred, the game is on the cards, and I'll tell you how I mean to play them. You recollect that affair some weeks ago when a pic-nic party from Prussia went over the Russian frontier and got nabbed for their pains?"

"Oh yes, perfectly."

"Well, I mean to try something of the same sort, like Rabelais when he wanted to get to Paris."

"Oh, they'll take you fast enough, there's no doubt of that; they're only too glad to get hold of a live Englishman. But suppose they lock you up at Mitau, or some other inland place, what will you do then?"

"I'll chance that. But it strikes me when they find out the importance of their capture, they won't rest till they carry me to the capital."

"Importance!" cried Short, laughing.

"J'ai laché le mot, Fred,—I have said it. Now just listen to me for a moment. I told you I took out a Foreign-office passport before I started. Stay; I have it in my pocket-book. Here it is. Just read it."

Lieutenant Short did as his companion desired him.

"'We, George William Frederick, Earl of Clarendon,' he began, 'Baron Hyde of Hindon,' &c. &c.—what a lot of titles!—'request and require in the name of her Majesty,' &c. &c., 'to allow Harry Brown, Esq. (British subject), to pass freely,' &c. &c.—'afford him'—'assistance'—'protection'—'stand in need. Given at the,' &c. &c. 'Signature of the bearer—Harry Brown.' To tell you the truth, Harry, I don't see that you figure there as anything very important."

"Short-sighted mariner!" exclaimed Brown; "the next time you read this passport, you'll be of a different opinion. I won't tell you any more now. After breakfast to-morrow, when I've spoken to the skipper, I'll let you into the whole secret. I shall turn in. Good night, Fred!"

"Good night, Harry!"

And Lieutenant Short was left alone on his watch to meditate on what he had just heard.

On the following morning Brown kept his word. Short found him in the Captain's cabin with writing materials before him, very busily occupied. He looked up as Short entered, and nodded.

"I flatter myself," he said, "I've done it very neatly."

"What have you done?"

"Come and see!"

The Lieutenant approached, and looked over his friend's shoulder. The Foreign-office passport was spread out on his desk, and instead of the humble name of Brown, Short read the words, "Lord Harry Brownemall,"—a trifling addition at each extremity, with a little careful alteration, having converted a somewhat plebeian designation into one that had a look which seemed thoroughly aristocratic.

"Now," said the newly-made nobleman, "I saw one of 'Dod's Peer-ages' in your cabin the other day, Short—I want you to spare me the cover—I'll give you a new one for it some time—there's a crown, and wreath, and all sorts of stunning titles on the outside, done in gold; we'll just mount the passport on some good stiff cartridge-paper and tack it in, and if that don't astonish the Muscovites call me a fool for my pains!"

Short looked as if he, at all events, were astonished at the absurdity of his friend's proceedings, but, treating the whole thing as a joke, did as he was requested, and sacrificed the gaudy cover.

"You'll be off the station before I come back again," said Brown.

"I should think so," replied Short, drily.

"In that case I had better have my traps sent ashore to the hotel; what's the name of it?—oh, the 'Hotel de Russie;'—well, I'll clap that address on the trunks, and then it will be all right. I shall only take a tooth-brush and a pocket-comb with me,—those things, I fancy, are not to be had for love or money in Russia. You haven't got any marking-ink, have you? Just to draw a coronet on the tail of my—I mean hem of my garment! No matter, I daresay the initials will do; there they are—'H. B.'—rather distinguished ones, ain't they?"

It is unnecessary to dwell upon minute particulars. The *Larantula* ran down to Memel that day, anchored inside the Kurische Haff, Brown and Short went ashore, dined merrily at the hotel, and when they shook hands at parting the Lieutenant begged him, laughingly, to give his best compliments to the Emperor.

"I shall make a point of it," said Brown, gravely. "If you could spare a lock of your hair I'd present it to the Empress!"

"Where shall I write to you?"

"St. Petersburg, of course, *post restante*; or, stay, on second thoughts, you'd better address your letter to the Peterhoff, 'care of the Czar,' that will find me."

"Come, now; without joking."

"I'm quite serious."

"Well, then, I'll write to Berlin or Dresden. Which?"

"Neither. Good-by."

In this manner the two friends parted.

II.

It was a lovely morning, bright and brilliant, with just enough frost in the air to make it delicious, when Harry Brown, Esq., having breakfasted, more or less to his taste, on black bread, dried haddocks, and beer

flavoured with pitch, mounted a horse which he had hired from the landlord, and rode out of the court-yard of the Hotel de Russie, promising to return to dinner. He passed leisurely through the streets, admiring nothing—for there is nothing in them to admire—and sensible only of one fact, that everything smelt strongly of hides and hemp; but when he had reached the northern gate he altered his pace and trotted along briskly. Not that he enjoyed the aspect of the country any more than that of the town, but as the wind blew freshly in his face he left all the disagreeable odours of Memel behind him. After a ride of barely a post league, over a very flat, uninteresting level, he came to the Prussian barrier, and in return for the trink-gelt which he slipped into the official's ready hand, was informed that he was "*ganz nahe bei der Russische Gränze*," a piece of information for which he thanked the stolid functionary as if the news were totally unexpected, though with a good pair of eyes—and Harry Brown's were sharp enough—there was no difficulty in making out the barrack which indicated the Muscovite frontier distant about a couple of miles.

Our adventurous friend's progress over the neutral ground was much slower than his approach to it, for as he drew near the threshold of his enterprise he could not help asking himself whether it were altogether a safe proceeding to enter the lion's den on the very slender ground which existed for getting safely out again; and to debate the matter in his own mind he kept his horse at a walk. Like many others who are endowed with a lively imagination which sees no obstacle in the way of a favourite project, Harry Brown had never considered the details that must necessarily attend his scheme, but now they forced themselves upon his attention. He remembered, in the first place, that he did not know a word of the Russian language; the people he had to do with might be equally ignorant of any tongue but their own; in the absence of an interpreter he might be set down as a spy—a traveller he could scarcely hope to be taken for, having no baggage—and in that case, the mildest treatment he could expect would be the tender mercies of a Russian prison;—who knew?—perhaps the knout, or a forced march into Siberia? That very word "*Siberia*," made his blood run cold by the image it immediately conjured up of a region, vast, desolate, and remote, the more terrible from the utter absence of all definite notions concerning it.

Harry Brown was no Parolles, to boast of an intention which he never meant to accomplish, but he could scarcely refrain from admitting with that valiant gentleman, that his thoughts, if not his tongue, had been too foolhardy; and he began almost to consider whether he had not better adopt his friend Short's view of the case and treat the whole affair as a joke. What he had said might easily pass for one; Short evidently thought he was not in earnest; and no imputation would rest on his courage for not undertaking an absurd and useless adventure. This reasoning, however, did not satisfy him: he knew in his own heart that when he said he meant to get to St. Petersburg, after the fashion he proposed, though the manner of it was jocose, he was as serious as ever he had been in his life. No other person might be able to accuse him of cowardice, but could he acquit himself?

While these thoughts were occupying him, he had suffered the bridle-rein to fall on his horse's neck, and that sagacious animal having no desire to increase the distance from his stable any further than was absolutely necessary, came to a halt, and looked wistfully about in search of something to browse upon, a futile expectation on a plain very nearly, if not quite, as barren as the sands of Arabia. Horse and rider presented at that moment a perfect picture of indecision; but it was not of long continuance. While Brown, in meditative mood, was turning his eyes in the direction of Mennel, his glance fell upon the taper spars of a vessel which was lying up out from the shipping that crowded the Kurische Haff, and a sudden shift of wind blew out the bunting at the vessel's peak and displayed the glorious British ensign rippling in the breeze. The sight of the flag under which he had been sailing only a few hours before, at once dissipated all doubt. He should be unworthy, he felt, to claim kindred with the brave fellows over whom it waved if he did not conscientiously perform his promise, no matter at what risk. Like an honest Briton, therefore, as he was, he stood up in his stirrups, and, taking off his hat, saluted the national flag with three jolly cheers; this done, he caught up the reins, dug his spurs into the flanks of his astonished steed, whose shoulders he also briskly belaboured with the thickish stick he carried instead of a riding whip, and very much against his quadruped's inclination, set off at full speed towards the Russian frontier.

A single soldier at his post was the representative of all the Russias, as Harry Brown pulled up at the long party-coloured beam which stretched across the road.

"Open the gate, old fellow," shouted Harry, in plain English; and, as if he had only been placed there to obey his orders, the sentinel grounded his musket, seized the end of a chain which hung from the barrier, raised the beam till it stood upright, and the stranger was fairly admitted.

"Here I am," said Harry to himself, "safe enough," as he heard the barrier drop again into its socket; "I wonder what next!"

To follow the road, of course.

It lay before him, straight as an arrow, as far as he could see, where a lofty cupola cutting the horizon indicated the presence of a tolerably large town.

"What's the name of that place?" said Brown, turning to the sentinel and pointing to the distant buildings.

The man was not such a very stupid Russian after all, for though he did not understand what was said, he guessed the meaning of the question, and briefly answered "Telsh." That model of information, a British sentry, could hardly have manifested greater intelligence. It is true that as far as Harry Brown's knowledge of Russian went, "Telsh" might mean anything; but having taken it for granted that he was understood,—a mistake to which our countrymen in foreign lands are sometimes prone,—he came to the right conclusion, and straightway proposed to himself, if no accident intervened, to eat his first Russian dinner at Telsh.

The thing really seemed possible; unless, indeed, his further progress were stopped at a range of buildings about four or five hundred yards in front, where several soldiers were loitering. As he drew nearer, these

men were joined by a military-looking person, whose uniform denoted a superior rank, and who came out of the barrack or custom-house, whichever it might be.

"This chap, I suppose, is my fate," thought Brown, as the officer advanced towards him.

The functionary saluted him in military fashion, by raising his hand to the peak of his helmet, and addressed him in Russian. Obtaining no intelligible reply, he spoke French.

"Would monsieur," he said, in the politest manner possible, "be so kind as to mention where he came from, and whither he was going?"

Harry Brown had a little of what he called "the Gallic lingo" to spare, on extra occasions, and made answer that he happened to be staying at Memel, and to satisfy his curiosity had taken a ride across the frontier.

"Nothing," returned the officer, smiling, "could be more natural. It was a great honour that monsieur conferred on Russia. Might he take the liberty of asking to what country monsieur belonged?"

Brown replied that he was an Englishman, and, for the first time in his life, the avowal stuck in his throat; but he made an effort, and it came out.

Greatly to his surprise, the officer smiled again, but there was a shade of melancholy on his features as he continued, with a sort of sigh:

"Ah, monsieur is English, then! It is a great pity our two countries are no longer friends. Nevertheless, we are charmed to see all who come. We are desirous of being better known to the English, whom we so greatly esteem. I am sorry monsieur does not intend to remain long with us, as he has arrived unattended and without baggage!"

"What the devil," muttered Brown, "is the meaning of this? Why I might as well be at Dover—only our fellows are not half so civil. I am going over," he continued, aloud, "to what's-his-name (*chose*)—'Telsh,' I think, is what you call it. Shall I have any difficulty in getting there?"

"Not the slightest in the world," answered the officer; "it is but nine versts distant, merely a morning's ride. I wish I could have the honour of accompanying you, but unfortunately my duty detains me here. However, I shall hope to see you again this evening or to-morrow—perhaps we may smoke a cigar together—as you return;" and here he smiled, even more agreeably than before. "Probably," he resumed, "you have not fixed upon any hotel at Telsh! I thought not! Allow me to recommend to you the 'Couronne Impériale,' it is the best in the place, and if you mention my name, le Capitaine Dimakoff, they will show you every attention. I wish you, sir, a pleasant journey."

The officer bowed, and returned to his barrack; the soldiers who had been drawn up rank and file when he first appeared dispersed, and Harry Brown, in a state of considerable bewilderment, was left to his own devices.

"If they won't take me prisoner," thus ran his thoughts, "I can't help it. I wish now I had hired a carriage at Memel instead of this brute, I could then have gone on comfortably; but I hadn't the slightest idea they would have let me pass. What lies people do tell about

places! Why, they haven't even asked to look at my passport—that precious passport. Ah, all my fun is thrown away there! I fancy I see Short grinning at me when he finds I haven't been able to get to St. Petersburg: he'll say I never came here at all, or was stopped, or something. As to what they call Russian boorishness, I'm sure I've seen none of it! They're a good deal more civilised than we are. Here's a proof that they're not behindhand; who'd have thought of seeing the electric telegraph in such a wild place as this? I shouldn't wonder if it went all the way to St. Petersburg!"

In this maundering mood, half sulky, wholly surprised, Harry Brown rode on till he reached the gates of Telsh. His entrance was unopposed; and on his naming Captain Dimskoff and the "*Couronne Impériale*" to a species of police commissary, as he supposed, who was standing by, this person offered to show him the way. Brown rewarded his guide with a silver rouble, and he, to show his gratitude, not only held the traveller's horse as he alighted, but particularly drew the attention of Monsieur Protasoff, the master of the hotel, to the fact that the gentleman was well known to Captain Dimskoff, an intimation which was acknowledged by a bow that almost rivalled an Oriental prostration.

III.

As far as matters had hitherto proceeded, Mr. Harry Brown's expedition had turned out—to use a homely phrase—"all tarts and cheese-cakes." Nor did his reception at the "*Couronne Impériale*" exhibit any change for the worse. He was a great admirer of female beauty—as who, by the way, is not?—and certainly one of the loveliest girls he had ever seen stood just within the doorway as he entered. She was tall and alight, but admirably formed; her eyes were large, lustrous, and dark; and though they seemed to speak of sadness, too early known by one so young, the expression harmonised better with her features than if the rose had left a deeper stain on her cheek. The landlord called her his daughter, but there was so little personal resemblance between them—he being a short, thick, vulgar, cunning-looking fellow—that a stranger would never have imagined the relationship.

"Katinka," he said, "desire the cook to prepare the best she has for his excellency's dinner. A friend of Captain Dimskoff, monsieur, has a right here to command what he pleases."

He then went on, according to the custom of landlords in general, to expatiate volubly on the advantages which must accrue to any traveller, even without a recommendation, who came to the "*Couronne Impériale*," and was labouring through the difficult question of clean sheets, when Brown, who had taken an immediate and strong dislike to the man, cut the subject short by saying that all he wanted was a good dinner, as he intended to return that evening to Memel. An obsequious grin on the part of Mons. Protasoff seemed intended to express that he was his excellency's slave in all things, and obedient to Brown's desire, he ushered him into the public *salon*, which was as dirty as might have been expected after so many protestations. Celerity was, however, amongst the few recommendations of the "*Couronne Impériale*," and within half an hour a first-

rate Russian dinner was set before the hungry traveller, who was much too distinguished a guest in the eyes of the landlord to be served in an ordinary way. Instead of heavy quass and fiery brandy, the best French wines were placed upon the table; and Brown only regretted that his *petite* friend, Captain Dimskoff, was not present, that he might pledge him in a glass of Monsieur Protasoff's excellent champagne.

"I think I shall astonish old Short when I tell him how I made it out here," soliloquised Brown. "Upon my life, I don't see why we shouldn't get up a party of Tarantulas, and run over here for a day's lark. By-the-by, what an amazingly fine girl this landlord's daughter is. I should like to have another peep at her!"

The wish was gratified as soon as uttered, for, hearing a rustling sound behind his chair, Brown turned his head, and saw the beautiful Katinka close beside him. He was about to address her in some complimentary phrase, but her serious look and raised finger kept him silent. Casting an alarmed glance round the room, as if she feared that some one might overhear her, she hastily whispered in very good French: "Be on your guard—trust nobody here—you are in bad hands. The sooner you leave Telsh the better, if indeed you *can* leave it."

Brown was somewhat taken aback by this announcement, which so suddenly put to flight the lively speculations in which he had just been indulging; but he put the best face he could on the matter.

"You are mistaken," said he; "I have nothing to fear. I am going to smoke a pipe this evening on the frontier with my friend Captain Dimskoff."

"Dimskoff! the villain! Then there is no hope!"

Brown would have questioned her further, but she glided from the room, and at the same moment Monsieur Protasoff entered by another door.

"I wish to have my bill," said Brown as soon as he saw him.

"It is quite ready, monsieur," replied the landlord, opening a paper which he held in his hand; "I have anticipated your excellency's commands."

Brown took it from him, and without looking at the numerous items which Monsieur Protasoff must have been employed in setting down all the time the dinner was being served, cast his eyes upon the sum total. To use a term of language familiar on board the *Tarantula*, it was "a swindger."

"A hundred and thirty roubles!" said Brown, who was not familiar with the currency of the country, "that seems a good deal. How much is it in francs?"

The amount was the same, Monsieur Protasoff said; but French money, he regretted to add, was no longer current in Russia. He presumed his excellency was provided with more convenient coin. Brown had a lot of paper, he replied, which he had obtained from a Jew money-changer in Meneel, and pulling out a handful of notes, for so many roubles each, he threw them on the table and desired Monsieur Protasoff, with what may be termed a highly-spiced expression, to pay himself.

"Bad hands, indeed!" growled Brown; "that girl was right. A week of this work would let daylight into my pocket. Let my horse be brought to the door."

"Certainly, your excellency," returned the landlord, sweeping up the notes, and bowing to the very ground before he took his departure.

That "*quart d'heure de Rabelais*," settling the bill, generally upsets the equanimity of the best-tempered among us, and I think it redounds very much to the credit of Mr. Harry Brown that he was capable, in the very act of being fleeced, of forming a wish to see the fair Katinka again, that he might thank her for her advice, though it came too late for him to profit by it. Hearing the clatter of horses' hoofs beneath the window, he rose, but still lingered in the room in the hope of her return, when once more the door opened and Monsieur Protasoff informed him that everything was ready.

So indeed it was, though not in the manner Brown expected, for instead of the horse on which he had ridden from Memel, there sat two mounted dragoons with drawn sabres, one of whom held a third horse belonging to their leader, a fierce-looking fellow with a beard half a yard long, who was standing on the flight of steps at the hotel door, and who uncereemoniously seized Brown by the collar—and whiskers—the moment he put his head out. I have mentioned "a thickish stick" which served Brown in lieu of a riding-whip, and he made use of it to some purpose on this occasion. Thrusting back the dragoon with one hand, he laid his staff so heavily on his adversary's helmet that his weapon was broken to shivers. Anybody but a Russian would have been stunned by the blow, but it seemed to make no difference to the dragoon—he being used to that sort of thing on parade;—physically, I mean, for morally the shock was great,—to think of resistance to the authority of the Czar! However, he did not stop to argue the question, but rushing in upon Brown, whose retreat Monsieur Protasoff cut off by banging the door in his face, bore him down by mere weight, and aided by about a dozen lumbering fellows in uniform, succeeded in effecting a capture in spite of much kicking and struggling. It is one thing to offer yourself up as a victim, and another thing to be made a victim of against your will. Had Harry Brown been told he was a prisoner with the same degree of courtesy which had hitherto been shown him, he would have behaved as quietly as the mildest detective could have wished, but to be set upon by a brutal Calmuck, and have his favourite whisker damaged in the assault, was too much for human patience to endure: hence his resistance, of which he had full leisure to repent when, with his hands knotted behind his back, he was dragged rather than led through the streets of Telsh to the central bureau of the police. Short work they made with him in that establishment. He had openly committed an outrage on the officers of the Czar—a parricidal crime, even in a stranger;—but there was a previous charge against him the punishment of which was death,—or anything short of it which the clemency of the Emperor might decree. Captain Dimskoff appeared to denounce him as a spy, having telegraphed his arrival to the authorities at Telsh the moment after he had wished Brown a pleasant journey; the courteous police-agent who had conducted him to the hotel was also there to identify him; and Monsieur Protasoff came to add his testimony to the effect that he had avoided subscribing his name in the strangers' book at the "*Couronne Impériale*," forgetting probably that he had never invited the prisoner to do so. Interrogated

by the Chief of the Police, Brown forgot in the anxiety of the moment that he had a character to assume, and gave his real name and condition. He was then searched; his watch, his money, his keys, everything he had about him was taken away, and from the breast-pocket of his coat was extracted the unlucky Foreign-office passport, the *toterrina causa* of Brown's mishaps. All these articles were successively handed up to the Chief of the Police: he examined the passport attentively, and his quick eye soon discovered the discrepancy between what was written there and what the prisoner had just stated. He required no further proof that Brown was a spy, and at once ordered him to prison; but as the circumstances of the case presented some features of novelty, he lost no time in forwarding a telegraphic despatch to St. Petersburg, informing the Emperor that a British nobleman in disguise had just been captured, and appending to it a literal copy of the passport with an exaggerated description of the cover of Mr. Dod's Peerage.

IV.

BREAD and water and bruises are at no time very agreeable adjuncts to compulsory solitude; but when the bread is black, the water foul, and the bruises almost entirely cover the person, the *desagrément* is somewhat increased. Harry Brown's frolic had already entailed this much upon him, and in all probability there was a great deal worse in store. Three long days and as many wearisome nights went by without any change, except that the black bread became tougher, the dirty water less potable, and the bruises, aggravated by the stone-floor of the prison, infinitely more painful.

He was sadly ruminating over his condition, on the third evening of his confinement, when the grating sound of bolts drawn back, and the turning of the key in his prison door announced a visit. It was the gaoler on his usual evening round, but by the light of a lantern which he held, Brown perceived that he was not alone. A figure enveloped in a long cloak, and wearing a low four-cornered cap, stood beside him. There was a momentary pause, and the figure entered the cell, the gaoler remaining outside. Brown supposed it was one of the police, the bearer of some unpleasant intelligence, but instead of the harsh official voice which he had expected, there fell on his ear tones low but pleasant, in accents which it struck him he had heard before.

"I come," the speaker said, "to warn you again—this time, I trust, more effectually."

"Katinka!" exclaimed Brown. "Protasoff's daughter!"

"His daughter!" she replied, with a contemptuous emphasis; "but—no matter, I cannot speak of that now. What I have to say concerns yourself. Not half an hour since I learnt that you were to be removed from hence this very night."

"Where to?"

"That I do not exactly know; but you will be taken before the Emperor himself. The order arrived this evening. Protasoff, whom you call my father, is a secret agent of the police, but his secrets are often

mine, and this is one he could not keep from me, for he boasted of the reward which he expects to share with Dimskoff, who entrapped you."

"But, tell me, Katinka, how did you contrive to enter here. I thought a Russian dungeon was inaccessible to all save the captive and his keepers!"

"The power of Nicholas is mighty, but there is a power in Russia mightier than he: gold will do anything."

"But why this interest in a perfect stranger?"

"I cannot tell—and—yet—perhaps; I have only one thing to ask; be guarded in your language when this interview takes place, and you may still recover your freedom. Should you do so, remember Katinka."

Brown clasped the fair girl's hand with a fervent pressure; he forgot all about his bruises and bad fare, and in all probability would have caught her to his breast, if a low growl from the bear-like individual with the lantern had not prevented him.

"Alas! that is the signal!" cried Katinka. "I dare not linger longer Adieu."

The next moment Brown was in utter darkness, and very much disposed to think he was either drunk or dreaming.

"This is much too melodramatic," said he, "to be real."

It was not long, however, before he was assured of its reality, for scarcely an hour elapsed before there came another visitor to his cell. This time it was the Chief of the Police himself; a totally different man, in manner, from him who sat on the judgment-seat. He was now all smiles and softness, apologised to Brown for disturbing his slumbers,—as if he thought he had awakened him from a bed of down,—and begged him to do him the favour of walking with him to his own house. Arrived there he offered Brown every necessary for his toilette, placed linen and clothes at his disposal, and then showing him into a room where an excellent supper was laid out, requested him to fall to, hinting that the sooner he despatched it the greater would be the obligation conferred on him, the Chief of the Police.

Under this opposite treatment Brown's spirits revived, and he once more began to have faith in his star, as a lucky one.

"If it should be the passport, after all!" he thought. "And what else can it be? Only these Russians are such infernal humbugs! However, I know my cue."

Katinka, at all events, had told the truth. Her words were still further verified when the Chief of the Police informed Brown that a carriage was in waiting to convey him to the place whither he had been ordered to attend him. He produced a large cloak lined with fur, observing that although it was quite early in the season Brown might possibly feel cold without it, a painful idea which he could not entertain without a shudder.

"It's a pity," said Brown, "he didn't think of this three nights ago!"

They travelled all night as fast as four horses, changing every eight or nine versts, could draw the light *telega*. Not having reposed very comfortably on the prison floor, it is not surprising that Brown should have indemnified himself on this occasion. He slept so soundly, indeed, that when he opened his eyes it was broad daylight, and he found that he was traversing the streets of a large town. It was a mystery to him where he was, but it need not be so to us. He was at Shavli, a place

that lies midway between Mitau and Kovno, in the province of Vilna, and this, for the present, was his final destination. I will explain why.

When the news of Brown's capture reached St. Petersburg, the Emperor was on the point of setting out for Warsaw, and as it is his custom, like that of the Khâlif Haroun Al-Raschid, to have a finger in everybody's pie, he gave orders that the prisoner should be brought to the nearest point on his line of route, that he might interrogate him himself with the least possible delay, enjoining at the same time that every respectful attention should be paid by the Chief of Police to his charge.

This command, you will observe, had been punctually obeyed; and one can only regret, with Brown, that it had not been issued sooner. Still, if it had, he could not have been so deeply penetrated as he was with the devotion of the beautiful Katinka, so that, you see, there is compensation in all things.

The carriage stopped at the principal door of a large building in the centre of the town, and the Chief of Police, breaking silence for the first time during the journey, requested Brown to descend and accompany him inside, where a person, he said, was waiting, with whom he was to be put in communication.

I shall enter into no preliminary details, but at once introduce Brown into a large and lofty chamber, where he found a gentleman seated at a breakfast-table, reading a newspaper, which at a distance looked very like the *Times*. Before he had time to dismiss the notion as absurd, the gentleman rose, and the striking likeness he presented to certain effigies for which the British public are indebted to the pencil of Mr. Leech, satisfied him at once, even if he had not anticipated the fact, that he saw before him the sublime Emperor of all the Russias. There was the same turnip-like head—so noble,—the same pot-belly—so graceful,—the same burly figure—so dignified,—the same boots and breeches—so victorious! If Brown had not felt sure it was the Czar Nicholas, he certainly would have supposed that the bald-headed Marquis of Granby had done him the favour to step down from a sign-post to greet him.

"I am happy to see you, Lord Harry," said the potentate, shaking hands with Brown in the most affable manner. "I hope I have not put you to any inconvenience; but the fact is, I am on my way to Warsaw, and have very little time to spare. You have not breakfasted, of course. Pray sit down. Green or black?—our tea, you know, is famous;—or perhaps you prefer coffee?"

This question was soon settled, and then, after the fashion of most royal personages, the Czar plunged in *medias res*: he spluttered a little as he talked, for he went on eating bread-and-butter all the time—an evidence of his mild nature—but his English was tolerably intelligible, though he spoke and laughed with a kind of snorting, hoarsified accent.

"Have you brought me any message from my dear cousin Victoria? Oh, you've been in the Baltic all the summer, cruising with the fleet of my excellent friend Napier? I knew him intimately when I was in England,—a most amiable man. I can't tell you how much obliged I am to him for what he did at Bomarsund. It was the very place I

wanted to get rid of and did not know how to manage it. Next to him I esteem Sir Chads! Wonderful eyes he must have! Knew at a glance, five miles off, that Cronstadt was built of granite. Ha! ha! ha! This war is a pity though! not on account of the rabble—that's the right word I think?—who *must* go to the dogs before it's over, but because of the bad company your people have got into. That you and the French should be friends has annoyed me more than anything that has happened since that foolish misunderstanding about Turkey took place. I did think your ministers would have behaved like gentlemen. Ha! ha! ha! I am afraid you will come to grief through it, my fellows are such devils when once they begin. What, for instance, have you done or can you do? Nothing—absolutely nothing! Menschikoff, who is the soul of honour and couldn't falsify a fact if he tried,—indeed, no true-born Russian can—writes me word,—I had a despatch from him this morning,—that he has just cut your army to pieces in the Crimea, and sunk every one of your ships in the Black Sea;—what do you think of that?"

Brown said he was very sorry to hear the news, but was his Majesty quite sure it was the case.

"Oh, quite certain," replied the Czar. "I can tell you something else," he continued. "America has declared war against England, and taken possession of the West Indies: their squadron, too, said to be at Japan, are meditating a *coup* at Calcutta. You'll lose India, too. Ha! ha! ha! I'm really very sorry for it—particularly as I hate the very name of those Yankees! They are such—never mind what. Put them in the same scale with the French, and it's six of one and half a dozen of the other. But they *will* be friends with me, whether I like it or not. Now, to tell you the honest truth, I like nobody but the English, and I wish when you go back you would let them know it. I do the best I can: there is not a day scarcely that I don't write to the *Times* to say so. You have got up a subscription, I hear, for your soldiers' wives and children. I wish you would put my name down for ten thousand silver roubles; I'll write you a cheque for the amount before you go, as our paper, perhaps, is not negotiable just now in London. Ha! ha! ha! By-the-by, when do you mean to start?"

Brown answered that he was hardly prepared for that question; he had been so knocked about and ill-treated at Telsh, that he fancied he was to be sent on his travels in the opposite direction. The Czar burst out laughing, but recovering himself, though his sides still shook with suppressed emotion, he said:

"No, no; not so bad as that, Lord Harry. Couldn't think of serving an English nobleman in that way. Very well for raff like mine. What! they behaved ill to you at Telsh, did they? I dare say those rascals, Protasoff and Dimskoff, had some hand in it. I'll take care of them. Ha! ha! ha! That fellow Dimskoff sent me a petition the other day, asking me to allow him to marry an orphan girl, named Katinka, who was brought up in the foundling asylum at Moscow. I know his reason: he thinks I mean to give her a portion, as I generally do to all those whom my grandmother, Catherine, used to call 'her children.' He'll be disappointed though. Ha! ha! ha! I mean her to be a governess

in a certain family at Brussels. She is a clever girl, I hear, and can be useful there. *A propos* of that, Lord Harry, you would oblige me very much if you would take charge of her as far as Brussels on your way home. You go by Ostend, I suppose?"

If the Czar had been getting up a farce, he could not have invented anything more extravagantly pat. Brown, who began to have his reasons for thinking it best to humour him in all he said, was of course delighted.

"Well, then," returned Nicholas, "I think I've nothing else to say; and as I have to review a couple of hundred thousand men before dinner, who, *entre nous*, will be over the Austrian frontier in a week, I believe I must bid you good-by. Stay, there's the cheque for my subscription; and, now I think of it, when I was in London last time, I left a little bill unpaid, for cigars—at Mr. Hyam's, in Long-lane, Smithfield. Would you kindly settle it? I can't bear being in any one's debt,—least of all with gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion; they never forget it. Ha! ha! ha! You must be out of cash, too, yourself, for I dare say they turned your pockets inside out at Telsh! Permit me to double the amount of the cheque. I don't put the banker's name—that's a secret, but if you take the third door on your left in Mildred-court, and knock at the first pair back, they'll make it all right. Good-by, Lord Harry; give my best regards to your noble father—you have a father, I fancy? Ha! ha! ha! Very happy to see him at St. Petersburg if he should be coming that way. God bless you. D——n the French! Ha! ha! ha!"

Nicholas rang a small bell as he gave utterance to this slight malediction, the only sign of violence he had exhibited throughout the interview. A general officer in full uniform came in, to whom he addressed a few words in Russian; the Emperor again shook hands with his guest, and Brown departed from the imperial presence, firmly convinced of one thing, that he was the luckiest fellow in Europe.

"There are some good points about him, too, Katinka," said Brown to the lovely orphan—to whom (*par parenthèse*) he was married last week;—"but here, in England, we should certainly put a strait waistcoat on him. I'm going into the city this morning to get cash for that cheque. I shall be back to dinner."

Which was the fact. But he brought home very little appetite. The Czar, mad as he was, had done him. He found the place in Mildred-court, but a threadbare old clerk, who examined the draft through his spectacles, handed it back to him with the laconic remark that there were "NO EFFECTS!"

AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. XIV.—RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, as we gather from incidental allusions in the volume* before us, is a gentleman connected with the American press—young (for Mr. Collier, he remarks, "had taken a respectable position in critical literature before I was born"), and enthusiastic in Shakspearian scholarship, and in the study of all contemporary and cognate appliances and means for the elucidation of his great Subject-Object. Until five years ago, it appears, Mr. White had read and delighted in Shakspeare, with an ear perversely, and of malice prepense, deaf to the charmings of commentators, charm they never so wisely—though in their case, perhaps, "wisely" is not quite the word; disgusted once for all with the speculations of Shakspearian speculators, the reformations of Shakspearian reformers, the emendations of Shakspearian emendators, he had forsworn, while still in *statu pupillari*, the whole kith and kin of these "tedious old fools;" the occasional cause of this systematic abjuration being Dr. Johnson's strictures, known but not read of all men, on the "folly of the fiction, and absurdity of the conduct" of "Cymbeline," and the "unresisting imbecility" of its general character. This unkindest cut of all from the paw of the Great Bear was too much for Mr. White; henceforth he could and he would be willingly ignorant, wilfully because blissfully ignorant, of the critical guild in their practices on Shakspeare; he would renounce them and all their works; he would be cynical in his refusal to let them stand between him and the Sun. Doctor Samuel had almost been the death of him,—at the least would be the death to his enjoyment of "Cymbeline," if allowed to go on still in his wickedness; no wonder, then, if the indignant Shakspeare's Scholar exclaims—"Shocked, wounded, repelled, with a sense of personal wrong I flung the book aside, and mentally registered a solemn vow never to read again a criticism or comment of any kind upon Shakspeare's works." But, five years ago, Mr. White, in a moment big with fate, purchased a copy of Knight's Pictorial Edition, believing that after his long abstinence from all intercourse with expositors, he might with indifference read a commentator again, and with impunity. The immediate result of acquaintance with Mr. Knight was to put his reader on the critical study of the text; and from that time to this, with the exception of his professional duties, we have in that reader a diligent, earnest, loving, painful Shakspeare's Scholar. Five years "of hard labour" have impressed him, vividly and vexatiously enough, with renewed and deepened scorn of the "mass of mingled learning and ignorance, sense and folly, with which Shakspeare has been as nearly as possible overwhelmed." The appearance of Mr. Collier's volume occasioned some contributions on the subject, by Mr. White, in *Putnam's*

* Shakspeare's Scholar: being Historical and Critical Studies of his Text, Characters, and Commentators, with an Examination of Mr. Collier's Folio of 1632. By Richard Grant White, A.M. New York: 1854.

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Magazine; these papers became the germ of a more comprehensive survey of the matter in question; other, previously written but unpublished essays, on some of Shakspeare's Characters, were added to the collection; and the amalgam of these miscellanies is presented to the world in the volume yclept "Shakspeare's Scholar."

The Scholar's hate of peddling emendators is that of a thorough good hater. Every pulse of his being beats time and keeps tune with the lament of Mathias :

Must I for SHAKESPEARE: NO COMPASSION feel,
Almost eat up by Commentating zeal?
On Avon's banks I heard Aetson mourn,
By fell Blat' Letter Dogs in pieces torn;
Dogs that from Gothic kennels eager start
All well broke-in by Coney-catching Art—

Hot was the chase; I left it out of breath;
I wish'd not to be in at SHAKESPEARE'S death.

Not merely is Mr. White impatient of the Becketts and laureat Pyes, and nibbling rats and mice and such small deer, which have been his mirth for seven long year, and upwards, but of the potent, grave, and reverend seniors—potent as Pope in his most potential mood, grave as Johnson in his most specific gravity, reverend as Warburton in his right reverend overseership. If he scouts the "narrow pedagogism of Seymour, the blatant stupidity of Becket, and the complacent feeble-mindedness of Jackson," so does he "the conceited wantonness of Pope, the arrogance of Warburton, the solemn inflexibility of Johnson, and the smartness and mechanical ear of Steevens"—all of whom he accuses of seeking to commit outrages on the text quite as insufferable as those of the small fry fore-going. Mr. Dyce is the editor in whom he seems to place most confidence, and from whose prospective labours he expects most, though Mr. Dyce is remonstrated with on his "needless displays of reading of worthless books," and his habit of heaping up, as if a good *sorties* were to come of it, "instance upon instance from old volumes in all modern languages . . . upon Shakspeare's text without illustrating it." Mr. Knight is complimented, as unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled among fellow-editors in intelligent veneration for his Master, and a sympathetic apprehension of his thoughts—but is gently rated for his "superstitious veneration for the first folio." Mr. Collier, too, is complimented on his devotion to the study of old English literature, especially to that of the Elizabethan age: but as an expositor of the Bard of all time, he is now regarded as stark naught. Mr. Collier's recent publication has excited our Shakspeare's Scholar to something like fever-heat—that publication* of marginalia, so multifarious in character and so mysterious in origin, whereby hangs a tale.

But 'tis an old tale now, and often told. We have all heard, it may be presumed, the story of Mr. Collier's singular purchase: how in the spring of 1849 he happened to be in the shop of the late Mr. Rodd, of

* Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakspeare's Plays, from early MS. Corrections in a Copy of the Folio, 1632, in the Possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A. Second Edition. London: Whittaker. 1853.

Great Newport-street, at a time when a package of books arrived from the country; how, among the contents, two folios attracted his attention, one of which, bound in rough calf, was a copy of the second (1632) folio of Shakespeare's Plays, "much cropped, the covers old and greasy," and "imperfect at the beginning and end;" how, in spite of the cropping, and the grease, and the imperfections, he bought the thing—"an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own"—for thirty shillings sterling, paid down on the nail; how, when he got home, he repented of his bargain, so damaged and defaced was it *intus et in cute*; and how, in a fit of disappointment, he threw it by, nor, for the space of a year, had a word to say to (or peradventure of) it. Then, however, on moving it from the dust and degradation of an upper shelf, Mr. Collier discovered, to his surprise, that there was hardly a page in the disreputable looking folio which did not present, in a handwriting of the time, some emendations in the pointing or in the text, while on most of them they were frequent, and on many numerous. The handwriting, he is of opinion, is one man's only, though the amendments must have been introduced from time to time, possibly during the course of several years. Who the ready writer was who handled the pen so industriously, is an interesting problem, but not easily "floored;" Mr. Collier, however, suggests a claim for Richard Perkins, the "great actor of the reign of Charles I." As to the capital question of the *authority* upon which these emendations were introduced, he contends, *in limine*, that no authority is required, that they carry conviction (speaking generally) on the very face of them. "Many of the most valuable corrections of Shakespeare's text are, in truth, self-evident; and so apparent, when once suggested, that it seems wonderful how the plays could have passed through the hands of men of such learning and critical acumen, during the last century and a half . . . without the detection of such indisputable blunders.*" Mr. Collier avows his inclination to think that his possible Perkins, in some of the changes he made in the text, was indebted to his own sagacity and ingenuity, and merely guessed at arbitrary emendations; hence, and so far, his suggestions are only to be taken as those of an individual, who lived, we may suppose, not very long after the period when the dramas he elucidates were written, and who might have had intercourse with some of the actors of Shakespeare's day. But again Mr. Collier argues, from certain characteristics in his emendator's handicraft, that he must have had recourse to some now not extant authority. The emendation has special reference to stage purposes; and this fact, taken together with the internal evidence, has induced some of Mr. Collier's ablest reviewers to conclude† that the book in question was amended from

* Collier: Introduction, p. xviii.

† The *Athenæum*, for instance; which observed, at the first appearance of the Perkins folio, that here an anonymous corrector had humbled the dogmatism of critical savans and the sagacity of conjectural emendation, by at once gathering a whole harvest off a field which had been reaped and gleaned by many of the finest intellects of the last two centuries. "In justice to them," continues the reviewer, "as well as on many other grounds, we must think that this emendator had access to an authority which they and we have not. With all the advantages and appliances which nearness to the author and to the first representation of his works may have given him over ourselves, it is to us an incredible supposition that any man should have done so infinitely more than all others put together, if he had de-

some copy used by the prompter or stage-manager of a theatre in which these plays were performed, somewhere about the date of the folio, 1632.

Now, Mr. White will not hear of "authority" being due to our possible Perkins. The corrections are many of them, he contends, anachronistic, such as no *paulo-post* Shakspeare-corrector could have perpetrated; some of them he can fix on the eighteenth century; and the share of various hands, writing at sundry times and in divers manners, in the concoction of the *ensemble*, he treats as beyond controversy. Besides, and this he adduces as an overpowering argument against both the authority and the intelligence of the MS. corrector, very many of the corrections are "inadmissible, and could not possibly have formed a part of the text." And he insists, with more emphasis than discretion, maybe, that if we defer to a single change in Mr. Collier's folio because of its "authority," we must defer to all—whereas its best advocates exercise their individual judgment in accepting or rejecting its proposed changes, and, by so doing, refuse actual deference to its authority. What Mr. White maintains, is, that the only source of any *authority* for the text of Shakspeare is in the original folio of 1623, as published by the poet's friends, fellow-actors, and theatrical partners; that when that text is utterly incomprehensible from the typographical errors which deform it, and then only, we should seek emendations; that those emendations should be first looked for in the quartos, because they were contemporaneous with Shakspeare, although surreptitiously published, or at least entirely neglected by him; that only such corrupted passages as the quartos do not make clear are proper subjects for the exercise of conjecture; and that such of these as conjecture does not amend, in a manner at once consistent with the context, with common sense, and with the language and customs of Shakspeare's day, should be allowed to stand untouched. Not what Shakspeare might, could, would, or should have written, but what, according to the best evidence, he did write, is held up as the only admissible object of the labours of his editors and verbal critics—the only guaranty for the integrity of his works consisting in the preservation of the words of the only authentic edition, when those words are understood by minds of ordinary intelligence, or supported by comparison with the language and manners of the author's day, or those of the immediately antecedent age. Until the self-elected editorial reformers of the text have taken out letters patent to *improve* it, would it not be better for them, Mr. White suggests, to confine themselves to editing it? seeing it is the function of no man to re-write Shakspeare, even to improve him, and our object being to arrive at what he wrote, not what, in *our* opinion, he should have written; nor would it ever do to say that if a suggested change be for the better, it must be accepted, because Shakspeare was sure to choose the most beautiful and

pended solely on the same power of conjecture which those others possessed."—*Ath. No.* 1315.

So, again, a reviewer of weight in Mr. White's own country, thinks it impossible that some of these corrections should have been "*invented*, or made up by mere *conjecture*, by a poor player in the earlier part of the seventeenth century [*pet. princ.*] . . . when conjectural emendation of an English author was an art as yet unheard of," &c.—*North American Review*, April, 1854.

forcible expression—since any such rule would put it into the power of every critic, every reader in fact, to decide what is the most beautiful and forcible.*

Mr. White has exercised *his* right of private judgment with much discriminative taste. In the culture both of head and heart, he shows his competency to deal with a subject so replete with difficulty—now marked by rough gnarled obstacles, that seem to defy all “tooling,” and now by delicate *nuances*, which to conserve and present with the bloom on them requires a subtle spirit, and a tender, akin to Shakspeare’s own. But, keeping in mind his stand-point, he does seem at times to be a little over-peremptory in his rejection, as preposterous, of emendations which fellow-critics, in *their* right of private judgment, accept as highly felicitous. There is a *suspçon* of the Sir Oracle in his voice and mien, when he insists on this as the true reading because it commends itself to his judgment, and scornfully repudiates *that* as a base cheat and rank impostor, though it commends itself to the judgment of a Dyce, or a Singer, or a Collier. Against Mr. Collier, indeed, his tone is by no means “nice;” and considering the extent to which, after all, he adopts the Perkins’ corrections—small as the proportion adopted may numerically be to that disallowed—he might have treated “Perkins’s Entire” more tenderly. It is a thousand pities to see how Shakspearian critics and commentators fall out by the way, and how utterly they ignore the *nil disputandum* in minute points *de gustibus*, and substitute for that broken law a habit, become second nature, *disputandi in secula seculorum*. Placable bystanders must make up their minds to see hard blows interchanged in these conflicts, and a determined essay of the pugilists to spoil each other’s beauty,—as in this present dashing attempt (if we may strain an old verse)

— to beat the luckless COLLIER *White*.

Mr. White’s own house of defence is, perhaps, sufficiently glassy to justify caution in his manner of flinging stones; some of his conjectures and expositions in Shakspearian lore being quite open to attack, or strenuous demur: witness his criticism on *Isabella* in “Measure for Measure,”—his theory of the Sonnets,—his rejection of the rhyming dialogue in the “Cymbeline” apparition scene, and of the dirge in the same play, &c. Or where, on the *Clown’s* saying, in “Othello,” to the musicians, “Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i’ the nose thus?” he asks—a proper query!—whether this knowledge of a minute provincial peculiarity is not an evidence that Shakspeare knew more of Italy than by books or hearsay? Or where, in his dissertation on *Othello’s* complexion, which he is anxious to prove was not at all of the *Uncle Tom* hue, he explicitly lays it down that Shakspeare “had doubtless never seen either a Moor or a negro, and might very naturally confuse their physiological traits”—although so slight an allusion, *ut suprà*, to the nasal tones of the Neapolitans is enough to make Shakspeare so far-travelled a gentleman. While he is very prompt, again, to ridicule some of his fellow-commentators (if he will allow of the fellowship) for the superfluity and gratuitous character of their occasional glosses, he

* White, pp. 80, 85, 87, 276, 461, 501.

himself condescends, at intervals, to practise the same work of supererogation—as where he carefully analyses, and distributes to each man his due, the welcome given by *Hamlet* to *Horatio*, *Bernardo*, and *Marcellus*. The eagerness, too, of his endeavours to find in his own country, relies of Shakespeare's mother English, not extant in ours, is a little amusing; particularly when, among the words supposed to be effete and forgotten in England, is the adjective *sheer*: for he thus discourses: "We [Americans] say sheer ale, or sheer brandy, or sheer nonsense, or sheer anything. . . . We use it ['sheer'] in this way, and have so used it beyond the memory of the oldest living men; just as we say sheer impudence, or sheer stupidity. . . . Thus, we would say that one man committed an act out of *sheer* selfishness, but that another's was *pure* benevolence." So ends one paragraph, and the next Mr. White begins with, "Thus much for the benefit of English readers." We can only respond to this *beneficium* with a graceless "Thank'ee for nothing,"—or exclaim with *Celia*, "O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!" The word "right," too, in the sense of direct or immediate ("for I do see the cruel pangs of death right in thine eye," *King John*, V. 4), he is happy to say, survives in America,—as it does in England, though the compound "right away," which he adduces in evidence, and which he taunts us with sneering at, is, we acknowledge, peculiar to America. And hereupon, "right away" he tells us, that "the language of the best educated Americans of the northern states is more nearly that of Shakespeare's day, than that of the best born and bred English gentlemen who visit them; although the advantage on the score of utterance is generally on the side of the Englishmen"—the Americans being possibly fonder than their "overweening cousins" of going to Naples, as a certain *Clown* might infer. Again,—on Johnson's explanation of the word "pheese" ("I'll pheese you in faith," says Kit Sly), and on that of Gifford and Charles Knight, Mr. White says, "All wrong, as any 'Yankees' could tell the learned gentlemen. The word has survived here with many others which have died out in England, and are thence called

* To this statement Mr. White tags a notice of "one gross and radical error of language into which all Englishmen of the present day fall, without exception. Oxford-men and Cambridge-men speak it; and all English authors, Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Landor not excepted, write it.—They say that one thing is different to another. Now, this is not an idiom, or a colloquialism: it is radically, absurdly wrong. . . . One thing is different from another . . . and in America this is the only expression of the idea ever heard among those who have even the least pretensions to education." This is bad news, for news it certainly is to us, that "all Englishmen of the present day, without exception," are guilty of the solecism in question. But as to the truth of the allegation, we differ to Mr. White—and the sense of constraint we endured in writing that to instead of the wonted *from*, is our internal evidence against him: he may say, indeed, that nobody, even in England, writes "to differ to," while everybody in England writes "different to"—but *de jure* it is a distinction without a difference; and at any rate we rejoice in knowing plenty of people who do neither.

And here, by the way, as Mr. White is seemingly punctilious in these *criticisms*, we would fain learn the reason of his eliminating an honest vowel from the word Shakspearian, which he systematically spells Shakesperian? Why omit the *a* in the antepenultimate? He may twit us with omitting the *e* of the first syllable; but that at least is no mere question of grammar, and is (what surely the other is not?) an open question.

Americanisms. To 'pheeze' is 'to irritate,' 'to worry.'" We fancy the same usage of the word is not so obsolete in the conservative haunts of racy rural English, as the New Englander supposes. Nevertheless we thank him for this note, and for another on *Slender's* "two Edward shovel-boards," a game said to be now played in England by *Colliers* only (so their namesake testifies), but which Mr. White has often seen played at "the Eagle Tavern, under Brooklyn Heights," though now replaced by the less *exigeant* recreation of ten-pins. The word "placket," too, it seems, is in ordinary currency in the United States in the sense of "petticoat"—and says Mr. White, "Mr. Steevens, Mr. Nares, and Mr. Dyce, might have been saved their labours, and Mr. Halliwell his doubts, by inquiring of the Benedicks among their fellow Shakesperians on this side the water concerning this word. . . . Mr. Douce, to whose learning and judgment the students of Shakespeare are so much indebted, says, 'a placket is a petticoat.' Had he been writing for Americans he need not have said it." Nor for Britishers, with a common dictionary within reach. But perhaps the most instructive of Mr. White's national illustrations of this kind is the following:

K. Rich. Well! as you guess?

K. Rich. III. Act IV. Sc. 4.

"If there be two words for the use of which, more than any others, our English cousins twit us, they are 'well,' as an interrogative exclamation, and 'guess.' Milton uses both, as Shakespeare also frequently does, and exactly in the way in which they are used in America; and here we have them both in half a line. Like most of those words and phrases which it pleases John Bull to call Americanisms, they are English of the purest and best, which have lived here while they have died out in the mother country." Well! John Bull, I guess after *that* you're a gone 'coon.

But to recur to the Collier controversy. We have testified already to Mr. White's general taste and judgment in matters of conjectural emendation, and for the most part he carries us with him in his decisions. His *exposé* of the extravagances of various Shakspearian commentators is full of honest hearty disdain, as well it may be in an admiring lover, loyal to the core, of the myriad-minded One. Of Mr. Becket he finds it difficult to speak with patience or decorum, and calls his "Shakspeare's himself again" sheer "stupidity run mad." Zachary Jackson, for his absurd and atrocious changes in the text, inevitably suggesting the suspicion of all but idiocy, yet uttered with the consummate serenity of "owlish sapience," he styles "the very *Bunsby** of commentators." And who will not share in his protest against such drivelling as we see spent on, *e. g.*, this fragment:

* Mr. White is fond of an allusion to the light literature of the day. Thus, in describing the progress of his own volume he says, "The book was not deliberately made; but, like *Topsy*, it 'grewed.' Unlike that young lady, however," he adds, "it was not 'raised on a spec;' for . . . were five editions to be sold it would not pay me day-labourer's wages for the mere time I have devoted to the preparation of it." So again he sarcastically refers to "Sir Thomas Hanmer, Baronet (as *Inspector Bucket* would say),"—to the *Mantolini*-ism of the tie-wig editors,—and to Mr. Singer's making *Lear* in the climax of his agory talk like "the young man of the name of *Guppy*."

Flav. I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Timon of Athens, II. 2.

"Sir Thomas Hanmer interpreted 'wasteful cock' '*a cockloft or garret*?' and Bishop Warburton agreed with him. Pope had the effrontery to change 'wasteful cock' to *lonely room*. These be thy editors, O Shakespeare!" It must be owned that Mr. White has reason on his side, too, in some of his onslaughts against "Perkins." Valuable we believe many of the MS. emendations to be; many, too bad, and some too good, to be true.* The celebrated substitution of "who smothers her with

* Let us here indicate a few passages in which the supposed Perkins introduces new matter into the *textus receptus*, by a whole line or lines at a time. Some of these one can neither believe, without a struggle, to be either *veri* or *ben trovati*. But what shall be said of the emendator's audacity, if he really emendated without authority?

In each of the subjoined extracts the *italicised* lines are the MS. additions of Mr. Collier's *nescio quis*:

Says *Sir Eglamour* to *Silvia*,

"Madam, I pity much your grievances,
And the most pure affections that you bear;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you."

Two Gentlemen of Verona, IV. 3.

This is at least plausible, and by those who believe in the authority will be readily accepted.

A hitch in the assumed system of rhymes is thus "made right" in *Dromio's* speech:

"No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him, *fell*;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel,
Who has no touch of mercy, cannot feel;
A fiend, a fury [*pro fairy*], pitiless, and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff," &c.

Comedy of Errors, IV. 2.

Leontes says, in the statue scene,—

—"Let be, let be!
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already
I am but dead, stone looking upon stone.
What was he that did make it?"

Winter's Tale, V. 3.

Lord Bardolph advises—

... "Consult upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo.
A careful leader sums what force he brings
To weigh against his opposite," &c.

2 Henry IV. I. 3.

Especially notable are the new complementary rhymes in the dialogue of *Queen Margaret* and *Glo'ster*:

"Q. M. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be protected, like a child, *by peers*.
God and King Henry govern England's *helm*.
Give up your staff, Sir, and the King his realm.
Gl. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:
To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh.
As willingly I do the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine."

2 Henry VI. Act II. Sc. 3.

painting" for "whose mother was his painting," is ably discussed by our Shakspeare's Scholar, and we incline on the whole to his mistrust of the change—as we certainly do to his rejection of "boast" in lieu of "beast" in *Lady Macbeth's* appeal; and of "Warwickshire ale" for "shire ale" in the tinker's gossip; and again of "unto truth" for "to untruth" in a much canvassed line in the "*Tempest*" (Act I. Sc. 2). Shakspeare, we submit, would have rejoiced in his Scholar, in these and some like instances of acute, scrutinising, rightfully jealous scholarship. Mr. White's own conjectural emendations are few and feasible—affecting little beyond a slight misprint or an error in punctuation. It should be added that, notwithstanding his rule of adhesion, wherever it is at all practicable, to the original folio, he is often free enough in his tamperings with its text, now and then scores a sentence as hopelessly corrupt, and more than once deals in somewhat arbitrary fashion with the very genuineness* of what is there set down.

The criticisms interspersed through his volume are highly interesting, and glow with sometimes impassioned admiration, finely attuned to the grand theme. The one badly eminent exception is that on *Isabella*, to which we may again refer, with regret. The following brief comment on *Claudio's* dread apprehension of being

— worse than worst,
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine, howling!

bespeaks the man of high thought and deep feeling:—"It should be said about the last two lines of this passage, if it never has been said,—and I believe it never has,—that they possess an awful beauty which it is hardly in the power of language to describe. The idea seems to be but vaguely hinted; and yet an undefined, peculiar dread goes with the words, that would vanish, or dwindle into certain fear, if we were told exactly what they mean. We feel that they have conveyed to us that which they themselves tell us is too horrible for utterance. What can be those monstrous thoughts which ever seem to be about to take an hideous shape, and ever again vanish into formlessness, leaving the tortured spirit howling with rage and horror at it knows not what, save that

To think Mr. Collier fain would keep this, makes some folks laugh. "These judicious changes," and "this important addition," he calls the new readings. *Chacun à son goût*. For these and similar emendations and commendations, see *Collier*, pp. 24, 62, 130, 161, 175, 197, 233, 246, 285,—and especially a very curious one at p. 88.

* For example, in *Theseus's* famous verses on Imagination, Mr. White rejects, with a peremptory "cannot be Shakspeare's," the two concluding lines—

"Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear."

Midsummer Night's Dream, V. 1.

As we have seen already, he also repudiates *in toto* the dirge sung by *Polydore* and *Cadwall* over their sister; declaring that nothing could be tamer, more pre-tentious, more unsuited to the characters. "Will anybody believe," he asks, "that Shakspeare, after he was out of Stratford grammar-school, or before, wrote such a couplet as,

'All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust?'

it is the dim phantasmagoria of the hell it ever bears within itself? What are these thoughts? We must first be damned eternally ere we can know. And yet Shakespeare in half a dozen words has made us feel what they must be." If the comment is daringly expressed, at least it is in harmony with the daring mystery of the thrilling text, of imagination all compact.

There is an excellent analysis of the seemingly inconsistent character of *Oliver*, in "As You Like It." "He is not a mere brutal, grasping elder brother; but being somewhat morose and meedy in his disposition, he first envied and then disliked the youth who, although his inferior in position, is so much in the heart of the world, and especially of his own people, that he himself is altogether misprised. The very moody disposition which makes him less popular than his younger brother, led him to nourish this bitter dislike, till it became at length the bitter hate which he shows in the first scene of the play. Had *Oliver* been less appreciative of the good in others, and less capable of it himself, he would not have turned so bitterly against *Orlando*. It is quite true to nature that such a man should be overcome entirely, and at once, by the subsequent generosity of his brother, and instantly subdued by simple, earnest *Celia*. But his sudden yielding to sweet and noble influences is not consistent with the character of the coarse, unmitigated villain whom we see upon the stage, and who is the monstrous product, not of Shakespeare, but of those who garble Shakespeare's text." Equally true is Mr. White's refusal of the stage version of *Jacques*, as a melancholy, tender-hearted young man, with sad eyes and a sweet voice, talking morality in most musical modulation. "Shakespeare's *Jacques*," on the contrary, "is a morose, cynical, querulous old fellow, who has been a bad young one. He does not have sad-moments, but 'sullen fits,' as the *Duke* says. His melancholy is morbid; and is but the fruit of that utter loss of mental tone which results from years of riot and debauchery." Among other Shakspearian creations characterised by Mr. White with more or less felicity and detail, are, *Falstaff*, *Glo'ster*, *Angelo*, *Bottom*, *Viola*, *Desdemona*, *Rosalind*, and *Imogen*.

But the essay on *Isabella* appears to us a piece of perverted ingenuity. That by a diligent aggregation of certain particulars in her actions and speeches, an air of plausibility may be thrown over Mr. White's presentment, or mispresentment of the "very virtuous maid," is true enough; but when, with every wish to rid our mind of prejudices and prepossessions, we strive to realise what Shakespeare meant *Isabel* to be, how he regarded her, and what place he desired for her in the heart of the great world, which is just,—we find it impracticable to recognise Mr. White's version, and are only too glad to escape, in this instance, from the refracting medium of the critic to the poet's fontal light. "I shrink," says Mr. White, on one occasion, "from thrusting myself between my readers and their spontaneous admiration of Shakespeare." It is not often that his presence is felt to be obtrusive, or that we are not happy in his aid; but here it is otherwise. In *Isabella*, Mr. White sees an "embodiment of the iciest, the most repelling continence." She is a professional pietist, chaste by the card. She is "deliberately sanctified, and energetically virtuous." She is "a pedant in her talk, a prude in her notions, and a prig in her conduct." Here is a "porcupine purity." "She has solemnly

made up her mind to be chaste." "She has a dreadfully rectangular nature, is an accomplished and not very scrupulous dialectician, and thinks it proper to be benevolent only when she has the law on her side." "She is utterly without impulse." "No wonder," Mr. White in his contemptuous bitterness can say, "that *Lucio* tells her,

— if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame atongue desire it.

But it is very questionable whether *Isabella* was womanish enough to need a pin, she probably used buttons,—or would have done so had she lived now-a-days. It may be uncharitable, perhaps, to accuse her of having an eye to the reversion of the points with which *Claudio* tied his doublet and hose; but her indifference to his death looks very like it." A sorry jest, but in keeping with the sorry argument of Shakspeare's *Scholar Butagain*: she is a "sheriff in petticoats," of an "impossibility absolutely frightful" and "cold-blooded barbarity." Her spirit is "utterly uncompassionate," "pitiless," "inhuman, not to say unwomanly," in her interview with her doomed brother, and the language she uses repulsively "obdurate" and "savage." She is Shakspeare's ideal of the "unfeminine, repulsive, monstrous," in woman—of the too much brain and too little heart. "Its unloveliness was not to deter him from the task. . . . He drew an *Iago* and an *Angelo* among men; among women, why should he withhold his hand from a *Lady Macbeth* and an *Isabella*?" As for her marriage with the irresolute *laissez-faire*-loving, eaves-dropping *Duke*, which Mr. Hallam calls "one of Shakspeare's hasty half thoughts," Mr. White's only scruple, if any, is, that the poor *Duke* had too bad a bargain. "She, after having listened to his arguments, probably found him guilty—not of love, that would have been unpardonable—but of preference for a female, under extenuating circumstances, and—married him. He needed a 'grey mare'; and Shakspeare, with his unerring perception of the eternal fitness of things, gave him *Isabella*." Such is Mr. White's interpretation of a character which we regard as Shakspeare's embodiment of noblest womanhood, in its religious phase,—a creature so pure and intense in her heavenward aspirations, that she cannot conceive the possibility of utter baseness and renegade treason against Heaven, in one so near to her as her brother; devoutly fixed as her own eye is on things unseen and eternal, not on things seen and temporal; immovably fixed as her affections are on things above, not on things on the earth: for she walks by faith, and not by sight; and because she loves her brother dearly, she would have him die at once, in penitence and hope, that, the once-for-all death past, the judgment after death may not leave him reprobate; because she loves him, she is jealous of his honour, and her own involved in his,—and she could weep tears of joy to see him bow meekly to the impending fate, as the guaranty of his reconciliation with God, and of her union with him in spirit by ties the sweetest and most hallowed, though impalpable henceforth to gross and grovelling sense,—rather, oh how much rather than tears of shame, such as must scald the saintly maiden's cheeks, to say nothing of the wasting and corroding thoughts that lie too deep for tears, if her father's son make election of the life that now is, instead of the life which is to come. The shock she experiences as the humiliating truth dawns on her, is expressed in a

vehemence of emotion, stormy enough to prove that, *pace* Mr. White, *Isabella* is not "utterly without impulse." But in good sooth, there needs but a certain gift of special pleading, and a steady one-sidedness of view, to do with any other of Shakspeare's women what Mr. White has done with the votaress already abused by Mrs. Lenox—to make *Rosalind* a mere prurient foul-talker, *Perdita* a forward minx, *Ophelia* an impure-minded and double-tongued trifier, *Hermione* a harsh unforgiving piece of austerity, with no more of milk in her bosom or warm blood in her veins than the statue she finally and fitly represented.

THE DECISIVE CHARGE AT THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

THE breeze hath blown the thick dun smoke aside,
 And, through that riven pall,
 Ye see the lion-standard, eagle's pride,
 Ye see each firm battalion deep and wide—
 A flashing, bristling wall!

Advance!—'tis heard amidst the guns that boom
 Above the assailants' heads like voice of doom;
 For Alma's heights are crowded by the foe,
 Who still defy, pour death on those below.

The balls deep plough the ground,
 The dying lean around,
 But scorn to groan or sigh,
 A bright flash in each eye,
 As though that eye could see
 The coming victory.

Advance!—the serried lines their front extend,
 Where valour, power, and matchless order blend.
 Bold Albion lifts her standard high,
 And Gallia's sons will do or die;
 And like a myriad stars at night,
 The bayonet-points are gleaming bright;
 And dauntless chiefs have drawn their swords,
 That long to fall on yonder hordes.—

See! up the hill the unflinching heroes dash,
 Still comes the iron down with whirl and crash;
 But nothing shakes that line—a moving rock;
 A living billow—what may stand the shock?
 Oh! on that charge the fate of Nations hangs!
 If fruitless made, the Northern Monster's fangs
 A deeper hold on Europe's form may gain,
 And links be added to a tyrant's chain.

Where wild goats scarce may leap,
 The brave Gauls mount the steep,
 Their Chasseurs in hot ire
 Open their deadly fire;
 The steady British still,
 As all press up the hill,

Restrain their martial rage,
More closely to engage ;
Stout Guard and Fusilier
Face death, and mock at fear ;
And Scotia's kilted brave,
Hearts true as each keen glaive,
Their stirring war-cry sound,
And up like lions bound.—

The foe is near—around the intrenchments sweep,
Still their proud place the Scythian eagles keep ;
The word is giv'n—the advancing heroes stand,
Levell'd the musket lies in each firm hand,

And ere a pulse can beat,
Ten thousand tubes are flaming, ringing,
Ten thousand balls through air are winging,
The Northmen's hearts to greet.—

Oh ! Death ! that hoverest o'er each host,
While Mercy weeps, rejoicing most,
Thou now art glad, thy sunken eye
Flashing with hideous ecstasy ;
Yet every man this hour who dies,
At judgment-day, shall blameless rise,
One, one alone, who rules afar,
Bears murder's stain, and at God's bar
That soul shall stand accused of all,
On him, war's cause, must vengeance fall ;
A myriad deaths his crime shall be,
And these for punishment shall call
Throughout eternity.

But now behold the battlers for the right,
Fronting their foes on Alma's bloody height :
The volley still is echoing in the air,
When "Charge !" is uttered—word of magic there !

A movement—rush—a shout—a cheer—
"Vive l'Empereur !" thrills the startled ear,
And "Hurrah !" soundeth deep and clear ;
Each foot the ground steps firmly o'er,
The levell'd bayonet thrust before ;
Like tigers rushing from their den,
Pour on the foe those fiery men,
O'er earthwork and intrenchment dashing ;
Bayonets are meeting, swords are clashing,
And heavy sabres helms are crashing ;
Back bow the Northmen, serf and slave
Might ne'er such fearful tempest brave ;
That charge of bayonets up the height
Sweeps all before its deadly might ;
The foeman wavers, turns, and flies,
Above death's groans swell panic-cries.

A mixed wild mass, horse, guns, and men
Are pouring down that crimson'd steep ;
Justice hath triumphed—hark ! each glen
Echoes one sound prolonged and deep ;
The Alma hears it, flowing red,

It reaches each green mountain's head,
Thrills o'er the plain, and sweeps along the sky,
Gladdening true hearts—the shout of victory !

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

"No. 15, Castle-street," I called out to the driver, who was holding the door of the fly, threw my carpet-bag into one corner, myself into the other, of the wretchedly stuffed vehicle, and away we jolted over the fearful pavement from the railway station into the centre of the town—where I ought to have appeared long before in full evening dress—and the very thought of it drove me nearly distracted—and with her, her on my arm, forget all—ball-room, earth, sky, the whole universe in my happiness. But no, there I was being still jolted in this wretched machine, among gloomy, stern-looking masses of houses; for on this very day, just as if the engine could not do me the kindness to travel a little faster than a diligence, we had in the first place crawled along like snails over the frozen rails, stopped an immense time at every station, and finally, as if to set the crown upon the whole, we had stuck fast for a good hour in a snow-drift. In consequence of all this, instead of arriving at seven o'clock, it was just half-past eight, and surely this will serve as my excuse for hammering upon the window at least a dozen times during my progress from the station, at one moment thundering curses in the driver's ear, and then offering him money to drive faster, until at last, in perfect despair, he lashed his astonished horse into full speed, and soon stopped before the house I had ordered him to drive to.

"I had given up all hopes of your coming!" exclaimed my friend, who had only received my letter the same morning, and had hurried down to the door when he heard me drive up; "where have you been all this time?"

But there was no time for explanations: I seized my carpet-bag, thrust the money I had held in readiness into the driver's hand, and flew, rather than walked, up the stairs into Meier's room. Here I threw down my hat, and told my friend in a despairing tone—while searching all my pockets twice over for the key of the padlock, and at last finding it in the one with which I had commenced—how misfortune ever pursued me, and that I was such an unlucky beggar that nothing would turn out rightly with me. But on this occasion my whole life's fortune was at stake; after two years' separation I was again to see her, without whom I could only fancy the world would be to me a desolate wilderness; this evening I might hope to receive from her the sweet confession of her love, or at least to read in her eyes what my fate would be: with her, life in its sunniest aspect—a perfect elysium; without her—

"What on earth have you got in your carpet-bag?" Meier exclaimed, just as I had opened the little padlock, without paying any attention, for I was lost in my dreams of future happiness or woe.

I had, equally unconsciously, thrust in my hand to take out my inexpressibles—my tail-coat I had put on before starting for fear of it creasing—and I fancied I should be seized with a fit, when on the top I saw a pair of stays, a box of rouge, and with continually increasing fury dragged out a whole quantity of such feminine vanities, and hurled them on the chairs and floor around me. Meier's demoniac laugh first restored me to consciousness.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" he shouted; and the tears ran down his plump, swollen face in his ecstasy—I could have strangled him as he stood—"ha, ha, ha!"—you've got hold of a wrong carpet-bag. That's exquisite—glorious!"

"There!" I shouted, and hurled the emptied iniquitous bag behind the stove, "lie there and rot. What shall I do now? I really cannot enter a ball-room in my grey and blue stripes. Good Heavens! was not I right in saying that I was the most unhappy creature that walked on two legs beneath earth and heaven? Here I am—Emilie will be waiting for hours with her angelic patience for a man she believes false to her; but, at last, will no longer be able to refuse the earnest prayers of the gentlemen, and will be engaged for the whole night."

"But how was that possible?" Meier asked, after he had slightly recovered from his beastly convulsions of laughter. "Every one keeps his carpet-bag by him, and I cannot understand——"

"Understand—understand," I growled, angrily, and paced up and down the room—I was then only twenty years old, and the ball was a question of life and death with me—"I understand it perfectly. At the last station, where you couldn't see your own hand in the carriage, a lady got in and pressed close to me, as in the opposite corner a confounded Polish Jew was seated, wrapped in his fur, and had not the politeness to make room for the new comer. From this moment I will be a devoted antagonist to emancipation. Of course I did not know she also had a carpet-bag with her, and when the train stopped, I jumped out in my hurry, afraid I might not be able to procure a fly, and without troubling myself any further about the lady and her luggage. Most probably I seized her carpet-bag and she has mine. By Heavens! though, it is growing late! But where can I get a pair of black trousers? If I delay much longer, Emilie will be engaged for the whole evening, and I shall have to parade her fat aunt about in the ball-room."

"Well, if there's nothing more the matter," Meier said, good-humouredly, "I can perhaps help you. Make haste and perform your toilet here, and I'll go and see in the mean while whether I cannot discover a pair in my wardrobe. We are much about the same height."

A good fellow, Meier. I pressed his hand cordially, and while he was gone I attended to the remainder of my costume, arranged my hair, which was in some disorder, and a few minutes later was prepared to jump into any pair of trousers that might be offered me. Meier, however, did not return so soon, and I amused myself by opening and shutting the door twice every minute, or by examining the boxes and cases which malicious fate had brought in my path.

Ladies' rubbish—paint, powder, false curls, dirty gloves, and stockings.

"Bah!" I cried, and threw away the things again. "Is it possible, then, that there are asses in the world who can be fooled by such devices? I am only twenty years old, but I am pretty certain——"

"Good Heavens! what a smell of burning there is here," said Meier, who at this moment opened the door, and walked in with the desired article of clothing. "Something must be smouldering."

I had also noticed the smell, but in my impatience had not sought the cause. Meier, however, drew the mysterious carpet-bag from behind the stove. One side of it—a white ground with red roses—I can remember

it as distinctly as if it were only yesterday—was singed of a yellowish-brown colour, and I must confess, to my shame, that I felt a considerable degree of malicious pleasure at seeing it. But what did I care now for a carpet-bag? While Meier was collecting all the various objects scattered round the room, and after returning them carelessly to the carpet-bag, gave them a push with his foot in order to make them fit in properly, and then put it under the bed, I boldly donned the inexpressibles. Good Heavens! if they had not fitted!—but no!

“Hurrah!” I shouted, and cut various capers round the room. “All is serene!”

They fitted as if made for me. They were rather tight, but that was no consequence; the style was splendid, and I was as delighted as a child. I was always rather sweet upon my leg. I had scarcely time for a hurried review in the mirror, for the whip of the driver, whom the servant had fetched in the mean while, was cracking furiously in the street. I put on my cloak, seized my gloves, slapped my hat on my forehead, and prepared to start.

“Stop!” Meier shouted, and seized my arm. “What time do you think you will come home?”

“Who, I?—well, not late. When my lady goes home, I shall not dance another step; at any rate, I shall be back by one or two at the latest.”

“Well then, take the house-key,” Meier replied; “I shall hardly get home so soon, for we usually play a couple of rubbers afterwards. Are you a sound sleeper?”

“Not extraordinarily so.”

“Then I’ll clap my hands under that window where your bed stands. You can tie the house-key in a pocket-handkerchief or in the tobacco-pouch hanging there, and throw it down.”

“But have you not a porter to answer the bell?”

“The wire is broken, and has not been mended yet. You are sure to hear me.”

“But the confounded heavy key——”

“Leave it in your great-coat pocket, it won’t bother you there—and one thing more, notice this door carefully. When you come up the stairs in the dark, keep to the left; you can’t make a mistake, it is the first door.”

“Enough, enough.” We hurried down stairs into the fly, and started for the *Hôtel de Russie*, where the brilliantly illuminated windows announced that the festivities had commenced. How my heart beat when I went up the wide flight of stairs! I felt as if I suddenly had lead in my feet, and could not move or raise my limbs. I was forced to collect myself, and was indeed only recalled to my senses by one of the gaily-dressed liveried servants thrusting a card into my hands, and disappearing the next moment with my mantle. We entered the ball-room: the wild sounds of a gallopade reached our ear through the doorway. It was just as I had expected: three dances were already over, the *Polonaise* and two waltzes, and *Emilie* must be engaged for the whole evening. Could I reasonably anticipate anything else?

“You see,” I muttered into Meier’s ear, with my hand convulsively pressed on my heart, “such is the fate that ever mercilessly pursues me.

I have travelled eighty miles in the most piercing cold—surmounted gigantic difficulties—and now—too late—the curse which has undermined my whole existence—Emilie is lost, and I am a wretched, wretched man for ever.”

“Adolph!” Meier whispered to me as he bent down. “You know what I have told you a thousand times: I advise you to forget the girl altogether. She is older than yourself; her best years are passed.”

“Go to the deuce!” I cried, angrily. “Fellow, do you want to render me insane, when you see me on the uttermost verge of despair? You know that I——”

“Very good—the old story—you will not listen—so go your way in peace. But there is Emilie’s younger brother coming towards us, and you will immediately learn from him where you must seek your divinity.”

Angrily I turned away from him towards the brother of my beloved; but who can describe my surprise, my delight I may say, when I heard that Emilie, who had also been delayed by some peculiar *contretemps*, had not yet made her appearance, but was expected every moment. I could have fallen on the neck of the amiable young man, a tall, thin, attorney’s clerk, in the public ball-room. Of course I posted myself close to the doorway. I certainly paid my respects in my zeal to at least a dozen strange ladies: was forced to apologise repeatedly, and at last discovered that Emilie had entered by another door; but what matter? Conducted by her brother, she came in search of me, and I forgot, in that moment, journey, carpet-bag, deception, and long waiting. I forgot the world, and lived and breathed in her alone. An hour thus passed in intoxicating joy. What dances I danced, what I said to her, how could I know; I did not even see any of the merry throng that surrounded us; I only gazed in her eyes, and in these I saw a paradise. Emilie had never before been so kind to me, and at this moment I would not have changed places with an emperor.

At length, during one of the pauses, I found time to converse more calmly with her; arm in arm we walked up and down the room, and her little rosy lips whispered and prattled the sweetest flattery in my ears. We had at last reached one of the small red-covered benches against the wall, and sat down: and Emilie now expressed her sorrow for looking so pale and *distracte*. Good Heavens! I had not even noticed it, she looked really much paler than usual—and, in truth, considerably altered.—What could have happened to her?

“Oh, dearest friend!” she whispered, in reply to my sympathising question, “it was nothing of any consequence, and still it was a thing which almost forced me to give up the pleasures of this night’s dance.”

The blood ran coldly through my veins when I thought even of the possibility.

“But how was that possible? it cannot be illness? Your cheeks are really remarkably pale this evening?”

“I was childish,” she smiled. “Terror, and, at the same time, annoyance, if I must speak candidly, were in reality the foolish cause.”

“Annoyance?”

“About a trifle. I have been spending a few days with a sick aunt in the neighbouring town—several acquaintances had arranged a little dance there—this evening I returned, and—you will laugh at me—exchanged

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carpet-bag in the carriage. Well, why do you start? that is not so very terrible," she laughed, as I drew back.

"No, indeed not," I stuttered, and looked round to see whether the roof would not fall in to bury me. "Exchanged—exchanged your carpet-bag—ha, ha, ha!—that is really too comical—that is glorious—ha, ha, ha, ha!—delicious."

"But, for goodness' sake, Adolph!" Emilie exclaimed, in alarm, "you are attracting the attention of the whole room—what is the matter with you?"

"Beg a thousand pardons," I stuttered, quite confounded, for I really did not know at the moment whether I was on my head or my heels. Paint, powder, locks! I turned hurriedly towards her, and by Heavens! she did not wear her usual brown locks, from which I had once stolen a sweet, dear memento, which had been kissed a thousand, thousand times. Plague and cholera! I had the remainder at home in the box. But what to do? Should I confess to her that I had been the unhappy wretch, who—— No! that would not do; at least not now. And was not the carpet-bag singed, ruined? Did it not lie—I dare not think of it—where and near what? My senses began to grow confused, and patches of burnt carpet, locks, black trousers, rouge, powder, all went round and round in my head like a burning Catherine-wheel in a thousand wild and ever-changing shapes.

"I really cannot understand you," Emilie at last whispered, and directed a reproachful but still tender glance upon me. "What is the matter?"

"Ah!" I replied, in fearful embarrassment, and must have looked at the moment as red as a freshly-boiled lobster—"you really cannot imagine how sorry I am for your accident; if we could only—only discover who made the unfortunate mistake——"

"I am certain it was a gentleman," she said quickly. "I found just at the top——" She stopped suddenly and bit her lips.

"You opened the carpet-bag?"

"Yes, certainly, but of course by mistake; the padlocks are all alike, and I did not find my error till I—till I——"

I knew what was coming now, what must come, for *they* had been lying at the top.

"Found a little book; that is to say, a few sheets of paper, sewn together, containing poems. Ah, Adolph, if you had only read the verses——"

I looked up to her in surprise. I had quite forgotten the confounded verses, but they pleased her. Emilie was an enthusiastic poetess.

"You would have killed yourself with laughing at the stuff," the young lady continued, who had now quite recovered her calmness. "I have read a good deal of nonsensical poetry in my time, but never such trash as this—such moonshine and melancholy—such fancies for suicide and similar trash. I was rather bold, and read a few of them; they were too absurd."

"But, madam," I stuttered, and hid my face in my handkerchief—it seemed to me as if the blood must burst my veins—"I really do not know—a stranger's secrets!——"

"A grocer's apprentice," she interrupted me, laughingly. "There is

no risk ; the pretty writing betrayed the author." (It had cost me five shillings to have them copied neatly.) "You must visit us to-morrow," she continued ; "then you can read the trash yourself. I will send the carpet-bag to an acquaintance afterwards, at whose house I will have the advertisement directed."

This was too much ; my pulse beat furiously, my forehead burned, the word was on my lips with which I would annihilate her. I seized her arm at the same time with such violence, that she uttered a slight cry, and looked up in my face. At this moment the music recommenced, the dancers flew to their places—I sprang up and looked round wildly.

"Come, Adolph !" Emilie whispered, and pressed my hand gently, "the quadrille is forming ; let us take our places."

She dragged me almost passively towards the merry band—me, the desperate man, with a very demon gnawing at my heart ; but suddenly my fury broke out. I tore myself away from the horrible creature, leaped back, and cried—no, not a word passed my lips, but an icy shudder ran down my back. Good Heavens ! I had forgotten the tight trousers : a seam had given way in consequence of my hurried movement, so much I felt, and I now feared all that was most horrible. Every eye was at the same time fixed upon me—at least it seemed so to me—and I felt as if I must sink to the earth in my shame. If they noticed it, if I must leave the room saluted by the contemptuous laughter of these wretches : but no, they could not yet have comprehended the whole extent of my misfortune, and it was still possible that I might retire unseen. The only method was a sudden attack of bleeding at the nose : I pulled out my handkerchief, held it before my face, and examined the *terrain* with a hurried glance. The whole of the ground between us and the door was free from men, but several ladies were standing here and there, and the countless lights imparted the brightness of day : if I dared to cross at this moment, I should rashly expose myself to detection : I must wait for a more favourable moment.

A second glance convinced me that the spot where I had lately been sitting with Emilie was disengaged, and was, in addition, somewhat hidden by a curtain. If I could retreat thither undetected, I could bide my time and gain the door at the first favourable opportunity. It may be imagined that, under such circumstances, I did not dare turn my back on the company ; but although Emilie regarded me with surprise, and even the handkerchief I held up did not account for such a retrograde movement, I at length succeeded, by extraordinarily clever manœuvring, and covered by a high-backed chair, in reaching the bench again, and hoped to effect my flight in safety eventually.

It was now a pressing necessity to discover the extent of the injury that had been effected : as it seemed, no one at the moment was paying any attention to me, and I bent down a little. Good Heavens ! I had not conceived that my misfortune was so great : but it was only too certain, and my heart beat fearfully, my limbs shuddered with fever. But the nearness of the danger renders even a coward bold for the nonce ; the misfortune was evident, it must be remedied. If Meier had only been for a moment with me—but no, that cold-blooded, unfeeling man was assuredly seated at the whist-table and counting his tricks and points : I dared not calculate upon him, and I was just preparing to rise,

in order to repair the calamity as well as I could. Almost involuntarily I raised my eyes, but I fell back on my seat as if shot, for scarce three yards from me, and coming straight towards me, I saw Emilie on the arm of the thin, consumptive clerk, her amiable brother.

Had the velvet-cushioned bench opened and swallowed me up, I would have sunk with the greatest pleasure any quantity of fathoms into the earth and utter obscurity; but it remained perfectly quiet, and I had scarce time to arrange my coat so as in some measure to hide the odious rent, when my destiny, in the form of this syren, came up to me, and asked, in a gentle, flattering tone:

"Is your nose bleeding, Adolph?"

I only made a silent nod of affirmation.

"Well, that will soon be over," she consoled me; "but—might I trouble you for a moment?"

I looked up in surprise and alarm.

"You are sitting on my handkerchief," she continued, in an imploring tone; "I left it here just now."

"There—there is no handkerchief here," I assured her most decidedly, from behind my own handkerchief; "I have just looked."

"Yes—yes, dear Adolph!" the horrible creature said, smilingly; "you are, indeed, sitting on it—I—I can see it;" and before I had the slightest notion of what impended over me, she suddenly seized the fancied handkerchief, and tried to draw it out.

If ever I wished heartily for anything in my life, it was at this moment to weigh somewhere about one hundred tons. I certainly seized the so-called handkerchief and held it tightly, but my merciless tormentor employed her utmost strength, and, as I could only make use of one hand, and, besides, did not sit at all firmly on the soft cushions, I felt that she gained gradually upon me.

"But, my dear Mr. Miller," the unhappy clerk now said, and set to work, too, "I really don't understand why you will not"—and he pulled with all his strength—"give up the handkerchief."

I saw my ruin imminent; the fearful crisis was at hand; I could only delay it as long as possible, when—heavenly powers! it yielded, I felt it give way beneath me, the couple sprang back and held—was I awake or dreaming?—Emilie's handkerchief. A moment convinced me that my own fears had been unfounded; but whether they noticed it, or were only rejoicing over the victory, I cannot tell. I rushed out of the room, put on in my haste two wrong cloaks in succession; at last found the right one, with a hat which sunk over my temples—I threw it in a corner—put on the first that seemed to fit, and rushed down the stairs out of the house into the piercing cold, which, however, was balm to my burning brow. I was free, I could breathe again, and I hurried down the gloomy town towards the Castle-street.

When I at last reached it, I could not immediately find the right house; they were all alike, with their grey fronts and dark windows; but fortunately I knew the number, and at last found the No. 15, by the pale light of a lamp that burned opposite.

"To-morrow I'll start with the first train," I muttered, as I pulled the heavy key from my pocket, and tried to put it in the keyhole. "I am cured. Meier is right; I was betrayed shamefully, abominably. Ah,

well! This confounded door won't open; what a treat to have to stand an hour in the cold street." I tried again, it would not turn; I blew into the key, but all in vain.

"Meier!" I shouted, with the faint hope that he might have left the ball-room before me; but, of course, received no answer, and tried the key again. It was of no use; in vain I turned the handle a dozen times—in vain did a watchman and a pair of passing chairmen take a most lively interest in me; I got the key into the hole, but there it was fixed, and I could not even draw it out again. I cannot say how long I stood freezing and cursing before the unlucky door; at last a passer-by—for even the watchman had given it up at last as a hopeless job—advised me to ring the porter up.

Ring! yes, it was all very good talking, but was not the wire broken. Still I followed his advice, though really only through despair and fury, and pulled as if I wished to pull the bell out by the roots. It was comforting to have something on which to vent my passion. But the experiment was not so fruitless as I had anticipated. A bell was set in motion within the house, which not only made the most fearful noise on its own account, but seemed as if it never intended to stop. Before long—and the giant bell was still sounding—a pair of slippers came stamping across the stone hall at immense speed; the person in them coughed very earnestly, and a cheering ray of light found its way through the keyhole. A key was turned within; but to my surprise a bolt was also pulled back, and the heavy door creaked on its hinges.

The old man, who was wrapped up in a furred dressing-gown to the ears, cried at the same time—

"Who's ringing so furiously?"

"Good evening, old boy!" I interrupted him, as I thrust a piece of money into his dressing-gown—for the sleeves came down far over his hands—walked into the house, and was going up-stairs without further delay, for I was frozen to the backbone through my former heat and long standing before the door. The man, however, first held his lantern under my nose, and said, with a glance somewhat calmed by the tip:

"Do you live here, then?"

"Yes; with the young gentleman up-stairs."

"Since when, then?"

"Since nine o'clock this evening. We went to the ball together."

"Ah, so," the old man nodded; and fancying that he had then performed his janitorial duties, he turned away with a "Good night." My eye had fallen on the street-door, and I saw him fastening the bolt again.

"Do you do the house up in that way?" I asked him, in great surprise.

"I did not know that; no wonder my key did not help me."

"Yes," the old man said, and began coughing again. "Since they—oho—oho—oho—murdered the old lady—oho—oho—in this street—oho—my master has been frightened—oho—oho!"

"But how will the young gentleman get in?"

"He'll ring too," the old man said laconically, and retired into his own apartments.

"That, then, is the end of my sweet dream," I sighed, as I walked up the broad stone staircase in the dark, and held on by the balcony. What

did I care at this moment for the bolt?—other, much more terrible, thoughts were crossing my mind.

"Such is the result of my journey; that is the keystone of my future happiness, on which I had built my castles! Away, away, even with the reminiscence of my misfortune! I will sleep—would it were till the day of judgment. Ah! death would be a blessing!"

But, though it was so dark up-stairs that I could not see a single step, I knew my road, and felt along the left-hand wall as soon as I reached the first landing. My hand struck something, and at the same moment, while almost smashing my knee against a sharp edge, an earthen vessel fell with a fearful sound to the ground, and the splash revealed to me that I had upset some large water-jug. That was the climax; I was really wading. But how did the jug get there, and whence had it fallen? In truth, there was a table there; it must have been placed there since we went out, and my left knee suffered the consequences. But there was no time for reflection; I could not repair it in the dark, and determined on warning Meier from the window when I heard him come home, that he should not slip upon the water, which would by that time be frozen. I then moved along the left-hand wall—well, the door ought to be here? I could feel nothing but the naked, cold wall. I might certainly have passed it at starting, and sought my way back to the stairs; but there was no door, and yet I was so certain that it was on that side. Again I commenced my wanderings, and my teeth chattered with cold, and with no better success than at first, except that I came to a window which looked out into some dark court. Where was I now?—what should I do? I could not pass the whole night on the stairs; I should be frozen to death in my thin ball costume. And should I make a disturbance in a strange house, with what face could I appear in the morning? But, hang it, needs must when a certain person drives, and I could not perish with cold. There must be a door somewhere, and if I did not find the right one, I should at least find some one to show me where my room was.

I quickly set to work, and at last found a handle, which I tried to turn; but it withstood all my efforts, and I received no reply to my repeated knocking. I went further on, stumbled over a chair, came to a small table, above which I felt a mirror, and at length reached a second door. Although this refused an entrance, still I fancied I heard a noise much resembling snoring. I knocked lustily, and listened. Something moved—a bedstead creaked—then all was still again. I repeated my knocking, and a voice replied, apparently in the greatest surprise:

"Who the deuce is knocking out there? Is that you, John?"

"It's I, Mr. Meier," I replied, in a gentle but still distinct voice, for I naturally supposed this was my friend's father. "It's Adolph Miller, your son's friend; I can't find my room, or rather his."

"Con—found it, sir, don't disturb people in their sleep!" the fancied father, however, replied in a by no means kindly tone. "I have no son; go to the devil, and leave me in peace."

"But, my dear sir," I entreated him, "it is terribly cold out here, and I may catch my death; if I only had a light, so that I could find my room. Which are Mr. Meier's apartments?"

"I don't know any Meier, sir," the voice replied, with fearful certainty; "there's not a Meier in the whole house. Good night."

And I heard the monster turn on his other side, but his words were a thunder-stroke to me. No Meier in the whole house! That could not be so. Had I not seen the number with my own eyes? But the interior of the house was in truth strange to me—could he be in the night?—but not my Meier certainly lived there. The cabman had driven me straight to the right door, a proof that I had known the number then. I must consequently make a second attempt to find my bed.

I walked slowly along the wall, and at length reached a second door, which certainly led to a sitting or sleeping-room. I had scarce touched the handle, when such a piercing, terrific shriek was raised that I started back in terror.

"Mr. Meier!" I, however, quickly returned to the charge, and knocked sharply at the door. "My dear Mr. Meier!"

"Murder—thieves—villains—fire—fire!" the voice said in reply, and a bell was pulled with desperate energy.

"But my dear Mr. Meier," I implored, and thus tried to appease the storm.

"Help—help—fire—thieves!" the echo sounded, and doors rattled in all parts of the house, and timid voices were heard. Once again the slippers pattered across the court, and for the moment I did not know what better to do than to yield myself unconditionally to them. I felt my way, as quickly as I could, back to the stairs and down the banisters, and recognised with pleasure the porter's lantern once again. But he scarcely perceived me hurrying towards him, probably with evil designs, as he was led to believe from the cries for help, than he rushed back, bolted his door, and began shouting: "Seize him, Turk; hold him tight, Nero—hetz, hetz, hetz!"

I sprang to the house-door and pulled back the bolt, for it was evident that, by some unhappy accident, I had entered the wrong house. But the confounded door was as little inclined now to let me out as it had before been to let me in, and the fear assailed me that the old asthmatic barbarian would set a whole pack of dogs upon me, when in the narrow passage I should be able to perform one of the pagan fights with animals. Fortunately, however, there were no dogs in the yard, and the menacing sounds were probably only meant to startle the impudent thieves. But before I was able to come to any decision, and had almost made up my mind to force my way into the porter's warm apartments, the door opened, and three trembling fellows, armed with pitchforks, shovels, and a huge kitchen-knife, advanced with desperate bravery, and summoned me to lay down my weapons.

It was certainly some time ere I was able to prove to them my utter harmlessness, especially as the voice heard above thundered down uninterrupted threats of gallows, wheel, house of correction, and galleys, and thus naturally maintained the belief among the gallant defenders that something fearful had occurred. At last my ball costume, which I displayed to them, perhaps calmed them; it was not at least very probable that any reasonable being would try to break into a house, with the thermometer at such a state, in black coat, white kid gloves, and shoes and stockings. My friend in the fur coat recognised me again, but, although

he succeeded in proving to the persons that I was no robber, he would not enter into any discussion with me; he stated that he knew no one of the name of Meier, never had known such a person, opened the street-door as quickly as possible, though with a glance of mistrust, and I found myself a few seconds later, and glad in the bargain at not being given in charge to the patrol as a disturber of the peace, before the very door where I would have given Heaven knows what, so shortly before, in order to get in.

I certainly tried immediately, and while the bolt was again being fastened, to convince myself of the identity of the number: but the last lantern had gone out in the mean while, the street was deserted, and the snow fell in great icy flakes. I trembled with cold in every limb, and apprehended, not without reason, a dangerous illness, if I remained a moment longer, thinly dressed as I was, in the open street. Under these circumstances, nothing was left me but to give up all attempts to find the right house in such darkness and cold, and I hurried down the street to take advantage of the first hotel or inn which might offer itself.

Fortunately I did not require to search long; a few hundred paces lower down I recognised the gold gigantic letters of a sign, the house-bell was at the right place, and I found—in truth, scarcely able to stand on my feet—an ice-cold room, but a warm bed, in which I could recover from the misery and sufferings of this night. Exhausted to death, I naturally fell asleep directly, and only awoke when the bright daylight shone into my room, and the waiter came in with the coffee I had ordered for eight o'clock.

The reminiscence of the past night lay upon my nerves like a gloomy nightmare, but the coffee exerted its beneficial effects upon me; I shook off all my unhappy thoughts, and with the firm determination to leave Emilie for ever—I have not up to the present moment quite made up my mind whether the false locks, or the opinion about my poetry, decided me on this—I put on my cloak, donned my hat, which the events of the night had bestowed upon me, and after paying my little account, opened my door, which led out into a narrow passage.

"Well, I might have been clapping my hands till they were sore under the window," a voice said at this moment close to me, and no one else but Meier came out of an adjoining room, also in his cloak and hat.

"Meier!" I cried, and stood all amazement at such an unexpected meeting; "for Heaven's sake how did you get here?"

"Why did you run away all at once from the ball?" he growled in reply; "Emilie asked a thousand times after you."

Emilie! The name restored to me all my strength and energy.

"Meier," I said, as I seized his arm, and walked down stairs with him—"Meier, do you believe that some men are born to ill-luck?"

"I am beginning to believe that you have a peculiar knack for making a mess of everything you set about," was the angry reply. "Why did you not go home like any other reasonable man, instead of bolting into a public-house with the only key of the door in your pocket, and shutting me out, so that I could not get into my own room?"

"Do you believe that some men are born to ill-luck, Meier?"

"Don't talk nonsense; where's my key?—and—ha—ha—ha! whose hat have you got on?"

I took it off, and now saw, for the first time, that there was a little silver cockade on the side of it. I had, in my hurry on the previous evening, seized some servant's hat.

"Meier," I said, and looked down upon the hat, only the more confirmed by it in my determination—"do you know whom the carpet-bag belongs to?"

"A lady most assuredly, who will be highly pleased with the burnt roses; probably an actress, as she travels about with paint and false curls."

"Humph!" I said, and walked, with my hat still in my hand, down the street towards his house. Suddenly I recognised the door at which I had stood the previous night, the bell-handle—I had not yet forgotten the thick round knob which I had pulled at so furiously—and, plague take it, a 13 grinned horribly at me, which I had certainly taken in the darkness for 15. The measure of my anger was filled up.

"Meier," I said, and nodded to a cabman just passing, "there are things in this world which cannot well be discussed by word of mouth, so I would sooner write you my adventures. It's now just a quarter-past nine, at half-past the train starts; be so kind as to send me my traps by the first opportunity. Your trousers you must lend me so long, or else I should miss the train—a thing I would not do for the world."

"What! you want to be off again all in a hurry?" Meier exclaimed, in great surprise. "That won't do; what will Emilie say to it?"

"Give my best respects to her," I muttered, with a half-concealed smile of malice, "and beg her to be good enough to change carpet-bags again. But stop—one thing more—be so kind as to find the owner of this hat, who has probably got mine instead of it."

"Do you mean that?—Emilie the owner of those pretty specimens? But, Adolph, you cannot possibly travel with a bare head!"

"No," I replied, "by no means.—Coachman, the railway station; if we get there before the train starts, there's a crown for you.—So, good-bye, Meier; don't be vexed at my giving you so much trouble. You shall have a letter from me by the day after to-morrow at the latest."

With these words I shook his hand, took off his hat and put it on my own head, jumped into the cab, and the next moment, before Meier had recovered from his surprise, I was rattling towards the station. We reached it in time—the last bell was ringing. As soon, however, as I was nestled in the warm corner of the carriage, and left the scenes of my nocturnal adventures behind me—when field after field, villages and forests were passed, and every mile increased the distance between us—I recovered my equanimity.

The same evening I wrote to Emilie a few lines, in which I confessed my unworthiness, and begged for her friendship. Meier I also acquainted with all the details, and three days later received my carpet-bag, as well as all the letters I had written her. Only one thing was missing—my poems. I had insulted a woman, and she revenged herself on me. A fortnight later they appeared in the *Frankfurt Didaskalia* with my own name.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY:

OR ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR GRAND-FATHERS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

MARRIAGE AND FUNERAL CUSTOMS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

In traversing the streets of London it was no uncommon sight to see a mob collected before a respectable house making the most discordant din imaginable; some with musical instruments, others with marrow-bones and cleavers, and the rest with tin-kettles, saucepans, shovels, or any implement on which they could lay their hands, and from which they might produce a sonorous noise. This was the "rough music" which always serenaded a newly-married couple, and which, although still jealously kept up in some country districts, is nearly banished from the metropolis. Hogarth, in the "Marriage of the Industrious Apprentice to his Master's Daughter" (*Industry and Idleness*), gives us an excellent representation of one of these scenes. The cripple known as "Philip in the Tub," who is introduced into the group, was a general attendant upon the rough music, and seldom failed to be present at a wedding. This print gave birth to the following remarks upon the practice by M. Lichtenberg, a German commentator on Hogarth:—"It is the custom in England, or at least in London, for the butchers to make, before the houses of the newly-married on the morning after the wedding, if they think it will pay them for their trouble, a kind of wild Janiary music. They perform it by striking their cleavers with the marrow-bones of the animals they have slain. To comprehend that this music is—we shall not say supportable, for that is not here the question—but that it is not entirely objectionable, we shall observe that the breadth of the English cleaver is to that of the German nearly in the same proportion as the diameter of the English ox is to that of Germany. When, therefore, properly struck, they produce no despicable clang—at least, certainly a better one than logs of wood emit when thrown to the ground."

While on the subject of marriages, we are reminded that we have a remarkable curiosity connected with it, and must find a place on the shelves of our museum, and the pages of this its catalogue, for the Fleet Marriage System of the Eighteenth Century.

The shop-windows in Fleet-street and Ludgate-hill often displayed a notice that "weddings" were "performed within." And, as you passed along the streets, you would be asked the astounding question, "Would you like to be married, sir?"

The terrible and cruel abuses of the Fleet Prison, under the execrable Huggins and Bambridge, were accompanied by one more ludicrous, yet of the most mischievous tendency. Previously to the passing of the New Marriage Act of 1753, which rendered the publication of banns compulsory, clergymen confined for debt in the Fleet were allowed the privilege of marrying couples within its precincts. Mr. Knight, in his amusing collection of the curiosities of all ages of British history, entitled

"Old England," mentions that one of these parsons, named Wyatt, realised, according to his own memorandum book, 57*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.*, in fees, in a single month; that another, William Dare, married monthly, on an average, one hundred and fifty, or two hundred couples, and was forced to have a curate to assist him; and that the most notorious of them, Keith, married one hundred and seventy-three couples in one day. When the time of the enjoyment of this privilege was limited, and on the last day allowed by the act, the 24th of March, 1753, upwards of three hundred marriages took place.

"False names, half names, or even no names at all," adds Mr. Knight, "would do with these most liberal gentry; and, if all that were not sufficient, they would get up a sham certificate of marriage, without any marriage taking place. A marriage of to-day could be dated back for a twelvemonth or two; if bride or bridegroom could not come, there was one ready to act proxy. Women who were in debt might come here, be married to a husband regularly attached to the place for the purpose, and, as soon as married, part to meet no more—he quite content, for a handsome gratuity, to be liable to all her debts—she able to laugh at all her old creditors, and take in new ones. Lastly, if money was short, you might 'go upon tick,' as the register has it." In short, it would appear they were provided with every contingency that might arise.

Idlers about Fleet Market were often amused by the sight of a carriage, surrounded by the parsons and their "touters," as coaches near the theatres are besieged by vendors of play-bills, while the cries rang round of "A parson, sir?" "I am the clerk and registrar of the Fleet." "This way, madam, that fellow will carry you to a little pudding ale-house." "Come with me! he will take you to a brandy shop!" &c. Here we must again quote Mr. Knight for a graphic account of the marriage ceremony which ensued:—"As the party ascend the prison stairs, and pass along the gallery, they receive various invitations to stop. A coal-heaver is especially pressing: 'This,' says he, 'is the famous Lord Mayor's chapel; you will get married cheaper here than in any other part of the Fleet!' The parson who has got the job looks daggers at him, but receives a horse-laugh in reply; and, by-the-by, the pair are fortunate—their worthy conductor is sober to-day. They enter his rooms. There is a hint about brandy and wine, which the excellent priest deals in, as well as wedlock, and both are called for; and the ceremony now proceeds, and is performed, on the whole, decently enough." "But," says Mr. Knight, with great significance, "woe betide the bridegroom if he has not made up his mind to pay handsomely, even according to the Fleet standard, otherwise he will not soon forget the Fleet parson's lesson in 'Billingsgate.'"

We may consider the Gretna marriages of the present day productive of serious mischief, but these were much more dangerous to the well-being of society and the cause of morality. No questions being asked, minors were entrapped and married, the weak-minded kidnapped into wedlock, and even some married forcibly against their will, to men whom perhaps they had never seen before. Mr. Knight copies a significant entry from one of the registers:

"William — and Sarah —; he dressed in a gold waistcoat like an officer; she, a beautiful young lady with two fine diamond rings, and a black high-crowned hat, and very well-dressed—at Boyce's. N.B.—

There was four or five young Irish fellows seemed to me, *after the marriage was over*, to have deluded the young woman."

In the *Grub-street Journal*, No. 270, February 27th, 1735, these Fleet marriages are alluded to as "the ruinous marriages practised in the liberties of the Fleet and thereabouts, by a sett of drunken, swearing parsons, with their myrmidons, that wear black coats, and pretend to be clerks and registers to the Fleet. These ministers of wickedness," the writer proceeds, "ply about Ludgate-hill, pulling or forcing people to some puddling alehouse or brandy-shop to be married, even on a Sunday, stopping them as they go to church, and almost tearing their clothes off their backs."

There appears, then, to have been as much danger of being married in the heart of the City against your will as of being murdered. It must have been strange to hear the citizen's wife, in broad noonday, on taking leave of a visitor, after a morning's chat, say, "Take care of yourself—mind you don't get married as you go down Ludgate-hill!" but the caution would hardly appear superfluous, when we read the statements contained in a letter to the *Grub-street Journal* which we have just quoted:

"Since Midsummer last, a young lady of birth and fortune was deluded and forced from her friends, and, by the assistance of a wry-necked swearing parson, married to an atheistical wretch whose life is a constant practice of vice and debauchery. And, since the ruin of my relation, another lady of my acquaintance had like to have been trepanned in the following manner: The lady had appointed to meet a gentlewoman at the old playhouse in Drury-lane, but extraordinary business prevented her coming. Being alone, when the play was over, she bade a boy call a coach for the City. One dressed like a gentleman helps her into it and jumps in after her. 'Madam,' says he, 'this coach was called for me, and, since the weather is so bad, and there is no other, I beg leave to bear you company. I am going into the City, and will set you down wherever you please.' The lady begged to be excused, but he bade the coachman drive on. Being come to Ludgate-hill, he told her his sister, who waited his coming but five doors up the court, would go with her in two minutes. He went and returned with his pretended sister, who asked her to step in but one minute, and she would wait upon her in the coach. The poor lady foolishly followed her into the house, when instantly the sister vanished, and a tawny fellow in a black coat and a black wig appeared. 'Madam, you are come in good time: the doctor was just a-going.' 'The doctor!' says she, horridly frightened, fearing it was a madhouse; 'what has the doctor to do with me?' 'To marry you to that gentleman; the doctor has waited for you these three hours, and will be paid by you or that gentleman before you go.' 'That gentleman,' says she, recovering herself, 'is worthy a better fortune than mine,' and begged hard to be gone. But Doctor Wryneck swore she should be married, or if she would not he would still have his fee, and register the marriage from that night. The lady finding she could not escape without money or a pledge, told them she liked the gentleman so well she would certainly meet him to-morrow night, and gave them a ring as a pledge, 'which,' says she, 'was my mother's gift on her death-bed, enjoining that, if ever I married, it should be my wedding-ring.' By which cunning contrivance she was delivered from the black doctor and his tawny crew."

The lady who gives this account of the hazardous adventure of her friend was curious to see something of these Fleet marriages: "So," she says, "some time after this I went with this lady and her brother, in a coach, to Ludgate-hill in the daytime, to see the manner of their picking up people to be married. As soon as our coach stopped near Fleet-bridge, up comes one of the myrmidons. 'Madam,' says he, 'you want a parson?' 'Who are you?' says I. 'I am the clerk and register of the Fleet.' 'Show me the chapel.' At which comes a second, desiring me to go along with him. Says he, 'That fellow will carry you to a puddling alehouse.' Says a third, 'Go with me—he will carry you to a brandy-shop.' In the interim comes the doctor: 'Madam,' says he, 'I'll do your job for you presently.' 'Well, gentlemen,' says I, 'since you can't agree, and I can't be married quietly, I'll put it off till another time;' so drove away."

The open manner in which these things were done, as well as the competition existing among the several parsons, are shown in the following advertisement, of which scores of a similar kind appeared in the newspapers:

"Marriages with a license, certificate, and a crown stamp, at a guinea, at the new chapel, next door to the china-shop, near Fleet-bridge, London, by a regular-bred clergyman, and not by a Fleet parson, as is intimated in the public papers, and, that the town may be freed of mistakes, no clergyman, being a prisoner in the rules of the Fleet, dare marry, and, to obviate all doubts, the chapel is not in the verge of the Fleet, but kept by a gentleman who was lately chaplain on board one of his Majesty's men-of-war, and likewise who had gloriously distinguished himself in defence of his king and country, and is above committing those little mean actions that some men impose on people, being determined to have everything conducted with the utmost decency and regularity, such as shall all be supported in law and equity."

This worthy, while he indignantly repels the insinuation that he was a Fleet parson, was, by his own confession at least, a chaplain *in the Fleet*.

Smollett, in his continuation of Hume's History, confirms all that has been said of the frightful evils attendant upon the impunity enjoyed by these Fleet parsons. He even goes further in his deprecation of them and their doings:

"There was a band of profligate miscreants, the refuse of the clergy, dead to every sentiment of virtue, abandoned to all sense of decency and decorum, for the most part prisoners for debt or delinquency, and, indeed the very outcast of human society, who hovered about the verge of the Fleet prison, to intercept customers, plying like porters for employment, and performed the ceremony of marriage, without license or question, in cellars, garrets, or alehouses, to the scandal of religion and the disgrace of that order which they professed. The ease with which this ecclesiastical sanction was obtained, and the vicious disposition of those wretches, open to the practices of fraud and corruption, were productive of polygamy, indigence, conjugal infidelity, prostitution, and every curse that could embitter the married state."

Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of this evil, when we state that, from October, 1704, to February, 1705, the number of these

marriages was 2594, or nearly at the rate of 8000 per annum! But we think we have adduced sufficient evidence to convince the reader that it was full time that a stop was put to these proceedings by the Marriage Act, which rendered it punishable by death to give a false certificate or make a false registry.

Another curious feature connected with marriage in the last century, was the reporting of the dower of the lady in the announcement of the marriage. The following examples from the *London Magazine* of September, 1735, will serve to show that, in some instances, the gentleman's portion was stated :

"Morgan, William, of Denbigh, in North Wales, Esq., to Miss Craddock, sole daughter of John Craddock, of Chester, Esq., an 8000*l.* fortune.

"Sir Edward Dering, of Surrenden-Dering, in Kent, to Mrs. Mompeyson, a young widow lady of 30,000*l.* fortune.

"Mr. William Pearce, an eminent surgeon, of Bricklayers' Hall, in Leadenhall-street, to Mrs. Mary Hardy, of Mile-end, a 10,000*l.* fortune.

"Mr. Murray, nephew of Mr. Murray, the face painter, who died about two months since, and left him upwards of 40,000*l.*, to Miss Turner, daughter of Mrs. Turner, of Gloucester-street," &c. &c. &c.

There was little in the Funeral Customs of the last century that was different to those of its successor. The practice of persons of wealth "lying in state" was more general; and even the bodies of wealthy merchants and tradesmen were sometimes laid out amidst black velvet hangings, with wax candles beside the coffins, and the doors of their houses thrown open, for the public and their neighbours to come and look at them. The mournful pageantry of lying in state was kept up for several days after the death, and the funeral was generally conducted by torchlight, the chamber of death remaining religiously closed and locked in many instances for years, till, as in the case of Sir Roger de Coverley, all the best rooms were shut up in honour of departed ancestors. As soon as convenient after the death, "searchers" were employed to examine the body and see that there were no marks of foul play, and, if the deceased were a female, these were generally a parcel of gin-drinking old women, appointed by the parish officers, but performing their duties very inefficiently and indecorously, and their fees appear to have ranged from half-a-crown to seven and sixpence; and, after them, came the "plumbers," "whose business," says the *Oxford and Cambridge Monthly Miscellany* of September, 1750, "is to bedizen the dead body, and make what the ladies call 'a charming corpse.'"

We have before us an undertaker's bill of a date as late as September, 1780, for the funeral of a person of the middle class, which amounts to 61*l.* odd, and contains the following items :

	£	s.	d.
To 32 men, for carrying of ye lights at 2 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>	4	0	0
To 32 branches for ditto, 2 <i>s.</i> each	0	5	4*
To 68 lbs. of wax candles, for ditto, at 3 <i>s.</i> per lb.	10	4	0
To 2 hendles attending ye corps, with silk dressings and gowns &c. &c.	1	10	0

* So charged in the original.

The practice of burying by torchlight, then, had thus long survived Pope's severe satire :

When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living, saved a candle's end.

Every mourner at a funeral, as may be observed in the last scene of Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress," was provided with a branch of rosemary, probably at first adopted as a precaution against contagion, but it afterwards came to be considered a grave breach of decorum to appear at a funeral without one of these aprigs.

The same inquisitiveness on the part of the public, prying into private affairs, or the same ostentation on the part of individuals which led to their making a parade of their newly-acquired wealth, and originated the practice of reporting the dowry which an eligible marriage brought into a family, may have urged the publication of all details of the fortunes left behind, in the obituaries inserted in the magazines and newspapers. Thus the *London Magazine* of October, 1735, gives a list of deaths, among which are :

"At Littlecot, in the county of Wilts, Francis Popham, Esq., a gentleman of 7000*l.* fortune.

"Sir John Tash, Knt., Alderman of Walbrook Ward, in the 61st year of his age, reputed worth 200,000*l.*," &c. &c.

Where is there a greater moral lesson taught than in this union of pageantry, pomp, empty show, and ostentation, with the leveller of all distinctions, Death!

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS, SPORTS, AND AMUSEMENTS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

In the chapter devoted to fashion and fashionable customs, we have stated that Vauxhall and Ranelagh were places of resort for "the quality" and higher ranks of citizens ; the popular rendezvous of the theatre and the coffee-house will be left for separate chapters, and the out-of-door amusements and entertainments of the period claim the present one to themselves. Vauxhall, the "Spring Garden" of Sir Roger de Coverley, had a formidable competitor in Ranelagh, as well as minor ones in Cupar's Gardens, Marylebone Gardens, and a host of imitators.

Ranelagh was situated at Chelsea, near the Royal College. The principal entertainments, as at Vauxhall, were vocal and instrumental music and fireworks. Sometimes vaulters, jugglers, equestrians, &c., performed their feats and wonders. Sometimes a ballet was introduced, and often a masquerade. The gardens, also, were frequently used for public dinners, suppers, and breakfasts ; but the general entertainments were music, singing, and dancing. In the former department, the illustrious Dr. Arne, the brother of Mrs. Cibber, and composer of Addison's "Rosamond," Fielding's "Tom Thumb," Milton's "Comus," "Artaxerxes," and a number of operas, was once engaged here in the choral and instrumental arrangements ; but the principal purpose of fashionable visitors was less to see and hear than to be seen and noticed—to promenade the "genteel" walks, hear a few staves of some signor's song, gaze at the company, and wind up the evening with an assignation.

The music was truly enchanting,
 Right glad was I when I came near it ;
 But in fashion I found I was wanting—
 'Twas the fashion to walk and not hear it.

So says Bloomfield in his visit to Ranelagh.

What wonders were there to be found
 That a clown might enjoy or disdain !
 First we traced the gay ring all around,
 Aye, and—then we went round it again.
 Fair maids who at home in their haste
 Had left all clothing else but a train,
 Swept the floor clean as slowly they paced,
 And then—walked round and swept it again.

Such was the insipid routine of the “better sort” of visitors, but “vulgar people,” to wit, London tradesmen and country cousins, who were bent upon having the full value of their shillings and half-crowns, were waiting at the gates an hour before the time of opening, listened to the music, rapturously encored every song, good or bad, for the mere sake of “having it over again,” gazed at the waterworks, and were heartily delighted with the fireworks, traversed the gardens from end to end, admired the stupendous rotunda, and then, unlike their fashionable companions, instead of repairing to a box to sip sour wine and demolish meagre sandwiches, quitted the gardens no sooner than they were obliged, and adjourned to a neighbouring tavern to discuss a hearty supper.

“Cupar’s Gay Groves” were on the present site of the church in the Waterloo-road, and besides these, there were Marylebone Gardens (closed in 1777-8), Bagnigge Wells, Islington Spa, Lambeth Wells, and a number of similar places for out-of-door recreations. They were all, of course, more or less, the resorts of loose characters of both sexes, who made them a species of exchange for the transaction of their business.

Then there was Bellsizes, an ancient mansion, with park and extensive grounds in the Hampstead-road. In 1720, the advertisement of this place of entertainment announced that the park, wilderness, and gardens were “wonderfully improved, and filled with variety of birds, which compose a most melodious and delightful harmony. Every morning at seven o’clock the music begins to play, and continues the whole day through, and any persons inclined to walk and divert themselves in the morning, may as cheaply breakfast there on tea or coffee as in their own chambers.”

Coaches ran from Hampstead to Bellsizes, carrying passengers to the gardens for sixpence ; but the terrors of the times are graphically expressed in the following pithy notice :

“For the security of the guests, there are twelve stout fellows, completely armed, to patrol betwixt London and Bellsizes, to prevent the insults of highwaymen and footpads which may infest the roads.”

This kind of notice was nothing unusual. The proprietor of Marylebone Gardens, in 1746, when their attractions were at their highest, had a guard of soldiers to protect the visitors from and to London ; and, in 1764, Thomas Lowe, who was then proprietor, was induced to offer ten guineas reward for the apprehension of any highwayman on the way

to the gardens, as the perils of the road (the gardens were on the site of the Regent's Park) had deterred many from going. But the only fear of robbery was not to be confined to the road—gambling had been introduced at all these places, especially at Marylebone Gardens, where, in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's day, "some dukes bowl'd time away," and many a man lost more in an evening's play at the gardens than he would have run any danger of being robbed of outside. Akin to the above announcement, is that contained in an advertisement of Ranelagh Gardens, in 1754—"A strong guard is stationed upon the roads." So that the danger which these "guards" were to provide against was not confined to any particular locality. But all this belongs to another subject; let us return to Bellise.

So popular did this place of resort become (as its original plan deserved), that the Prince and Princess of Wales visited it and dined there; but the introduction of gambling and intrigue compromised its character, and led to its final closing.

The entertainment of the lower class was not unprovided for—they had their White Conduit House, Copenhagen House, Peerless Pool, and Hornsey Wood House, in the northern suburbs, and the Dog and Duck on the site of New Bethlehem, where *al fresco* amusements and manly and healthy sports could be enjoyed, and where they might ramble on the green sward after the business of the day, or sit upon the rustic benches, and enjoy a refreshing glass of "purl" or "twopenny," with a rural prospect of grassy fields before them, inhaling with each draught fresh and fragrant air, instead of the vice which they now drink in with their vile and spurious liquors at the penny theatre, the gin palace, or the "saloon" concert.

Islington, Chelsea, and Stepney, then quite "the country," were also much frequented by the middle and lower classes on Sundays and holidays, but these were as dangerous in the return home at night as Hampstead; and, at the Angel, at Islington, a bell used to be rung at intervals, to collect the visitors who were journeying cityward, in order that they might start in a body, and afford each other mutual protection against footpads and robbers.

In the *Daily Advertiser*, of May 6th, 1745, we meet with an advertisement of a nondescript house of entertainment, which seems to have been so popular as to excite competition:

"This is to give notice to all ladies and gentlemen, at Spencer's Original Breakfasting Hut, between Sir Hugh Middleton's Head and Saint John-street Road, by the New River side, fronting Sadler's Wells, may be had, every morning, except Sundays, fine tea, sugar, bread, butter, and milk, at 4d. per head: coffee at 3d. a dish. And in the afternoon, tea, sugar, and milk, at 3d. per head, with good attendance. Coaches may come up to the farthest garden door, next to the bridge in Saint John's-street Road, near Sadler's Wells gate. Note.—Ladies, &c., are desired to take notice that there is another person set up in opposition to me the next door, which is a brick house, and faces the little gate by the Sir Hugh Middleton's, and therefore mistaken for mine; but mine is the little boarded place by the river-side, and my back-door faces the same as usual, for—

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"I am not dead, I am not gone,
 Nor liquors do I sell,
 But, as at first, I still go on,
 Ladies, to use you well.
 No passage to my hut I have,
 The river runs before,
 Therefore your care I humbly crave,
 Pray don't mistake my door.

"Yours to serve, S. SPENCER."

Masquerades were in great favour during the last century, and, like the other follies of fashion, fell under the lash of Hogarth, who satirises the perverted taste of the town, which neglected Shakspeare and Jonson for such absurdities, in his masquerades at Burlington-gate. But, in the time of the "Spectator," the rage for these entertainments seems to have been equally warm; and the contradictions and anomalies, arising out of want of judgment, taste, or historical knowledge of the costumers and maskers, is heartily laughed at.

Cock-fighting, boxing, and bull-baiting, were among the fashionable sports of the period. The former, as illustrated by Hogarth, was patronised by men of station, and was, in fact, ranked essentially among the more aristocratic amusements. So was boxing, amphitheatres for its display being regularly advertised in the public papers, and, in 1728, so royally was it favoured, that the king ordered a ring to be marked out in Hyde Park, about five hundred yards from Grosvenor-gate, and properly fenced in; whilst, in the French Theatre, in the Haymarket, those renowned champions, Figg and Sparkes, fought for a prize on December 3rd, 1731.

The most revolting and disgusting spectacles of this kind were prize-fights in which women were the competitors for the stakes, and, half-naked, battered and bruised each other, without cause or provocation, to the heart's delight of a "respectable" circle of beholders! Under date, June 22nd, 1768, we read: "Wednesday last, two women fought for a new chemise, valued at half a guinea, in the Spa-fields, near Islington. The battle was won by a woman called 'Bruising Peg,' who beat her antagonist in a terrible manner."

The public papers teemed with challenges from boxers, but in a different style from those now so concisely stated in our sporting prints. Here is an advertisement, in which the gauntlet is thrown down with a mighty flourish of trumpets:

"Whereas I, William Willis, commonly called by the name of the 'Fighting Quaker,' have fought Mr. Smallwood, about twelve months since, and held him the tightest to it, and bruised and battered more than any one he ever encountered, though I had the misfortune to be beat by an accidental fall; the said Smallwood, flushed with the success blind Fortune then gave him, and the weak attempts of a few vain hishmen and boys, that have of late fought him for a minute or two, makes him think himself unconquerable, to convince him of the falsity of which, I invite him to fight me for 100*l.*, at the time and place above mentioned, when I doubt not I shall prove the truth of what I have asserted, by pegs, darts, hard blows, falls, and cross-buttocks."

The refined taste for bear and bull-baiting was gratified by two rival establishments, the King's Bear-garden, which existed till 1764, at

Hockley-in-the-Hole, on the site of the present Brickhill and Ray-streets, Clerkenwell, and the New Bear-Garden at Marylebone. There were also arenas for boxing, fencing, wrestling, and dog-fighting; but the legitimate sport of the place was such as is announced in the following advertisement selected from many of a similar nature, dated 1730: "At his Majesty's Bear-Garden, at Hockley-in-the-Hole, Monday, 14th of September, 1780, a mad bull to be dressed up with fireworks and turned loose in the game place. Likewise a dog to be dressed up with fireworks over him, and turned loose with the man in the ground. Also a bear to be let loose at the same time, and a cat to be tied to the bull's tail. Note: The doors will be opened at four, as the sports begin at five exactly, because the diversion will last long, and the days grow short."

Here is the same glorious "sport" at another arena; we copy a handbill of the period: "This is to give notice, that, to-morrow, for a day's diversion, at Mr. Stokes's amphitheatre, a mad bull dressed up with fireworks will be baited. Also cudgel playing for a silver cup, and wrestling for a pair of buckskin breeches. September 3rd, 1729. Gallery seats, 2s. 6d., 2s., 1s. 6d., and 1s."

We could afford to laugh at the fanciful costumes of our grandfathers, but we must not laugh now. This is no folly of the dandy—it is the brutality of the savage.

The same den at Hockley-in-the-Hole was the scene of different though less hateful sports—broadsword and cudgelling. Challenges frequently appeared in the papers from one "master of the noble science of defence" (as they styled themselves) to another, to "fight with backsword, sword and dagger, sword and buckler, single falchion, case of falchions, quarter-staff and singlestick; he that gives the most cuts to have the most money." Very frightful gashes and stabs were given and received at these gladiatorial exhibitions, yet they were respectably attended, and in some instances women took a part in them.

Cudgelling was not quite extinct, but we find it in strange company; here is a medley:

"On Wednesday the 18th, at Windsor, a piece of plate is to be fought for at cudgels, by ten men on a side, from Berkshire and Middlesex. The next day a hat and feather to be fought for by ten men on a side from the counties aforesaid. Ten bargemen are to eat ten quarts of hasty pudding, well buttered, but infernally hot; he that has done first to have a silver spoon of ten shillings value, and the second five shillings. And as they have anciently had the title of the Merry Wives of Windsor, six old women belonging to Windsor town challenge any six old women in the universe (we need not, however, go farther than our own country) to out-sold them; the best in three heats to have a suit of head cloths, and (what old women generally want) a pair of nutcrackers."—*Read's Journal*, September 9th, 1721.

Another pastime in which women were the actors—still indecorous, but more ludicrous than painful—was the smock-racing in Pall-mall, which appears to have been kept up as late as 1788. If this appear strange, what will the reader say of football being played in the Strand? Yet this favourite sport was carried on in that thoroughfare, far into the eighteenth century, and must have been rather awkward for passengers

who were taking a sober stroll along the street; for Gay says, in his "Art of Walking the Streets"—

The 'prentice quits his shop to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue.

The football would give no light blow to the skin which was protected only by "stockings of amber-coloured silk," and why a public street should have been selected for the game, when fields were close at hand—even to the Strand—we do not find explained; nor why cricket was played, at the same time, "by the 'prentices in the porches of Covent Garden."

Bowling-allies were also kept up in London, and pretty well attended. We give the copies of two handbills announcing the game of bowls:

"On Thursday next, being the 18th of March, 1718, the bowling-greens will be opened at the Prospect House, Islington, where there will be accommodation for all gentlemen bowlers."

"*May, 1757.*—To be bowled for on Monday next, at the Red Cow, in Saint George's Fields, a pair of silver buckles, value fourteen shillings, at five pins, each pin a yard apart. He that brings most pins at three bowls has the buckles, if the money is in; if not, the money each man has put in. Three bowls for sixpence, and a pint of beer out of it for the good of the house."

The archers of Finsbury contrived long to preserve their ground amidst the spread of bricks and mortar, levelling hedges, filling up ditches, and replacing their marks, in a desperate encounter with innovation and growing enterprise, until 1786, when they were beaten from their fields, which soon became lines of streets and courts. But archery had been on the wane since the eighteenth century began.

The heading of the present chapter will cover, in its application, a subject nearly akin to it, which we shall now proceed to glance at—Public Rejoicings, Fast, and Festivals.

Zealous Protestants as were our grandsires, with their riots of '80, and "No Popery," they still followed the Popish practice of observing saints' days, and many of the usual festivals of the Romish Church. Business was in a great measure suspended, and places of worship opened on the anniversaries of any of the saints. This day was dedicated to St. Jude—that was sacred to St. Matthew; to-day was the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul—another the Fast of Shrove Tuesday; and most of them, feasts and fasts, saints' days and sinners' days, were *holy-days*.

And then, besides these spiritual festivals, there were celebrations of worldly and profane events: there was the Martyrdom of King Charles, the Restoration of his son, the Discovery of the Gunpowder Plot—these, too, were holidays.

So numerous and frequent were they, in fact, that, in 1774, it was reckoned that the public offices were closed for holidays at least the eighth part of the year.

Then there was the king's birthday—and the queen's—and the birthdays of their numerous progeny. Then came the days of thanksgiving, when the king had recovered from a sickness, or the queen been delivered of a child. Thanks were returned for every victory during the wars

that were the public business of the last century—in other words, whenever we had slaughtered some thousands of soldiers, or sent a man of war to the bottom of the ocean, such matters were acknowledged by a general thanksgiving. Not content with this, we testified our joy at every victory by other means; guns boomed the glorious intelligence from the Tower wharf—flags streamed from the masts of ships—the liberated schoolboy shouted the songs which had been written for the occasion, with a loud voice and cheerful face—“*Gazettes* extraordinary” appeared in rapid succession, and were eagerly devoured by the politicians of the coffee-houses—shops were closed, and churches opened. But in the evening was seen the grand climax of the people’s joy, when the streets were crowded with noisy thousands, all pouring anxiously to the west end of the town to see “the general illumination.” A stranger would have imagined that every inhabitant, rich and poor, participated heartily in the national rejoicing, for every house exhibited its devices of many-coloured lamps, and rows of lighted candles. But there was another powerful and active agent at work to promote this unanimity of purpose, and that was a terror of the mob who had a strong propensity for breaking the windows of such refractory householders as refused to “light up” and thus testify their patriotism on so brilliant an occasion. Let us see how an unfortunate Quaker was served, who seemed to have attached no more value to his window-panes than to the event which was to be commemorated. Here is an illumination scene of 1759, as described in the *Annual Register* of that year:

“*June 2.*—The populace assaulted the house of an eminent woollen-draper in Cornhill, one of the people called Quakers. They pulled up the pavements, and split the window-shutters of his shop with large stones; the smaller pebbles were flung up as high as the third story, the windows of which are much damaged—in the second story not so much as one pane of glass has escaped. The windows of the first story were not touched, being fenced with strong shutters on the outside. The reason of the mob’s resentment was his not illuminating his house like the rest of his neighbours.”

Very differently did they show their admiration of any grand device or attractive transparency, and long and loud were the cheers which the mob sent forth to greet the ears of those who, in the exuberance of their loyalty, had been thoughtless of expense, and whose houses presented a grand display of lights.

The illuminations on the acquittal of Admiral Keppel by the court-martial by which he was tried in February, 1779, extended throughout the country. We read of hackney-coaches plying through London, illuminated with lanterns—of a grand illumination of the monument—of a fishwoman in Piccadilly, who stuck forty-five candles among her sprats, and was rewarded by a collection of fifty shillings among the mob—of bonfires at many noblemen’s seats in the country; in short, the rejoicing was general and extravagant. To equal excess did the indignation of the mob extend among the admiral’s accusers. A mob commenced pulling down the house of Sir Hugh Palliser, in Westminster; another mob broke into the house of Lord Sandwich, and demolished the furniture, emptying it through the windows into the street; Lord North’s windows

were broken, and the effigies of Lord Hood and Palliser burned on Tower-hill and at the Royal Exchange.

The illumination of houses, as a symbol of satisfaction and joy, undoubtedly survived in the present century; but the system of illumination of which we have been speaking, in its general observance and frequent occurrence, as undoubtedly belonged to the last.

We have spoken of smack-races in Pall-mall, football in the Strand, and cricket-playing in Covent Garden, but what will our readers think of bonfires in Fleet-street? Yet on the 5th of November, the popular anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, "Guys" were duly gibbeted and burned in the public thoroughfares. Hogarth gives us one of these scenes beside Temple-bar, where two or three distinct fires may be seen, while a figure in the foreground is rolling a tar-barrel to add to the pile which is to consume the effigy suspended from a gallows above it!

P O L P E R R O.

BY FLORENTIA.

Saturday, November 7.—We started early in the morning for an excursion to the Land's End, as I was determined not to leave Cornwall without doing justice to its beautiful scenery by exploring all those parts which were by any means attainable. Our road lay through Looe to Liskeard, and as we traversed the river at Looe I could not sufficiently admire the smiling soft beauty of the graceful hanging woods reflected in the broad river at their base as in a vast mirror. Proceeding onwards we turned into the lodge-gate at M——, as I wished to see the home of my kind friends the B——s, whom I was prevented visiting by my peculiar position. The park is of considerable length, winding along the banks of a narrow, well wooded valley, through which runs a bubbling rivulet. On ascending an eminence, the house appears an ancient, cosy, warm-looking abode, snugly ensconced between the rising hills, low-roofed, with large windows, overhanging roof, small low doors studded with nails and ironwork, the walls covered with evergreens, and the whole enclosed by gardens and shrubberies; altogether a very pretty specimen of a country-gentleman's seat in the style of Coverley Manor, altogether a place where Sir Roger would have found himself quite at home. To the right, close by, stands the parish church, an homestead looking sanctuary; below is a handsome bridge crossing the rivulet, now grown into a stream; the whole scene—house, valley, church, river, and bridge—forming a sweet peaceful scene, set in a frame of green and undulating hills which entirely shelter it. No wonder that the proprietor should be the gentlest and the best of human beings, reflecting from the depths of his Christian spirit the calm diffused around his birthplace.

Arrived at Liskeard, we were in anxious expectation of the coach, and

were fortunate in being placed on the outside, where we could command a good view of the country; for, as my sole inducement to travel was a desire to express, I had no inclination to creep myself up inside, and look at the views through a peep-hole of a window, not to mention distracting headaches, bad smells, and all other concomitant evils of the inside of a mail.

Behold us now exalted on the roof—by my side an elderly gentleman, fresh-coloured and pleasant-looking; before us a man who puffed cigars all the way, the wind driving back the smoke straight into my face; by his side the coachman, an individual, both judging from physiognomy and phraseology, much more allied to brutes than men. The gentleman by me, whose name I soon discovered to be Tregellis, appeared on the most intimate terms with all and everybody; he greeted everybody, and everybody greeted him; and I too was soon on friendly terms with him, as, hearing we were strangers, he bowed, and hoped I should allow him to name the country through which we passed; an offer I of course gladly accepted. Certainly no one could have desired a better cicerone, as he had read everything, seen everything, and had withal such an amusing way of imparting his information, that the long day grew short while listening to him. It was clear he was a great character, for we had scarcely proceeded a mile, when, being called upon by the slouching young gentleman who smoked in front to tell some story, he began to relate, in the Cornish dialect, a tale which appeared highly appreciated by his companions, but which, without his excellent mimicry, Cornish brogue, and droll intonation, loses all its zest:

“Two men went out to fish, and saw some large white substance floating on the water; when, after gazing at it in wonder some time, they agreed in the notion that it was a grindstone floating. Having arrived at this wise decision, they determined to clutch the prize; for which purpose one man left the boat, having a rope in tow, intending to beside this stone and bring it safe to shore. The fool who could imagine that a stone would float, also imagined that he could ride upon it, and having reached it, without more ado sprang upon it, and instantly sank into the sea; the supposed grindstone being neither more nor less than a wooden hoop full of scum. The man in the boat being too far off to hear his companion's exclamation at tumbling into the sea, continued to row, and drag the rope vigorously to shore. Struggling and half-drowned, the first worthy at last got his head above water, and puffing, and swimming, and swearing, screamed out to his fellow to stop, for that the grindstone was nothing but scum—and he was almost drowned. But the other, not hearing what he said, being very wrath at the supposed awkwardness of his comrade, told him to ride away on the stone, or go to the devil if he liked that better. One palling, the other half-smothered, dragging the hoop and the scum, all arrived on the shore together amid the roars of laughter of their fellows.”

This story, related in a very choice brogue, was muncked malice to the coachman, who grinned from ear to ear; the little old man by the side of Miss D—— snorted out also his approval. But mere words can give no idea of the tone and mimicry with which Mr. Tregellis related it—for it was quite inimitable, and I had to draw down my veil and look aside not to laugh outright.

"Funny fellow, that," said the coachman.

"Oh, trust Tregellis for a story," says the smoker.

"Ay, ay," says the little old man, "he's the man; capital!—capital."

The people in the back of the coach had also heard, so on we went in a perfect chorus of applause.

The road passed through a charming valley, hills on either side, rising to a height of many hundred feet, covered with thick plantation, broken occasionally by dark masses of rock—a mountain-stream roaring away over the stones below. This lovely scene, where hill after hill curves down gracefully to the valley, continued for many miles, the road winding along—now plunging into deep shade under knotted timeworn oaks—now emerging on the banks of the river, and showing a long perspective of the same scenery. Mr. Tregellis was in ecstasies.

"Here, ladies, look at this; can anything be finer? Say our Cornish scenery is finer than anything in Britain—I affirm it! Where will you exceed such a lovely valley? This, ladies, is Glynn, belonging to Lord Vivian, and there to the right is the house. I am a Cornish man, and such I will live and die; and I can admire my country if others do not value it."

I, of course, warmly assured him of my sincere admiration, and evidently rose thereby tenfold in his esteem.

The house of the Vivians is not equal to the grounds, which I find to be often the case in Cornwall. It is situated on a high bank overlooking the road; on one side appears a fine terrace, commanding an extensive view. The road now took a sudden turn over a bridge ascending a hill opposite, where the valley gradually narrowed, but still retained its general features of beauty. The gardens and lodge lay beneath us, the former winding most picturesquely along each side of a hill.

We soon reached an open barren country covered with heath, the view only relieved from monotony by some lofty barren hills opposite, which sinking down abruptly towards the plain, reminded me strongly of the aspect of Scotch scenery. But my attention was arrested by a loud conversation between Mr. Tregellis and the coachman, and I was a little vexed to find this personage could be quite as vulgar to the vulgar as he was polished in his manner to me; in fact, the man was a perfect paradox.

He had offended the coachman by saying to the smoker, who had continued unceasingly to puff (every now and then favouring me with a lapful of cigar ashes)—"Simmonds, the coachman, wanted to be very civil the other day, and having a pigeon in his pocket he did not know what to do with, being at least a week old, gave it to me for a present; but when he found I did not pay him enough for his driving he took it back again. Eh, eh, Simmonds?"

"No," growled the coachman, "it isn't true—'twas as fresh a bird as ever flew—I don't want your money, I only care for your patronage."

Upon this they began bantering each other in Cornish, and the conversation ended by terrific whistling from Simmonds—enough to raise the dead—out of a small whistle, in imitation, I presume, of the railway.

Mr. Tregellis, thinking (as was the case) that I should be shocked, turned to me: "The coachman, ma'am," said he, "is a bit of a wag, and we indulge him a little by way of amusing ourselves; not that he

would, I am sure, take a liberty, but we like to beguile the way by setting him on to talk."

I could perceive nothing either amusing or instructive about the wretch, so I made no reply.

Mr. Tregellis informed me further that the young man opposite was a clergyman in the neighbourhood. He and Mr. Tregellis now fell into talk about some man they mutually knew, when, speaking of his grey hair, Tregellis remarked, "that he was blossoming for eternity!" Here was a fine, nay, a poetic, idea; and yet the same man who could one moment express himself with elegance and polish, entered Bodmin, whistling between his fingers, trying to outdo the coachman's whistle; their united efforts were perfectly stunning and most disagreeable.

Bodmin is a neat, modern-looking town, situated in a valley; the houses closely wedged in between rising hills, but offering no peculiar beauty. The coachman informed us that a man had here three choices, "the County Gaol, the Union, and the Lunatics," which building is a large asylum placed on the summit of a hill just out of the town. Changing horses, we proceeded—the rest of the party having, as we heard from the coachman, partaken of a dinner very much to his mind, his only regret being he had not had time to devour enough; so he solaced his hungry stomach by incessantly repeating the dainties over and over again, and telling every fresh passenger that came near him of the different dishes, with various epithets and adjectives of admiration. I heard the same thing over and over again so many times, I could not help ending at last by laughing outright, when, for about the twentieth time, came out, "boiled salmon, cold leg of sheep, *sich* nice fried ham," &c. &c.

After leaving Bodmin, which disappointed me, as, instead of being the ancient time-honoured town I had fancied, the capital of such a romantic county as Cornwall was as prim, and neat, and modern, as any little town ten miles from London. We passed through a very pretty valley, bordered with ash-trees, growing in avenues along the road; on the right, under the hill, appeared the ruins of St. Benet's Monastery; to the left, a little further on, was the pretty church of Landlivit, placed among fine trees forming an exceedingly pleasing group. Beyond us rose bare, bleak, barren hills, cold and sterile to the eye, over which we could see our road lying before us for many a dreary mile. This region, so bare to the outward eye, teems with internal riches, and, as Mr. Tregellis informed me, is full of the most valuable mines. The different engine-houses broke the monotony of the scene; the whole soil appears as if turned over by an earthquake—rugged, uneven, and uncultivated—caused, as he said, by its being dug up and sifted for finding tin. From the same cause all the streams were thick and muddy; and certainly a more dreary or desolate prospect never opened to the traveller's gaze. My attention, however, was now so riveted by Mr. Tregellis and all his stories, I could not think of *ennui*. He being informed by me that I was journeying to Penzance and the Land's End, made out our whole *carte de voyage*, mentioning everything he said we ought to see; he described the Land's End as most striking, "gloomy, sombre, mysterious masses of rock," he said, "frowning in awful majesty, and looking 'like the witnesses of a thousand shipwrecks!'" He then proceeded to tell me about the mines through which we were passing; he said, "The Phœ-

nicians had first traded to Britain, and that the Romans subsequently had discovered the iron, and that their labours had been a guide to after generations ; but that they were ignorant of the existence of tin, which now formed so valuable a branch of commerce." We passed large dépôts of white clay, gathered in square masses, and thus left to dry, being then cut out into square cakes by women, whom we saw engaged in this occupation. This, he told me, was the china clay sent in these cakes into Staffordshire, to be there manufactured into ware—the mines through which we were passing being for many miles, he said, tin and copper and this same clay ; Cornwall producing every sort of mineral excepting coal.

On an eminence to the right he pointed out to me what appeared in the distance to be a castle, but which he said was the rock of Roche that rises—an enormous solitary mass of stone—out of an earthy soil covered with heath. This strange, isolated rock, seen from an immense distance, is pointed in shape, and contains on the highest elevation a chapel, dedicated to Saint Michael, the favourite Cornwall saint. It is supposed to have been a hermitage, he said, but the last inhabitant is reported to have been a leper.

Thus this strange man continued most agreeably conversing on every subject ; his whole manner and his general choice of language being excellent. All at once he broke off, and began amusing the coachman and the reverend smoker with another tale, coarse enough, as the sequel will shew, and in one moment the whole man was vulgarised—manner, voice, and language changed, and he seemed on a par with the lowest wag at a country fair.

He now told of some merchant, who, wishing to save his pocket, resolved to discontinue his usual custom of keeping a traveller, determined to send out in that capacity his son, a simple youth, who made his *début* as a haggman in a neighbouring town. After going round to all the shopkeepers without the slightest success, he was sitting in the room at night with some others of his class, and by his downcast and dejected demeanour, and deep sighs, attracted the attention of a veteran in the bagging line, who was present, and asked him—

"What was the matter?"

"Matter," replied the youth ; "indeed I don't know what to do ; this is my first excursion for orders, and I have been round to all the tradesmen in the town all day long, and not one has given me a single order. Oh, dear me ! I am so downhearted I don't know what to do ; how can I go home to father with an empty book?"

"Oh, indeed," says the old hand, "that is very hard ; pray, young man, allow me to ask, are you a freemason?"

"A freemason!" replied the youth. "No ; has that anything to do with the bagging business?"

"Yes, everything to do with it," replied the other. "If you are not a freemason you have not got the sign, and nobody in this town will give you orders if you don't know the sign."

The simple fellow stared, and opened his eyes *amais* at this intelligence.

"Lord bless me, sir, I wonder father didn't think of that ; how I should like to be a freemason. Oh, sir, I wish you would just give me a

ation of the sign. I am a poor young man, sir, on my first journey, and I should take it exceedingly kind of you."

The old rogue of a bagman wishing no better, after making many difficulties, and protesting it was the greatest favour, declared at last he would initiate him, and told him,

"That the sign of freemasonry consisted in a certain well-known evolution often practised by small incipient blackguards in the street, performed by placing the right thumb on the point of the nose, at the same time gracefully extending and agitating the fingers. Now," says the old wag, "if you go round to the shops in the morning and only do *that* at the master, every one will see at once you are a freemason, and you will get no end of orders; and barkee, young man, if you do *that* and find it won't do, put the other hand *thus*," performing at the same time the usual continuation, joining the thumb of the left to the little finger of the right hand.

Up in the morning got the happy young traveller, and triumphantly posted off to a tradesman, again soliciting his orders, when he refused as before.

"Oh, sir," says the traveller, "when I came last night I didn't know the sign, sir—the sign of freemasonry, sir—but I do now, and I'm sure of your custom now, sir;" with that he began shaking his fingers most vigorously in the tradesman's face.

"Holloa, you young devil, what do you mean by that impudence; you confounded young scamp, get out of the shop—get out, I say, or I'll horsewhip you." So out he was precipitated, with divers kicks and curses, returning more confused than ever.

This story was received with roars of merriment all round; the coachman walked his horses to listen; the smoking gentleman forgot his cigar; I shook with internal laughter; poor Miss D. tried to look grave, and ended by a grin; one man climbed from behind and sat roaring on the top of the luggage to the imminent risk of breaking his neck; and the little old man in the corner chirped out, "Good—good again; well done, Tregellis; you're the man for fun. Ha, ha, ha!"

Now I dare say to read this story may appear tame and vulgar, but to hear it told by this strange man, spoken in the most polite manner, clothed in good language, and given with an inimitable point and humour, was positively irresistible, and kept me giggling for half an hour. Mr. Tregellis was now fairly launched in interchanging jibes and jokes with his friend Mr. Simmonds; sally after sally succeeded; and a whistling duet was recommenced that seemed likely to be overwhelming. During a momentary pause I insinuated that I had a headache, which that noise was certainly calculated to increase. In a moment Mr. Tregellis was again the gentleman, bowed, and begged my pardon, was as sorry Simmonds was such a funny dog, but he would keep him quiet (quite forgetting he had made most noise of the two); with this he vigorously punched the said Simmonds in the ribs, merrily saying, "Whistling—lady's head—quiet!" and the coachman not appearing inclined to obey his mandate in an instant, he drew himself up, looked grave, and with all the dignity of a whole bench of magistrates desired "*Silence!*" The coachman touched his hat and was silent at once; and Mr. Tregellis, turning to me, resumed his conversation about the

scenery I was about to visit, recommending various hotels *en route*, and comparing them with similar establishments in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, making the shrewdest remarks on the relative characters of their inhabitants, and showing such knowledge as could alone be imparted by long travel. On my remarking he seemed a great traveller—

"Yes," said he, "I passed many years of my life in castle and epitaph hunting, but in my old age I am returned to my native Cornwall, to my mind the finest spot on earth; here I lived, and here I shall die: this is all I desire."

We were now approaching St. Anstle, a dirty little town, only remarkable for a very handsome church—often the case in Cornwall, where the most squalid streets are generally surmounted by some strikingly beautiful church tower. This saint, like so many others of the Cornish martyrology, is almost unknown, but supposed to have been a hermit, as Mr. Tregellis informed me. He also mentioned an extraordinary light visible at a turnpike near the town, which shines almost every night in winter, but becomes invisible when approached, although still seen at a distance. Many efforts have been made to account for this strange phenomenon, but in vain.

At St. Anstle we parted from the clerical gentleman—a brilliant ornament to his cloth, doubtless—and when we proceeded to Truro the night had drawn in, and the country was but dimly seen. I could, however, distinguish that the town lay in a pretty valley, well wooded, with many handsome residences near. Finding that to maintain general quiet I must talk constantly to Mr. Tregellis, and, being no way loth, we chatted on pleasantly. I was surprised at his extensive reading, and he ended by quite winning my heart by a warm eulogy on my favourite Dickens, noticing, however, in his shrewd way one defect. I had myself observed his unhappy choice of *names* for his characters: *Dombey*, for instance, *Snodgrass*, *Rudge*, &c. We agreed that while other pens delineated all the phases of passion (often relate incidents so romantic as only to find a place in the head of a semi-lunatic)—while people wrote travels, and strung together verses, and published biographies, and searched the heavens above, and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth for subjects—*he*, and he *alone*, stood pre-eminent as the describer of English characters in a manner such as they are daily to be met with, true and genuine; the best portrait-painter John Bull ever had, viewing his bluff, honest countenance in the most happy point of view, mingling broad humour with melting pathos; in one moment convulsing his reader with laughter, the next raising tears in his eyes—the humorous and the pathetic alike true to English character.

Mr. Tregellis interrupted me while launching out in this my favourite theme, to draw my attention to a forest of oaks through which we were passing—gigantic ancient trees that flung their knotted branches across the road, deepening the shades of evening—a splendid grove fit for the Druids, and looking old enough to have existed from those early centuries. The ground was very hilly, and these ancient trees covered for some distance one side of a lofty steep, forming an immense, and apparently endless, forest, stretching out on the opposite hills in lengthening lines, just visible in the darkening night. It is such landscapes as these that render Cornish scenery surpassingly beautiful, and this happy union

of wood and hill, so often recurring and producing such fine scenes of rural beauty.

Either our coachman, Mr. Simmonds, or his horses were now getting fatigued, and we proceeded very lazily. The little old man in the corner having been asleep for some time, and rolling about in imminent risk of tumbling on his head, now awoke, and after divers sighs and groans, thus delivered himself:

"Well, I have had my patience tried—often had it tried; but never nothing like this. Did ever any one endure such driving? Why a body would go faster in a Kentish van. Talk of driving! I've been driven faster in a fish-cart!"

These depreciating observations of course reached the coachman, who instantly took fire.

"Drive, sir, I drives very fast, sir; how the devil can I help it if my 'orses is tired and my infernal guard don't light the lamps.

"Keep your temper, Mr. Simmonds—keep your temper—don't be obstrepulous," was the reply.

This admonition seemed to have its usual effect of further incensing Mr. Simmonds, who was beginning to be abusive, when Mr. Tregellis, with a tone of authority, at once stopped the conversation; he now began to sing the praises of Truro, which town we were now approaching, his native place and residence, the lovely scenery of the Fal, and all the beauties of the vicinity, much regretting the darkness of the night. As we drove into the town he pointed out to me the market-place and town-hall, now in progress, a fine building of granite. The town is particularly pretty, airy, and clean, each side of the street being provided with little streams. On taking leave he thus addressed us:

"Ladies, I must now bid you adieu. I have derived the greatest pleasure from this accidental meeting—a meeting, I trust, agreeable to both parties—and I flatter myself in having been in some slight degree useful to you. Should you on your return require any assistance, only ask for Mr. Tregellis, and I am at your service."

We bowed, and thanked him. His two sons were in waiting for him, whom he warmly greeted, and then left us.

"Ay, ay," said a man near us, whom I discovered to be a valet to a Quaker (strange anomaly), "pleasant man that, ladies; only inquire for 'the Mimic,' that's what we calls him, and anybody will tell you where he lives."

"Who is he?" said I.

"Oh, he's a kind of general merchant here, and often does business with my master. I know him well."

We now proceeded to Falmouth, where we slept; but night having now closed in, I could see nothing, and was only tantalised by being aware that we were in the midst of various beauties.

PARIS IN 1854.

THE progress of the Palace of Industry in the Champs Elysées, the improvements in the Bois de Boulogne, and the lengthening of the Rue de Rivoli, have been the chief novelties wherewith to delight the sight-seeking Parisians during 1854. If we were to judge by the almanacks for 1855, the progress of the war in the Black Sea and the White Sea, in the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland, have had the least possible *ressentiment*. Excepting in the "Almanach du Magasin Pittoresque," in which we have views of Cronstadt, Sebastopol, and Odessa—from, we suspect, English sources,—not a notice of the localities of the war, or of the triumphs of the Turks or their Allies, appears in the whole host of ephemeral records of the past and prophetic anticipations of the future. Is it possible that the censorship extends its unsparing sythe even to the record of passing events, which can be so tortured as to be supposed to have some remote affinity to politics? Alas, poor almanacks! they will soon be reduced to such small alternatives to amuse their patrons as we already see in the illustrations of our old friend the "Almanach Comique"—a young lady, representative of 1855, kicking out an old lady, the emblem of departing 1854; a Parisian with his feet in hot water, his face—once the pride of the Boulevards—enveloped in bandages, a basin of grael in his hand, and below the inscription, "A Parisian will find that the season of carnival is now much less lively than it was in his younger days;" a milk-woman adding flour to the water with which she dilutes her merchandise; a bridge to get over the macadam of the Boulevards; a more irascible than amiable Frenchman smashing a barometer, because it will intimate bad weather; and an elephant *unhissed* for watering gardens!

Upon the topic of the Bois de Boulogne, the failure of the water-supply constitutes a fertile theme for the sly sarcasms of the multitude. The height of the factitious mountains compelling the equestrians to push their horses up their steep acclivities from behind; and the romantic solitudes—the heights clad with pines, where bears rove undisturbed—and picturesque rocky turnings, favourable for the ambushade of real lions—are among other felicitous sources of amusing anticipations of new surprises.

The lengthening of the Rue de Rivoli is pleasantly represented by the introduction of a new fashion in garments—a train of sea-serpent-like length.

The "Exposition Universelle" has not suggested many good things: the hotel-keepers tearing an unfortunate traveller to pieces in their endeavours to secure him as a guest, is unfortunately neither new nor correct; for accommodation is not always so readily obtained in Paris on the occasion of a crowd.

The dog-days—dogs with padlocks for muzzles; ladies, in dread of hydrophobia, leading their pets with strings half a mile long; and shop-keepers watering the streets, the passers-by, and one another, seem still to be the horror of the Parisian; the disease of the grape and the potato are also popular subjects—the latter is cruelly represented as extending

itself to a lady's nose, which attains enormous potato-like dimensions under the influence of the malady belonging to her favourite eczemat. The railroads, and the Parisians at the sea-side, are themes also apparently not quite exhausted.

The Chinese appear to have created an immense sensation with their knife-game. We have them represented under a number of strange aspects: a wife returning home, and practising the game upon her unfortunate husband in bed—a Chinaman, less skilful than usual, transfixing his countryman through the eye—a Chaterton wanted to practise upon—Bilboquet in China, and a China ship stranded in the Bois de Boulogne and founding a colony there. The latter contains a double hit; one at the Chinese *furor*, the other at Paris as a seaport town: an ideal consummation devoutly wished for by all true Parisians, and, from the frequent playful recurrences to the same idea, evidently by no means as yet dismissed as infeasible or improbable. One, perhaps, of the prettiest notions is a gentleman saluting a water-nymph in the Bois de Boulogne:

"Dear me, Madame la Seine, how weary you appear to be."

"I may well be so; I am obliged now to go a long way out of my way, and am against my will obliged to traverse the wood of Boulogne."

The literary year is, as usual, chronicled by Jules Janin, who proclaims M. Villemain's life of M. de Narbonne, as given in his "*Souvenirs Contemporains*,"—and which we have introduced to the readers of the *New Monthly Magazine*—as "the true jewel, the fine pearl, and the most exquisite ornament of modern literature." M. Cousin's lives of Madame de Sable and of the Duchess of Longueville are spoken of in the same language of ecstatic praise. The same year has seen that indefatigable genius M. de Lamartine conclude his "*Constituants*," and four volumes of a "*History of Turkey*," written in a spirit of just gratitude. M. Guizot has also finished the third and fourth volumes of his "*History of the English Commonwealth*." The works of M. Arago are being compiled since his death, with "*An Autobiography*," which is spoken of in the highest possible terms. Michelet's "*Femmes de la Révolution*" is spoken of as a work replete with horrors, only partially redeemed by traits of heroism.

M. Amedée Pichot's "*Histoire de l'Abdication de Charles Quint*" is also spoken of, with justice, as a work of great research, which has dissipated many a fantastic and legendary tale connected with the emperor's monastic seclusion. M. Empis's "*Six Femmes de Henri VIII.*" is said to be written with considerable dramatic effect—possibly with more regard to such an effect than to historical accuracy. The notice of this work has won for us one of Jules Janin's own graphic touches, *à propos* of Holbein, whose canvas, the critic says, M. Empis would have done well to consult.

Ah! my poor Holbein, you were in the right, to begin by representing the Dance of Death on the bridge of Basle! No doubt you were trying your hand. You had a presentiment of all those fair heads that were to fall beneath the axe, which you were destined to admire and to grieve for so much. Holbein was the bearer of a letter from Erasmus to the Chancellor Sir Thomas More, one of Henry VIII.'s victims, and he arrived at the fatal moment when the English king, become the grand pontiff of his people, was overthrowing the monasteries, writing works on theology, modelling at his will the Catholic

dogma, and reducing to three the number of sacraments. He must have made a goodly figure in the midst of all these heroes of the Field of Cloth of Gold, this Hans Holbein, one to which the eye would have clung amid so many scandals and griefs. He represented the men and women of a court exposed to so many overwhelming vicissitudes with perfect liberty of mind; he traversed this asylum of suffering and murder himself exempt; he was the only happy man in that royal house where the scaffold was ever waiting its victims; he saw pass before his dazzled eyes those youthful beauties whom that barbarous king expelled from his bed by the axe, or by divorce. He himself, Holbein, became by his art and his talent the accomplice of that Anne of Cleves, whom the King of England sent for to his court to wed; and whom he repudiated a short time after (by act of Parliament), because, he said, she could only speak German, because she did not know music, and because she resembled nothing so much as a great Flemish mare, notwithstanding Holbein's portrait.

This great painter, who gains by his absence from M. Empis's descriptions, painted the portraits of Anne Boleyn, of Catherine of Aragon, and of Jane Seymour, who died the only happy death of all the women loved by Henry VIII.; he also painted Catherine Howard, niece of the Duke of Norfolk, and upon her ivory neck he remarked the black line, by which he foretold that that fine head would be given over to the executioner. He also painted the portrait of Lady Norfolk, who perished likewise on the scaffold; and he at length became impressed with the idea, that to be painted by him was a certain condemnation to death, and he resolved to paint no more. One day, while he was just finishing the portrait of an old gentleman and of his daughter on the same canvas, he saw them so calm and so confiding that he immediately tore the picture into a thousand pieces.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "you also shall not die!"

From seeing all his models perish, he ended by entertaining feelings of the deepest horror for their master and their executioner; and at length, when the plague assailed him, he deemed himself a happy man! Alas! he had come to London to seek a renown he would have found everywhere, and a fortune to which no one succeeded. He had seen almost every one who had sat to him die a violent death, and he himself died of the plague, as did Titian; his bones were cast into the corner of a cemetery, and when in the midst of the seventeenth century the Earl of Arundel wished to raise a monument to his memory, no one could find the remains of Hans Holbein!

M. Sainte Beuve has published the ninth volume of his admirable "Causeries du Lundi." M. Eugène Pelletan has, in a *feuilleton* of the *Siècle*, called "Le Pasteur du Désert," depicted with infinite feeling the sad events which attended upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Eugène Sue is said to have been less successful in his "Famille Joffroy"—the picture of a young girl, delicately brought up and well-born, wedding a convict, who beats her, and drags her into his own infamous circle and mal-practices, is, the critic justly remarks, carrying the love of the horrible beyond the bounds of good taste. Less objectionable in such a point of view are the "Portraits à la Plume," by M. Clement de Ris; the "Livre du Promeneur," by M. Lefevre Deumier, and "Paris Démoli," by M. Edouard Fournier. Among works of a still lighter description may also be noticed the "Trois Règles," by M. Xavier Saintine; the "Histoires de Village," by M. Alexandre Weil; the "Impressions et Symboles Rustiques," by M. Auguste Desplaces; the "Amoureux et Grands Hommes," by M. Emmanuel de Lerue; the "Nouvelles," of M. Paul Juillerat; the "Contes sans Prétention," of M. Alberic Second; the "Journal d'une Jeune Fille," by M. Arnould Frémy; "Adriani," by

George Sand; the "Filles du Feu," by Gérard de Nerval; and the "Contes d'Eté," by M. Champfleury. The last five works are the best of the past year in their particular line; but the apotheosis of George Sand's story is described as being open to criticism. A work of morality by M. Jules Simon, called "Le Devoir," is very highly spoken of; of a precisely opposite and of a very reprehensible character are three works—one by Madame Lafarge, another, yeleft the "Memoirs of Celeste Mogador," and a third published to show that Voltaire was a forger, a swindler, and a thief!

The public ran during the past year to see many new dramas, pompously announced for the first time, but the success seldom equalled the promises held forth. M. Ernest Serret's "Que dira le Monde?" had a run, but probably because the morality is essentially Parisian. A five-act tragedy failed because its authors—for, like most French pieces, more than one was concerned in its manufacture—had selected the barbarous and unknown epoch of Chilperic, who poisoned his legitimate wife in order to wed his servant; and of Albouin, King of the Lombards, who was poisoned by his wife Rosamond for having obliged her to drink out of the skull of her parent. The horrors of such times were too great even for the frequenters of the Odéon. A great drama produced at the Théâtre Français, called "Mademoiselle Aïssé," met with a very indifferent success, although the theme was as licentious as could have been desired by the most *roué habitué* of the Palais Royal. The two most successful pieces of the year were "La Joie fait Peur," by Madame Emile de Girardin, and "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," by Emile Augier and Jules Sandeau, both less reprehensible in point of plot, and tasteful and artistic in dialogue and development. "Deux Cœurs d'Or" also met with great and deserved success. Among the slighter pieces which succeeded in making a critical audience laugh, may be mentioned "Le Mari qui prend du Ventre;" "La Queue de la Poêle;" "Le Double Veuvage;" "Les Amoureux de ma Femme;" "Le Meûnier, son Fils et Jeanne;" "Mon Etoile!" by Scribe; and "Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Hiver." An epic poem called "Schamyl" also met with a favourable reception.

Needless to say, that all these minor successes paled before the great victory—the great triumph of the year, "L'Etoile du Nord," Meyerbeer's last and greatest work.

It is well known that numerous prophecies exist regarding the future of Constantinople—that great city of varied fortunes, where in our times Christianity combats to uphold an effete Muhammadanism. The "Almanach Prophétique" has compiled the following:

The first, which dates from the twelfth century, has been already realised. John Tzetzes, a Greek poet and grammarian, who was born at Constantinople in 1120, and died there in 1183, relates in his "Chiliades," or collection of divers histories, a very ancient oracle, delivered by a sybil, and thus conceived. "One day the wolves, by the will of Jupiter, will take possession of the country of the Bithynians; misfortunes will fall upon the men who inhabit the soil of Byzantium." The Turks fulfilled this oracle. This people, originally from a country in Western Tartary, watered by the river Irtysh, professed themselves to be descendants of a hero, who, the last of a great nation, wedded a she-wolf. By her he had ten sons, who all became chiefs of tribes. The one from whom descended the race of Seljukian Turks, called Azena, bore a wolf's head on his

standard in memory of his origin. It is evidently, therefore, the Turks whom the sybilline verses designate under the qualification of wolves.

Agathangelos, an Armenian historian, has left a prophecy often invoked by the Greeks in their struggles against their Ottoman conquerors: "The end of evils is promised for the year 54 or 65." The commentators adding 300 to this last number, made of it a cabalistic number, of which each day, according to them, should represent a year of Mussulman domination. By adding the sum of 365, thus obtained, to 1455, date of the capture of Constantinople, they came to the prediction that the restoration of the Greek empire—the end of evils—would take place in 1819. Events have shown that their calculation was not a correct one.

Under the emperor who succeeded to Constantine, the great square of Constantinople was adorned with a piece of sculpture which represented Belerophon combating the Chimera. An unknown hand engraved on the pedestal: "Constantinople will fall into the hands of a nation with light hair!" The Emperor Leon VI., surnamed the philosopher, who has left seventeen oracles in Greek iambic verses, also prophesies a similar fate to his country: "Court of Byzantium, house of the pious Constantine, Rome and Babylon, and a new Sion," he says, "it will be permitted to you to enjoy the empire three times and thrice a hundred years minus twenty. You will gather together like dust the gold of nations; you will rule upon all neighbouring countries; but a chrysogenous (golden-haired) nation will burn you up and destroy your empire. You will be as if you had never been." The prophet then announces that, after this terrible disaster, the dispersed Greeks will be re-united. "Byzantium," he adds, "will rule over nations in a better spirit than heretofore; she will be called the House of the Glory of God, and neighbouring nations will come and prostrate themselves before her."

Other oracles of a similar tendency are quoted, and this presentiment that Constantinople is destined to fall before a northern power, took so firm a hold of the Greeks, always prone to philosophical discussions, that it became quite popular, and has perpetuated itself to our own times. The city of Constantinople fell, it is true, in the thirteenth century into the hands of Baldwin, Count of Flanders, to whom the epithet of chrysogenous might be made to apply; but the Greeks do not appear to have ever associated the prophecy of the Emperor Leon to the crusaders; for many ages they have looked upon the Russians as the destined conquerors. It might be thought that the constant struggle of Russians and Turks suggested this idea, but this does not appear to be the case, for Jacob Spon, in his "*Travels in the Levant*" (Lyons, 1678), which preceded the first attacks of the Turks upon the Sultans, speaks of this interpretation of the prophecy as generally received by the Greeks.

This oracle, if we are to believe also the reports of other travellers, has for a long time past excited the apprehensions of the Turks, who have themselves a strong bias towards superstition. The Russians have accepted it with an enthusiasm easy to conceive, and they have found other prophecies which not only confirm that of the Byzantine emperor, but give to it a definite solution by fixing the epoch in which we live as the period of its accomplishment.

Among these prophecies is one written, in 1604, by an astrologer of Valencia, Francesco Navarro, in a work entitled "*Discurso sobre la Grande Conjunction*." In the absence of the original text, which we have not been able to consult, we offer our readers an extract given by the missionary François Quaresmius, in the narrative of his journey in the East: "*Elucidatio Terræ Sanctæ*." Antwerp, 1639. 2 vols. in folio.

"I had got so far, and was thinking how to resolve the difficulties of the question, when a little work came into my hands written in Spanish, by a certain Doctor F. Navarro, of Valencia, with the following title: '*Discourse upon the great Conjunction*,' which took place in December, in the year 1603. In this work the author treats of our subject in a remarkable manner, and

establishes by astrology, by the prophecies of the Moors, and by the authority of the ecclesiastical doctors, several propositions, the first of which is to the effect that the sects of Muhammad and their followers, more particularly the empire of the Turks, will come to an end, in the spiritual order as well as in the temporal order, in the space of 251 years."

As Doctor Navarro wrote in 1604, adds Quaresmius, it is about the year 1855 that the empire of the Turks and the Muhammadan superstition will come to an end. And the author proves this astronomically by the celestial signs and conjunction of stars, by the olden prophecies of the Moors themselves, and lastly, by the predictions of the saints.

Quaresmius then enters into long details in proof of the correctness of this prophecy, and he concludes by saying:

"Articulus quartus : Hoc regnum et secta penitus destructa et abolita erunt Anno Domini 1854 vel 1856."—This kingdom and its sects shall be entirely destroyed and abolished in the year of our Lord 1854 or 1856.—Loco Citat. t. i. p. 264.

The 59th quatrain of the eighth century of Nostradamus appears to apply itself to the present war :

Par deux fois haut, par deux fois mis à bas,
L'Orient aussi, l'Occident faiblira.
Son adversaire, après plusieurs combats
Par mer chassé, au besoing faiblira.

Father Louis Maimbourg, in a "History of the Greek Schism" (1686, 4to), expresses himself as follows :

"The Easterns are in the attitude of expectation ; traditions have taught them that a king of the Franks will be at once their saviour and their conqueror."

In a small work, printed in 1840, M. Henri Dujardin notices the following prophecy, which has already been partially realised, and which is extracted from a record dating 1550, and is dedicated to Mathias King of Hungary :

"The Christians will traverse the seas with a spontaneous impulse, and with such great rapidity, and with so many troops, that it will appear as if all Christianity was flying to the East. The faith of our Saviour Jesus Christ shall have passed into the provinces of the East, the creed of Muhammad shall cease."

An ancient rhymed prophecy of the eleventh century was published in 1843, in the "Mémoires et Prophéties du Petit Homme Rouge ;" it was as follows :

Envieux de Constantinopolis,
Il enverra ses fureux Cosaques,
Tuera Moldaves et Valaques,
De Mahomet domptant les fils.

Bretagne, Autriche, et France unies,
Chassant Russiens de Stamboul;
Ceux-ci changeant de batteries,
Iront s'emparer de Kaboul.

We may perhaps class among secondary prophecies these words of Jean Jacques Rousseau :

"The day will come when the empire of Russia will want to subjugate the world."

And this passage, in the twenty-third chapter of the "Grandeur et Décadence des Romains," by Montesquieu :

"The empire of the Turks is at present in pretty nearly the same state of debility as that of the Greeks was before it ; but it will last a long time ; for if any prince whatsoever should put the empire in danger, for the sake of conquest, the commercial powers of Europe are too well aware of their true interests not to take up its defence at once."

On the road from Paris to Vincennes, half-way between the *Barrière du Trône* and the castle, there is a public-house with the inscription—"A la tourelle." From the garden of this house a gateway leads into the wood of Vincennes. If the pathway that opens at this spot is followed for a short distance, it will be found to terminate at a point where several paths meet, called formerly *Rond-point de Notre Dame de Lorette*, afterwards *Rond-point Caroline*, but now known as *Rond-point de l'Etang*. At this place there is a niche cut out in the wall, and in it a statue of the Virgin, so coarsely executed as scarcely to attract the attention of the passer-by. Yet it was at this spot that St. Louis distributed justice, and heard, seated at the foot of an oak-tree, the complaints of his subjects, no matter what their condition or means. The neighbouring peasantry have been in the habit of making pilgrimages to the same place. But what is more curious is, that a holy stone, which had been preserved in the interior of the Castle of Vincennes ever since the reign of Philippe Auguste up to the year 1794, was deposited in that year at the foot of the Madonna, in order to escape the fury of the revolutionists. Historical reminiscences of the most remarkable character are said to attach themselves to this monument, and which the compiler of those reminiscences designates as the most precious relic of Christianity :

In 1191, Guy de Lusignan, the ninth Christian King of Jerusalem, despairing of ever recovering his kingdom, which he had lost a year before, notwithstanding the aid of Kings Philippe Auguste and Richard Cœur de Lion, who only succeeded in rescuing him from the hands of the Sultan Saladin, he assumed the government of the island of Cyprus, recently subjugated by the King of England.

During the brief duration of his reign at Jerusalem, Lusignan had a stone transported to his palace, which enjoyed a great reputation, inasmuch as it was said to have served for twenty years as a seat for Jesus Christ, as was shown by an inscription in Hebrew partly effaced, but to the following effect :

"Jesus our Saviour sat upon this stone for more than twenty years : he who shall respect it shall live ; he who shall despise it shall perish."

Guy de Lusignan, fearing that in the state in which the inscription was, that it would soon become illegible, had it translated into Latin, and deeply engraved on the other side of the stone. When he went to Cyprus he took it with him, and at his death, his nephew, Clovis Lusignan, had it conveyed according to his wishes to the castle of Vincennes, where it was deposited in the hands of Charlemagne Bodias, senior chaplain to the chapel. The latter placed it in a box of cedar, and at his decease, in 1225, his successor found a MS., in which he bade him pay due respect himself to the holy talisman, and make others respect it in the same manner. The successive chaplains obeyed the injunctions of their predecessor, but they did not make their trust known to the piety of the Faithful till the year 1429.

At that epoch the English were masters of the greater part of the territory of France ; and the King of France, Charles VII., confined with his court at Chinon, had no hopes but in the intervention of the virgin warrior of Domremy, whose aid he had just accepted. Theodore de Bry, then chaplain of Vincennes, had the happy idea of having recourse, also, to the intervention of the holy stone. He repaired to Chinon, presented himself to the king, related to him the history of the relic of Vincennes, and persuaded him to pay homage to the sacred monolithe. The king wished to follow this advice, but the representations of his court, that by so doing he might expose himself to being captured by the enemy, caused him to change his mind, and to depute Lahire to represent him in the pilgrimage. The latter started at once, accompanied by Agnes Sorel, who had insisted upon being allowed to offer up her prayers for

the king. On their arrival at Vincennes, the holy stone was transported into the choir of the chapel, a solemn mass was celebrated, and Eloy Bodran, a celebrated predicator of the time, related the history of the sacred relic from the pulpit, glorifying at the same time the heroism and the virtues of Jeanne d'Arc. The ceremony over, the envoys kneeled before the relic, Lahire depositing upon it first the king's sword, of which he was the bearer, and then his own; after which they returned the next day to Chinon.

This took place on the 25th of March, 1429; fifteen days afterwards Charles VII. took the field, Jeanne d'Arc having obliged the English to raise the siege of Orleans. The French army from that moment marched from success to success, and on the 17th of July, as had been foretold by the prophecies of Jeanne d'Arc and Theodore Bry, Charles was consecrated at Rheims.

Unfortunately the king was ungrateful to the holy monolith; during the thirty years that followed his consecration, he never once visited it. His end was in consequence most miserable. He allowed himself to perish of hunger at fifty-eight years of age. His son, Louis XI., exhibited the same indifference, and the miraculous stone remained unnoticed in one of the rooms of the castle till the year 1779, when Cyriaque Gabin succeeded to the chaplaincy.

This holy man, remarkable alike for his piety and his charity, resolved to restore to the relic the worship to which it had such pre-eminent claims. To effect this, he gave publicity to its history and its miraculous virtues, and on Easter-day, 1784, it was exposed in the chapel, and remained from that time till the revolution an object of veneration to all pious persons, who came in crowds in pilgrimage to the holy shrine.

Cyriaque Gabin had been for some time engaged upon works relating to prophecy; and the 3rd of June, 1793, he was putting the last hand to a volume entitled the "*Vrai Chemin de la Vérité*," when he was warned by an inhabitant of Vincennes, named Viénot, that the report of his arrest was current in the town; Cyriaque Gabin replied, that his conscience was clear, and that he should remain where he was. But immediately after the departure of Viénot he made several packets of his papers and buried them under one of the boards of the flooring of his study.

The next day the commissary of police, Guillard, the same who a few days after took an active part in the interrogation of Charlotte Corday, on the occasion of the assassination of Marat, arrived at the castle of Vincennes accompanied by a gaoler and an agent, bearer of a writ to capture the body of Cyriaque Gabin, accused of corresponding with the emigrants. An hour afterwards Cyriaque saw the gates of the Conciergerie close upon him. He, however, only remained there three days, a very remarkable thing at that epoch. His liberty restored to him, Cyriaque fulfilled the duties of his holy ministry as before, till he received a letter, in which information was conveyed to him that his mother, who lived at Marseilles, was dying, and requested his attendance. Cyriaque left his post, but found on his arrival at Marseilles that his mother was dead. He was never heard of since, and it is probable that he quitted France. His papers, discovered some years afterwards, became the property of the commandants of the fortress, who paid no attention to them, till they caught the eye of M. Ledéser, secretary of the commandant Harel; and it is from the notes of his son that we derive the details which have gone before and which are to follow.

Early one morning in the month of March, 1794, a hackney coach brought four men to Vincennes, who asked in the name of the National Convention to speak to the commandant of the castle, an old invalid officer. The latter hastened to meet his visitors, with the greater despatch when he heard their names—Robespierre, Saint Just, Couthon, and Bouchotte. He conducted them over the fortress, the details of which they examined with the greatest minuteness. Arrived at the chapel, as Robespierre was looking at the painted windows with manifest admiration, Bouchotte remarked that the place would

make an excellent armoury. His companions approved of the notion, and the chapel was converted into a magazine from that time till 1814.

As the four Conventionals were leaving the place, the old commandant said that he had forgotten to show them the holy stone.

"What! a holy stone! What do those words signify in the mouth of an old soldier?" exclaimed Robespierre, with an expression of profound contempt.

"I speak the truth, citizen," replied the veteran, with a dignified aspect. And he then related to Robespierre and to his friends the facts as we have narrated there, offering at the same time to show them the unquestionable testimony by which they were authenticated.

But Robespierre, interrupting him, said, in a threatening manner: "Enough of these mummeries! How do you dare to try our patience and our credulity to such a point! Look, and read." And with his right hand he pointed to the inscription recently put up on the chapel front—"The French people recognise the existence of the Supreme Being and the Immortality of the Soul." "Remember," he added, in a gloomy, threatening tone, "that all religion is comprised in that sentence, and that all other beliefs are superstitions, unworthy of a civilised people and of free men."

And the Conventionals re-entered their conveyance, leaving the commandant astonished and indignant. A few days afterwards he received an order from the Minister of War to give up his command, and to repair to the *Hôtel des Invalides*.

He prepared to obey at once, but resolved, previous to his departure, to hide the talisman in some place of safety. To this effect he had a hole dug at the foot of the wall where the statue of Notre Dame de Lorette was placed, and the relic was deposited therein, wrapped in cloth.

A few months after this transaction, Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just had been overtaken by the justice of Providence. As to Bouchotte, he was reduced to the position of a poor guardian of a city gate, and he died in misery.

Thus was accomplished the first part of the prophecy—

"Whosoever shall despise me shall perish."

Every one knows the history of the Mallet conspiracy, and the unhappy end of the conspirators. Only one amongst them, Colonel Rabb, escaped with his life. Rabb was married; his wife, immediately upon the arrest of her husband, repaired to Mademoiselle Lenormand, who at that time enjoyed great renown as a fortune-teller.

"The father of the child which you bear in your bosom," said the Pythoness, "lies under an accusation which entails capital punishment! But comfort yourself—he will not die. You are ever present in his thoughts. He appears at this very moment to be indicating a holy spot which is known to you, and where you can both meet. You had better go there without further delay."

Madame Rabb, bathed in tears, thanked the fortune-teller, and, hastening away, got into a carriage and hurried off to the spot where lay the monolith from the Holy Land. Neither wind nor rain—for these events occurred on the 18th of October, 1812, when the weather was both cold and wet—stopped her for a moment. The next day she in vain attempted to get into the prison to see her husband; but, more fortunate than the wives and relatives of the other accused, she was enabled to get an interview with the empress, who received her kindly, and the capital punishment to which Rabb had been condemned was commuted into perpetual imprisonment; he only remained, however, two years in prison, the events of 1814 restoring him to his wife and to liberty.

The "*Almanach Astrologique*" gives the lives of the most celebrated sorcerers of antiquity, among them of Simon, who called himself the

Messiah—of Merlin the Enchanter—and of the licentiate Torralba. The sketch of the British sorcerer is the most picturesque :

Merlin has no existence save in the romances of chivalry; it is especially to Ariosto and to Cervantes that he owes his celebrity. He is placed in the fifth century in Armorican Bretagne, and is the most perfect type of the enchanter of the middle ages.

His mission has nothing fantastic or vague in it; it has a noble object, that of defending Breton nationality, as Velleda defended his. Merlin was immortal; memorials of him are met with daring almost the whole of the middle ages. History, poetry, legends and romances rival one another in celebrating his feats, and are constantly invoking the same great patriotic figure.

Merlin more particularly delighted in roving in gloomy forests abounding in memorials of the Druids; he generally rode a stag, which could transport him in an instant to a considerable distance; a wolf that hunted for him supplied him plentifully with game; the water of the purest springs constituted his drink.

He more particularly favoured the forest of Broceliande when he was not at the court of King Arthur, or with him in the camp or the field of battle. He was one day wandering in this wood so favoured by him, when he met a young woman of the most dazzling beauty.

At the sight of her Merlin was thunderstruck, and almost in ecstasies; but recovering himself, he said: "Sweet lady, condescend to listen to me, and I will tell you marvellous secrets; be friendly to me, and I will make you powerful and happy among all that are most powerful and most happy. If you wish for flowers, I will make such grow in the midst of snows; if you wish to be eternally beautiful, I will prepare for you unguents that shall never lose the virtue of driving away wrinkles."

The fair unknown only replied to these advances with a smile of incredulity.

Merlin, to prove his power, struck the earth with his wand, and a magic forest arose at once, embalmed in flowers sparkling with lakes and cascades, filled with the songs of the linnet and the nightingale, and illumined with fantastic lights.

Viviane—that was the name of the beautiful maiden—could not remain insensible to so much power and gallantry, and she consented to meet the enchanter again. What took place at that second interview in the forest of Broceliande is unknown; but the lion had his claws out, and his teeth extracted. Viviane obtained from Merlin the secret of his power; she then opposed her power to his, and paralysed the force of the enchanter by her charms.

O love, thou lost Troy and Merlin! The conquered enchanter felt that his reign was over, and that he must prepare to quit a world where his power was for ever gone. He repaired to King Arthur to bid him a last farewell. He then went to Master Blaise, who had brought him up, and said to him:

"Master, I am going away for ever. I leave you a great task; it is to collect the facts and the deeds of my life, to inscribe all my prophecies on the future, and consign them to a work which shall be the light of future generations."

Master Blaise promised to do this, and kept his word; the book was written and preserved. These prophecies were, like those of the great Nostradamus in France, the oracles of England during the middle ages. But before disappearing, Merlin wished to see his beloved Viviane once more.

They met again in the same dark forest of Broceliande. The enchanter was thoughtful and melancholy; his smiles were veiled in tears, and his caresses impressed with sorrow and grief. Viviane divined the sad cause, and, suspecting that her lover was about to leave her, she assumed her tenderest voice and her most irresistible smiles.

"O, my lord," she said, "does there exist a means of keeping any one a prisoner without putting him in irons, and without confining him to a prison?"

"Yes," answered Merlin, "my beautiful Viviane! Take this phial, put it in your girdle, and it will acquire the property of building in a moment walls that shall never crumble."

This said, Viviane and Merlin continued their melancholy walk. Towards evening the enchanter felt tired, and wished to sit down. It was spring-time, the evening was fine and warm, violets embalmed the pure air, the perriwinkle clothed the ground with its glossy leaves and flowers of celestial blue; the hawthorn covered the shrubs with its roseate snow of odoriferous blossoms. Merlin lay beneath one of those fragrant bushes in fatal security.

Viviane took her girdle from her waist, and traced with it a circle round the enchanter. Then using the phial, there rose up upon that circle a tower without an opening, which enclosed the too credulous Merlin and keeps him there till the end of ages.

From that time henceforth Viviane no longer left the forest of Broceliande. Sometimes under one form, sometimes under another, she still never ceases to watch at the foot of that immortal tower, constantly shaded by branches which never fade, which the frosts respect, and which singing-birds frequent the whole year round.

As to Merlin, he is always there living and captive, and notwithstanding the embalmed home that Viviane has created for him, the traveller wandering in the deep glades of the forest hears his plaintive voice mingling with that of the wind and the storms.

The "Almanach Comique" prophesies for the year 1855, among other things, an insurrection among cooks and other domestics against such tradesmen as persist in refusing a New Year's gratuity. A clipper will arrive at the Bois de Boulogne; Paris will become more and more a seaport. The Academy will decide that the *bœuf gras* of next Carnival shall be called Psammeticus. The Queen of Saba and the Princess of Trebizond will arrive in Paris. Having learnt that Paris has become a seaport, a shoal of herrings will arrive by way of the Seine. Having attained his majority, the hippopotamus of the Garden of Plants will present a petition to the director to permit of his being married. The functionary in question will be thereby placed in a state of great embarrassment. A celebrated romancer will take an engagement limiting his productiveness to fifty volumes a year. Gold deposits will be discovered in the regions of Saint Chaumont. The *queue* of persons going into the Crystal Palace will extend to the Place de la Bastille; an Englishman will give fifty pounds sterling for a place at the corner of the Rue Montmartre. It was calculated that he would reach the palace in twenty-four hours. Places at the Rue Royale will sell at two thousand francs. At the horticultural exhibition prizes will be given for rose-coloured cucumbers and blue roses. An angler will hook a salmon under the arches of the Pont Royal. Gentlemen who are endowed with personal gifts will continue to abuse the same by fascinating the ladies on the Boulevards. The porpoise will be domesticated, to save people from drowning and shipwreck. There being no clown at the fair of St. Cloud, Bilboquet, full of devotion to the cause, will return to his first scenic triumphs. An engineer of London will invent a means of superseding smoke. An inhabitant of Paris will petition that colds and catarrhs shall be suppressed. The Chinese insurrection will continue as

heretofore—Nankin will be captured by the rebels, but Peking will be recaptured by the imperial troops.

The police courts have furnished fewer characteristic specimens of the *gamin* and the *gueux* tribe during the past year than usual. Here is one of the best that we have stumbled upon :

M. de Nucingen was introduced into the dock. His politeness prevented him going first ; he invited the officer to pass in ; the latter refused. M. de Nucingen insisted, the officer persisted, and M. de Nucingen appeared to be quite scandalised to see his civilities thus lost upon his attendant. Before taking his seat he bowed to the court, not omitting the bar, the clerk, and the reporters ; he then cast a longing eye over the audience ; which done, he smoothed down the frill of his shirt—a black, crumpled, worn-out frill, but still a frill !

The President—You have no profession ?

M. de Nucingen—I beg your pardon a thousand times, Mr. Chancellor.

The President—What is it ?

M. de Nucingen—I play the part of Marquis.

The President—This is not the place to trifle.

M. de Nucingen—Heaven preserve me ! I am a marquis—in songs, you understand, with big sous in them, to throw into the windows. I have broken many a pane of glass.

The President—Yes, you have been a ballad-singer in the streets, but that is many years ago ; your licence was taken from you because you were always drunk.

M. de Nucingen—My medical adviser had ordered me to drink milk ; and every one knows that the milk of artists is wine.

The President—Come, you have no place of residence ?

M. de Nucingen—As I had the honour to inform you, I put two sous into my songs ; some people were honest enough to throw me back only one ; and that rascally big drum ! Ah, it is not all clover in the life of a marquis.

The President—So that you have no means of existence ?

M. de Nucingen—Oh, yes, I have reflected in gaol ; the *lock* system grieved me very much at first, but if it has its *drawbacks* it has also its advantages. I have an idea ; if you let me off, I will turn glazier ; and if I can only get the job of putting in the panes wherever I break them, my fortune is made, and I will found an hospital.

The court condemned the accused to fifteen days' confinement.

M. de Nucingen bowed to the court, the bar, and the clerk, offered a pinch of snuff to the gaoler, who refused it, and then to the officer, who pushed him rather unceremoniously out of the dock. As he passed out of court, "Here's the glazier!" were the last words heard.

Here is a young man bit with the prevailing Oriental epidemic :

Mortadelle is eighteen years of age, and this is the fifth time that he has appeared before the correctional police. When only eight years old he was condemned to six years' imprisonment, and he has only just been emancipated from three months' for picking pockets.

The President—Your profession ?

Mortadelle—Mason ; no, carpenter.

The President—Come, which of the two ?

Mortadelle—Carpenter ; no, mason ; say mason—carpenter, or carpenter-mason.

The President—You have two occupations ?

Mortadelle—I have two.

The President—You would do better to have only one, and to follow it.

Mortadelle—I do not say no, I do not say yes, for the proverb says we must have two strings to our bow.

The President—Let us go on. You are accused with being a vagabond.

Mortadelle—They always warn me too late. They arrest me first, and then tell me I am accused with being a vagabond, without giving me the opportunity of finding a lodging. I call that absurd.

The President—Come, now, no equivocation. You went into a public-house, you had meat and drink served to you to the amount of nineteen sous, and then you ran away without paying.

Mortadelle—I had not a sou.

The President—Why did you incur an expense which you knew you could not meet?

Mortadelle—Because I was hungry and thirsty. Birds have no money, and yet they eat and drink, and no one accuses them with robbery.

The President—You was arrested and led to the guard-house, where you stole two volumes which belonged to the corporal of the guard, and hid them under your blouse.

Mortadelle—Well, that is not a punishable offence.

The President—What, not punishable, an inexcusable robbery?

Mortadelle—It was theory and practice. Why did I take the books? It was to read them. Why did I read them? It was to learn from them. Why did I wish to learn? Because I wished to enlist. Why did I wish to enlist? That I might go and thrash the Russians. Why did I wish to thrash the Russians? That I might defend the Turks. Why did I—

The President—And did you think that they would admit into the army a man with your antecedents?

Mortadelle—They say that fire purifies all things, that is why I wished to go.

The President—Well, then, know that men of your description are not admitted into the army.

Mortadelle—What a pity! I did so wish to see Constantinople!

The would-be recruit was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

TO THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, ON HIS MARRIAGE.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

WHILST the new Goths, in many a Cossack horde,
 Slaves to the ambition of the ruthless Czar,
 Lay waste his neighbour's realms with fire and sword,
 Glad nuptial shouts outswell the din of war.
 Sovereign! tho' young in years, in wisdom old,
 Drive back the invader from *thy* Danube's floods,
 Back to their steppes and icy solitudes,
 And thy sons' sons shall bless thee. Rise! Awake!
 Or fall for ever! Join the Western band
 Of brothers harnessed to uphold the weak:
 Thy country's altars, hearths, thy native land,
 All Europe's independence is the stake—
 Prove not in vain struck down the Assassin's hand!

LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. XXV.—HANNAY'S "SATIRE AND SATIRISTS."*

CLEVER and entertaining a book on the Satirists is pretty sure to be by the author of "Singleton Fontenoy," "Biscuits and Grog," "Sand and Shells," &c. He is himself blessed or cursed with satirical tendencies, which evidently, and to his signal credit, he keeps under bit and bridle. Mr. Hannay could, obviously, put a good deal of gall into his ink if he liked, and make his penmanship very black indeed. There is gall in his ink, but that not much: rather he is careful to counteract it by an infusion of the milk of human kindness—an item not much in request for the satirist's ordinary mixture. Let not those gentle souls, therefore, whose kind nature shrinks instinctively, and on principle, from the perusal of books by or concerning satire and satirists,—let them not reject Mr. Hannay's little volume, the pervading spirit of which they will find in harmony, despite a discord here and there, with their own charity and good-will towards men.

Mr. Hannay can write so well, and is in command of a style so much to the purpose, that—be this enforced *imprimis*, and so "done with"—it were highly desirable he were less of an imitator. It is all very well, for us petty scribblers, who have nothing a month to say, and who say it,—who are dependent upon some opulent author's alms-basket of words—it is all very well for us to copy the style of another in order to attract a hearing for ourselves: but why should the author of "Singleton Fontenoy," who can afford to act out his independence, and is rich enough to keep a style of his own, be found essaying, again and again, a hit, a very palpable hit, of direct imitation? He might, indeed, have chosen a worse model than Mr. Thackeray; nay, considering the scope and subject of his discourse, it might have been hard for him to fix on a better. But why not be self-sufficing in this matter? Admirer as he is of Mr. Thackeray, he is no indiscriminating one; witness his dissent from that distinguished writer's portraiture of Swift. But how closely he affects the *Pendennis* mannerism, let an excerpt or two from the present volume bear pretty explicit evidence.

Of Erasmus, for instance, he says: "I am not going to set up Erasmus as a very lofty kind of man before you. He is not one whom you feel any disposition to worship. I make my bow to him, and do him honour; but I do not stand uncovered, or impressed with any reverential awe before him. Only we must appreciate and love him too. We must remember that he was luminous, genial, generous, brotherly. Let us begin, then, by pitying him, in so far as he deserves our pity," &c.

Well said, be it allowed, both as to matter and manner; but whose is the manner? The lecturer is laudably and healthily addicted to simplicity of style; but may he not, does he not, *affect* a certain order of it, until we almost forget the simplicity in the affectation? One man's

* *Satire and Satirists. Six Lectures.* By James Hannay. London: Bogue. 1854.

nature may be another man's art. And too obviously so, if the other man has not, and possibly would reject, the *ars celare artem*.

But our cynical philosophy must be based on induction. So, to quote again.

Speaking of Dryden's marriage with the Lady Elizabeth Howard, the lecturer observes: "If we could look into that house in Gerrard-street, Soho (five doors from Newport-street, on the left hand,—I have peered at it with interest many a time), as it existed when John was there, and the back of it looked out on the gardens of Lord Leicester's house, we should see some odd squabbles, perhaps. I fancy that the brothers 'in trade' did not present themselves there when her ladyship was in one of her moods, and particularly when she was on good terms with her family, and Sir Robert or the Honourable Edward was coming."

In the next we have thorough Thackeray to the letter, though aught but Thackeray in the spirit: "Poor woman!" exclaims Mr. Hannay, Swift's Vanessa being on the carpet—"she flew like the moth to the lamp,—it is not the lamp's fault. But we are to pity her and love her, if we like; and pity and admire Stella too; only let us keep ourselves in a state of moderation about the poor lonely Dean, whom they would love in spite of his destiny; and go and behave well to our own Stellas and Vanessas, if we are happy enough to get them." Surely this is almost exactly how Mr. Thackeray would, and what he would *not*, have written on the same vexed question.

Here, again, is a second-hand picture, lively and graphic enough to indicate first-hand skill:—it is a description of the social anomalies of our "Augustan" age: "Your Harleys, and your St. Johns (not to mention a crew whose names live only in epigrams and in peerages), parcel out everything amongst themselves. It is like a Saturnalian feast, where the slaves have the good things, and their masters wait upon them. That is the effect of looking at the Queen Anne period to me. Davus takes the chair; Leno is opposite him; Gulosus is beside them: and at these orgies of power and plunder, who are the waiters? Jonathan Swift advises the direction of the whole; Mat Prior comes tumbling in with the wine; Joseph Addison says grace, and helps the carving, with his sleeves turned up; Mr. Pope sings. A scandalous spectacle, and absurd feast, indeed! And how shall we understand what makes Swift ferocious and gloomy, if we don't remember the nature of it?"

One is driven to the somewhat musty similitude, Cæsar and Pompey very much 'like: specially Pompey. Coleridge said that Chantrey's bust of Wordsworth was more like than Wordsworth himself. Mr. Hannay has a kindred gift of hyperbolic verisimilitude. One example more. When Swift came into the world of politics, "the evil of his position was instantaneously felt. The 'Irish parson,' the ex-dependent of Temple,—they treated him in every way but in a genuine and manly one. They flattered him, they feared him; but they looked on him as an Aladdin, about whom the best thing was his wonderful lamp. They liked Aladdin to come to dinner, and bring his lamp along with him, you know!* He tells you himself, that the Lord-Treasurer affected to be

* Mr. Hannay's far too liberal use of the mark of admiration, expedient as the one in the text *suprà* may perhaps be, is a characteristic not caught from Mr.

sulky and distant one day, after having been friendly the last. Swift took him to task at once; and told him that he must not treat *him* like a boy. He had had enough of that with Temple, when he was young and poor, and only beginning to feel his strength. He tells us so. He had to make that all clear to my Lord-Treasurer,—whose ears must have tingled when he found himself set right on a point of breeding."—But enough to illustrate Mr. Hannay's skill in adaptation of style, and to show that although he has chosen a good model, and trodden closely in his steps—that although του 'αγαθου μιμητης γεγομε, yet a μιμητης to a provoking degree he certainly is. It would not be provoking, were he not so evidently entitled to take higher rank than attaches to any mimetic art.

The manner in which Mr. Hannay expresses and, so to say, illuminates his meaning, is often fresh and pleasantly fanciful. His images are quaint and telling, sometimes quite felicitous in the way of novelty and suggestiveness. Thus he makes it his especial business to show that the great Satirists have been good and lovable men—avoiding, he says, the too common mistake of supposing Satire to be like a certain poison known to the ancients, which best retained its properties when carried in an ass's hoof. He claims to deal with great men, who would never have known scorn if they had not known love; whose natures foamed into excitement at contact with the base, as the old Venetian glass cracked when the poison was poured into it. Of the Latin Satirists he affirms, that as long as any human society shall have impostors and rogues triumphant, the shades of these dead old Romans will be found stirring, like *banshees*, near them, and prognosticating doom. Such are by no means the stock similes of the lecture-room—indeed a little too recondite, perhaps, for lecture-room applause. So, again, we are told that Erasmus's light of intellect, a scientific and not spiritual light, was to him, within his church, a Davy's safety-lamp, which he carried safely through all sorts of foul atmosphere, doing his work without explosions, and deserving credit for what work he did. Donne's mind is aptly likened to some costly, dark-hued, solemn church-garment, embroidered with flowers, and with threads of brilliant wit woven into it: the surface is brilliant, but the whole awes you, and the effect is saintly. Boileau's image, calm and majestic, was set up by the French classical party, to receive the barbarians, like the old Roman senators sitting in their curule chairs. Of Swift, again, and his life of gloom, Mr. Hannay says, Hercules had the poisoned shirt on him all his life,—and repeats from "Singleton Fontenoy" the comparison of the Dean's celebrity to the Tower of Pisa, far from straight to the eye, but true for all that to the law of gravitation, and able to stand firm, and defy breeze and rain. An Irish agitator, ill at ease in his Dublin seclusion, the Dean is likened to the giant under Ætna, who, when he moved himself, set going a volcano of fire and mud. And once more, the same Very Reverend Satirist is said, on the strength of his ver-

Thackeray, and will bear retrenchment with the happiest effect. His sentences tell well enough without this obtrusive and unpleasantly demonstrative superfluity at the tag-end. They need no such tall flunkey behind their chair, to proclaim their importance. Give this "Jeames" notice, by all means, Mr. Hannay: you can do much better without him. At the least he might be taken down a peg or two.

satirity or comprehensiveness in all the functions of satire, to include in himself, like the Trojan horse, many different fighting men. Churchill's is called a famous name, dimmed, but still hanging up, and looking like the V. R.'s, and other letters, the day after an illumination,—distinguishable to read, though the glory of the light has gone from it. And, to give a concluding illustration, and a choice one withal, of Mr. Hannay's imagery, our old English satires he describes as being of a very fossilised appearance, just now, affecting you as old spear-heads dug up from a moss do. "What old rusty nails are these, which once made the blood spurt from the crucified malefactor! . . . We can approach these terrible libellers of old days now, as we look at the wasps and deadly insects in a museum, fingering them without the least fear of that sting which set the flesh quivering two hundred years ago. Here lies, for instance, poor John Cleveland, pinned to his card, with a little memorandum, 'Royalist Satirist; old specimen; presented by the seventeenth century.' A touch of fancy, however, and we see the purpled and dyed wings flutter, and the active body moving again."*

In the earlier lectures Mr. Hannay makes it his business to choose his Satirists for their relation to history, and their influence on mankind—showing how Roman society had its Horace and Juvenal; mediæval corruption its Erasmus, its Lindsay, and its Buchanan; the *Ego et Rex Meus* Cardinalate its Skelton; the absurdities of French taste their Boileau; and some of the bad men of Charles II.'s time their Dryden. Horace is hit off with a few happy strokes, and we see him strolling along the Sacred Way, "a little pudgy dark man, with somewhat weak eyes, and a slovenly, sauntering, abstracted gait"—and we get the character of him as a good-natured elegant-minded man of the world, with no very high views of nature or life, but quite free from cant. Juvenal is duly accredited with a fund of "poetic pathos, and moral reflections, worthy of the gravest and purest souls"—as a satirist unsurpassed by any in sheer wit, brave manliness, hot eloquence and energy—by no means so polite as Horace, but with a deeper laugh—relieving and redeeming his coarse sallies and his fierce jests by the sudden utterance of "quite startling moral aphorisms; while at times there comes from him a kind of prophetic wail, that touches the heart more than any laughter." The base of Erasmus's character is defined to be "worldly good sense"—his soul dwelt "in a mild, healthy, classic region of good sense and cheerfulness"—and we are treated to more than one of the familiar specimens of the "sharp rays of witty light he threw out aslant the clouds in those troublous and stormy times." Then comes Buchanan with his more preemptory scorn and his deeper moral nature, and his compatriot

Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King-at-arms,

"a warm-hearted, truth-loving gentleman, who took up Satire half as an amateur," yet did yeoman's service with it in his day and generation. And then we have the great Monsieur Boileau, who is characterised as a satirist of society, and a brilliant wit, rather than a satirical reformer or a deep-hearted humorist—his epigrams gleaming among common-places

* See "Lectures," pp. 5, 77, 116, 118, 152, 174, 185, 203, 205.

and conventionalism, with a Vauxhall sort of light—himself, on the whole, "a cutting, but not a bitter or bloody satirist," whose "blows, sharp, pungent, and annoying, have a good deal of the effect of a pea-shooter." What would Messieurs of the Academy in Nick's own day, or what will they in our own, think of this pea-shooter? But *n'importe*; we must *revenir à nos moutons*: and the next *mouton*, like (in *Speed's* phrases) a lost mutton after a laced mutton, is Samuel Butler, whose only sheepish quality, however, was his shyness—who, Mr. Hannay "can quite see," was "a shy, strange, and unmanageable sort of a man, who did not 'come out' in society," and whom Mr. Hannay patronisingly calls "old Butler," and discusses in no very fresh or searching manner. To "old Butler," that "somewhat of an odd fellow," succeeds John Dryden, who "went to work to satirise with the same bluff heartiness with which he did everything else," and whose castigating-rod "has the leaves and blossoms still sticking to it." The measure with which the lecturer metes Glorious John, is borrowed from Bell, not from Macaulay—if borrowed it is at all, which Mr. Hannay, who rejoices in capital I's, would probably disallow.

Upon Swift he has bestowed more abundant pains. For Swift he takes up the cudgels against even Mr. Thackeray. That gentleman is talked at, page after page, for comparing the Dean to a highwayman. If it was honourable for Addison to get himself made Secretary of State, "I am really at a loss," says Mr. Hannay, "to know why Swift is to be likened to a highwayman." "I deny that Swift had no motives but those 'highwayman' ones of getting place." "A man is not necessarily a 'highwayman' because he wants his proper position." Mr. Hannay is as sore about it as though he had been hailed with a *tu quoque*, "you're another!" He can't bear to hear of the Dean's foibles. He will write him up in the face of all comers, male and female. "Swift," says he, "was a great favourite with women; I don't mean only with your Stellas and Vanessas, but with sensible cultivated ladies," like Lady Betty Germain, Lady Betty Brownlowe, Lady Kerry, and others; and in illustration of this, all to the prejudice of "your Stellas and Vanessas," Mr. Hannay quotes a passage from one of my Lady Betty Germain's later letters, and that passage—worthy of all attention from those who side with or feel for "your Stellas and Vanessas"—is neither more nor less than this: "Adieu, my honoured old friend." What chance has Stella with Lady Betty after *that*? But, "I am not going to deal with the 'Stella and Vanessa' question at any length," says Mr. Hannay. "I say, we cannot judge of it fairly. Swift is more to be pitied than anything else; it seems to me." As for Stella,— "if a mysterious destiny compelled him to make her suffer, did not he, too, suffer with her?"—while as for Vanessa, "*she* seems to have flung herself at Swift's head in the teeth of prudence and judgment," and "was (I fear) a vain *dilettante* kind of woman," who wanted to play the nouvelle Heloise to this Very Reverend Abélard redivivus, and who, "poor woman!" "flew like the moth to the lamp," and had only herself to blame, for "it is not the lamp's fault." There is plenty here to give us pause; a thumping appeal to our bump of combativeness; but expressive silence is all we can at present award it; and so *en avant*.

Pope is recognised as "our classical English satirist," on the score of his elaborateness and finish, and his "awful completeness;" though it is

safely doubted whether he is to be ranked among the first of satirists for his moral position, and the impulse which made him write satire. He is shown to have had much in common with Horace—"moral insight of the same kind,—similar mastery over a subtle gaiety of ridicule (by dint of which likeness he has imitated him so well) ; but he was bitterer by nature and temper, and makes wounds that do not heal. Horace was a fatter man (if I may be permitted the liberty to mention such a fact) ; was more happily circumstanced, under the kindly protection of a great emperor, and a great emperor's favourite ; lived in a lovely climate, was an easier, more playful, more essentially humorous man, and a more healthy man. Pope could be either ferocious or light ; but his ferocity was so deliberate and so sly,—there is such a snaky coldness of self-command about him while he is inflicting hellish torture, that he appears more unamiable than the most violent professors of satiric indignation." A good word, and he needs it, is said for Churchill, than whom a better-hearted man, Mr. Hannay contends, never lived ; "he was an affectionate, enthusiastic, loving soul, and English in his tastes and prejudices," and he had "all the qualities that go to make up a fine satirist,—warm feeling, penetrating sense, bright wit, and fancy,"—taking for his master, not Pope, but Dryden, whose "flowing vigour and manly ease" he often achieved. Junius gets at least his full meed of admiration, though his theatrical affectation is said to make him cut a figure half-Roman and half-French, and look like the ghost of Brutus uttering quotations from a lampoon. Then, again, we come to Wolcot, "rather a buffoon than a satirist ;" and Burns, who, in one instance at least, is said to have employed irony as exquisite as Swift's ; and Gifford, who "flung his whole soul into Billingsgate" as heartily as erst into algebra in the shoemaker's shop ; and Byron, about whom Mr. Hannay delivers some opinions that will not go unquestioned—the paradoxical one, for instance, that *Juan* is the healthiest and most cheerful of Byron's productions, and, in spite of "certain levities," a "high and valuable work." The "certain levities," Mr. Hannay makes over to the concrete nonentity he calls *Stiggins*, to preach about at leisure and at length, and adds, "I think it disgraceful, the way in which this book is often treated. I do not consider it a dangerous book to anybody who is fit to read it." Why should we demur to this *ipse dixit* ? To demur is to argue oneself a *Stiggins ipso facto*, and *Stiggins* will only be told that he'd better "shut up" at once.

But *Stiggins* would seem welcome to lift up his voice against Tom Moore, on the charge of breaches in good manners, and sacrifice of the *decorum* to the *dulce*. Mr. Hannay, who has such perfect confidence in *Don Juan*, and its innocuous attractions, says of Moore, "In my opinion, his laurel is too big for him. Let us deny no man his merit. . . . He is a brilliant man ; a melodious, ornamental, glittering genius ;—a genius like an Eastern dancing-girl, with bells at the ankles, and bells at the waist, ringing with lively music, and bright with holiday-colour in the sunshine. All very graceful and pretty, no doubt. But the fancy, rather than the heart, is touched by the spectacle ; and sometimes seriously-disposed persons had better keep in-doors when the performance is going to begin." Master Tom, however, as the lecturer styles him, is allowed to have had his good points as a satirist—"good sharp satire" he could

indite, with "much humour," and "real comic gaiety." Theodore Hook is rather severely handled; "your Theodore Hook" is said to have "sold himself for the enjoyment of gold plate and white Hermitage." "He was inclined to swagger, I understand, among his equals. The plush had eaten into his very soul." "He satirised in a truly vulgar spirit." Mr. Hannay, in his notice of Swift, quotes applaudingly some one's *mot à propos* of Jeffrey's essay on the Dean—that if it proved Jeffrey was alive, it proved still more clearly that Swift was dead; and he thinks "it was just as well for Jeffrey that he was dead!"—adding, "Don't let us crow too much on the strength of it!" Theodore Hook was no Swift, but possibly it may be none the worse for Mr. Hannay that even "your Theodore Hook" is dead and makes no sign.

Hood is honourably "entreated," and it is truly said of him, whom we, too, set infinitely more store by than by the Hook and Maginn school, that there was a real spirit of chivalry in him; that while high-minded and aspiring he ever remained a homely, brotherly, unaffected man; and that with all his sense of fun and ridicule, and his abundant playfulness, he never loses his exquisite sense for the beautiful. Living satirists, too, are briefly indicated and characterised; Fonblanque, as a satiric reasoner; Thackeray, as a satiric painter; Dickens, as embodying his satire in a huge element of comic and grotesque fun, and human enjoyment of life; Landor, κατ' ἐξοχήν "the classic," as darting beautiful lightning, when not more amiably disposed; Disraeli, as a satirist bitter and dignified, "who browsed in his youth on Byron and Junius, who affects Apollo when he sneers, and Pegasus when he kicks;" Aytoun, whose "jolly contempt has a good-fellowish air about it, and whose rod seems odorous of whisky-toddy;" and Douglas Jerrold, as endowed with "real satiric genius,—spontaneous, picturesque,—with the beauty and the deadliness of nightshade."

The lectures conclude with a hearty fling at the "simious satirist" and his tribe—a school of satirists devoid of natural reverence,* suspecting everything, sparing nothing. The whole *finale* deserves quotation; but it deserves more, and this desert better agrees with our limits,—to be read as an ungarbled sequel, in its original form.

* That such a school should take root and bear much fruit on English ground, forbid it Heaven! English literature of the satirical and humorous kind has been hitherto recognised as representative of a quite opposite tendency, by admiring and sympathising foreigners. Jean Paul, for example, says: "Salt is a very good condiment, but very bad food. Never do I feel more refreshed by serious passages than when they occur amidst comic ones; as the green spots amid the rocks and glaciers of Switzerland soothe the eye amid the glare and glitter of snow and ice. Hence it is that the humour of the English, which is engrafted on the stem of lofty seriousness, has grown so luxuriantly, and overtopped that of all other nations. A satire on everything is a satire on nothing; it is mere absurdity. . . . Can there be a more mortally poisonous consumption and asphyxy of the mind than this decline and extinction of all reverence?"—*Mrs. Austin's Translation.*

A CITY'S DESOLATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

I.

Up to about the completion of the first quarter of the present century, few strangers could enter the city we are pleased to call Riverton, without being struck with its clean, flourishing, and handsome appearance. A prosperous town it indeed was : its manufactures, the staple trade of the county, increasing in magnitude and importance ; affording ample employment to the lower classes, who were contented, industrious, and happy.

That good and respected man, Mr. George Arkell, passed away, in the course of time, to that place which is waiting to receive us all. His wife followed him within the year. A handsome fortune, independently of the flourishing manufactory, was left to their only son, our friend William. Mr. William Arkell walked in the steps of his father : none, throughout Riverton, were more honoured than he : his benevolence, his probity, his high character were universally known and appreciated. Three children were born to him. His son, the eldest, was named Trivice, after his mother's family : the two others were girls.

Peter Arkell also married ; but worldly affairs did not prosper with him as they did with his more fortunate cousin. Ill health compelled him to resign his situation in the city bank, and he obtained a somewhat precarious living by teaching writing and the classics in various schools and families in the town. Fortunately, he had not a large family—only one daughter.

And poor Mildred Arkell, what had become of her ? She had found a kind friend and protectress in Lady Dewsbury, and with that lady she still remained. Once in ten years, or so, she paid a month's visit to Riverton, making her home at her brother Peter's ; and it is probable that without that tie, she never would have re-entered her native place.

"Lucy is like you, Mildred," observed Peter to her, one day, during her first visit, alluding to his little daughter.

"Like me, do you think ?" returned Miss Arkell.

"It strikes us all. William never sees her, but he thinks of you. He says we ought to have named her 'Mildred.'"

"His daughters are neither of them named Mildred," answered the sister, hastily ; an old, sore sensation, that she thought she had successfully buried, rising to her remembrance.

"His wife chose their names, not he : the eldest is named after herself, the youngest is Sophia."

"How do you get on with William's wife ?" inquired Mildred.

"Not very well," answered Peter. "You see, Mildred, she is quite a fine lady now ; and, indeed, always was, to my thinking ; and William's wealth enables them to live in a style very different from what we can do. So Mrs. William looks down upon us. We see but little of her : a formal dinner once a year, at which we are the only guests, comprises nearly all

our intercourse. They invite little Lucy there sometimes, to play with Charlotte and Sophy."

"And does William despise you?" inquired Mildred, with a touch of resentment in her usually quiet tone.

"How can you ask it?" exclaimed her brother, warmly: "as if William were the man to despise any one, least of all, his own relations! There's not a more thoroughly open-hearted and honourable man, Mildred, in all Riverton—known to be so. He grows just like his father."

"And is your intercourse with him confined to a formal Christmas meeting?" again inquired Miss Arkell.

"Not it. He often comes in and sits an hour in an evening, counting over old times, when we were both boys together. Between ourselves, Mildred," continued her brother, "I fear William found that, in marrying Charlotte Travece, he had caught a Tartar. No wonder he likes to get in here sometimes, for an hour's peace and quiet."

Mildred sighed heavily; and calling her little niece to her, took her upon her knee; and, pushing the curls back from her brow, looked attentively at her. Her face was not handsome, but fair and gentle, the features pale, and the eyes dark brown, with a sweet, sad, earnest expression; just such a face as Mildred's. "Like me, you call her?" questioned Miss Arkell.

"Certainly she is," answered Peter. "William and I often remark upon it."

"Do you like your cousins, Charlotte and Sophy?" asked Aunt Mildred; as the child was in the habit of calling her.

"I like Travece best," was the little lady's unblushing answer. "Charlotte and Sophy are often cross with me and make me cry, but Travece loves me and plays with me, although he is such a big boy. And I love him."

"I believe he likes her better than he does his own sisters," interposed Mr. Arkell to Mildred. "Travece will be just like his father, as this child is like you: the same open, generous, noble boy that William himself was. When I see Travece sporting with Lucy, I could fancy it you and William playing together as you used to."

"God grant that her fate may be different from what mine has been!" was Mildred's earnest inward prayer, as she kissed little Lucy, and removed her from her knee.

Riverton seemed to look cold upon Mildred Arkell. Of those she had left, when she quitted it, some had died, some had married and left the place, some had grown out of her knowledge into men and women. It did not seem the same: it never would again. Riverton, on its side, thought she was cold: and so she was. Cold and ill-tempered, some said. But ill-tempered she was not. What else could be expected, they asked, from one who had persisted in going out to service contrary to the wish of her friends? It was all very fine for the family to talk about her being companion to Lady Dewsbury; *they* knew she was nothing but her maid! Mildred heard not, and cared not for the remarks made upon her: at the conclusion of her visit, she returned to Lady Dewsbury, and the years rolled rapidly on.

II.

THE years rolled on, many years : the first quarter of the century had expired, and what an awful change had taken place in the hitherto flourishing city of Riverton ! The free-trade system, introduced to the Commons by Mr. Huskisson, had come into operation, bringing to such places as Riverton desolation and ruin.

I must beg the general reader distinctly to understand, that I offer no opinion upon the merits or demerits of the measure—upon the opening or keeping closed our ports, for those hitherto prohibited articles of foreign manufacture. Whether the measure has been productive of good or ill, during the second quarter of the century that it has now been at work, they are at liberty to judge for themselves : this little history treats only of the effects it had upon certain localities. Some, when defending the measure at the time of the bill's passing, were wont to observe that no great political change could take place without there being some sufferers, and that the FEW must be content to suffer for the good of the MANY. Whether the many were or were not benefited to the extent anticipated, may be a question with some people still ; but that the few suffered, and suffered to an extremity that none will believe now, who did not witness it then, is a matter of appalling history. Riverton is a lasting witness of it. The town has never held up its head since—has never been the cheerful, flourishing place that it was in the years gone by. It must be remembered that the staple manufacture of the town was the chief support of the inhabitants ; it also furnished work to the wives and daughters of labourers at their own homes, not only in the town itself, but in the rural districts of the county : and when a cheaper article was introduced from foreign countries, so as to supersede, or nearly so, that produced at Riverton, there was nothing to stand between the city and ruin.

Are you old enough, you who are reading this, to recollect well the period when the British ports were thrown open for the admission of French manufactured goods ? Ah, my readers ! you may have joined in the popular cry then, for many did, that the passing of the measure was a boon falling upon England, but you would have been awed into silence, had you but gone and witnessed the misery and confusion it brought to Riverton. Half the manufacturers in the town went in that year, and in the few that followed it, to total ruin, and the other half had to sacrifice the savings of their lives. Those who had no private property to fly to, sunk with the general wreck : their stock of goods were sold for what it would fetch ; their manufactories and homes were given up ; their furniture was seized ; and, with beggary staring them in the faces, they were cast adrift, in their declining years, upon the cold world. Some essayed other means of getting a livelihood, essayed it as they best might, without money and without hope, and struggled on from year to year, getting only the bread that supported them. Others, more overwhelmed with the blow, made efforts to recover themselves, in vain, in vain ; *and their eventual fate was the workhouse.* Honourable citizens, good men, as respectable and respected as you are, who had lived all their lives in comfort, bringing up their families as a well-to-do manufacturer ought, were reduced to beggary, and found no asylum, in their old

age, but the paupers' workhouse! You do not believe me? As surely as that this hand is penning the words, I tell you truth. For no fault of theirs, were they hurled to ruin; by no prudence, could they have averted it.

The more wealthy of the manufacturers contrived, for a time, to weather the storm, but how? By throwing their private property into the business. Amongst those who were thus saved, was the firm of George Arkell and Son. Its appellation had never been altered from that of "*George Arkell and Son*," although Mr. George Arkell had been dead many years; and young Travece Arkell, now of age, had been taken into partnership with his father. As it had been, in the days of the old man its founder, so it continued—the first house of business in the city. One, or perhaps two, other firms may have done a more extensive trade, as I previously mentioned, but for high character and far-renowned respectability the house of George Arkell and Son was unapproachable. When other manufacturers dropped their men's wages to starvation prices, fearful of the storm that was looming in the distance, *they* held on to remunerative ones, giving a fair price for a fair day's work, although the loss to themselves was great. Never would William Arkell be numbered amongst the oppressors. At the time when the bill passed to open the ports, their stock of goods on hand was immense; and their loss in that one week, from the falling of prices, amounted to several thousand pounds. For a long while previously, in the uncertainty whether the bill would pass or not, there had been no buyers; no orders whatever had been received; *and they had been compelled to keep on manufacturing, or else turn their many hands adrift, and thus abandon whole families to destitution.* The bill did pass: the value of the goods was at once reduced nearly one-third; and they had no resource left but to sell them at the fearful reduction. There were buyers then.

It may be asked, why did not Mr. Arkell and others retire from business? With the others we have nothing to do: but in stating his case, we state theirs. Could Mr. William Arkell have foreseen *in time* what was to happen, he would no doubt have done so, because he then had sufficient to retire upon. Manufacturers, those in a large way of business, always had a heavy stock on hand, and from the first rumour that the ports would be opened to foreign goods, the buyers held back, purchasing only just what they could not do without. That was not the time for him to retire, when his stock could only have been disposed of by a forced sale, at a considerable loss—and it is certain that neither he nor others ever dreamt of the much more fearful loss that was to overwhelm them. *After* the panic had come, and Mr. William Arkell's private property had been sacrificed, he had not enough left to justify his giving up business. And so he, and they, continued to manufacture at a loss: not only just then, but for years afterwards; sacrificing more and more of his property, in the delusive hope that times would mend: that the Legislature, knowing the ruin and desolation which the measure had wrought in certain parts of the kingdom, would repeal their act and reclose the British ports. In which case they might all look to retrieve a portion of their losses. And this hope, most delusive and unhappy in its ultimate consequences, was all that buoyed up *for years* the sinking spirits of the ill-fated manufacturers of Riverton.

We have hitherto only spoken of the masters : what can we say of the operatives ? Hundreds upon hundreds were thrown out of employment, and those who were still retained in the few manufactories remaining open, earned scarcely sufficient to support existence ; for the prices were fearfully reduced, and they were placed on short work besides. What was to become of this large body of men ? What did become of them ? God only knows. Some died of misery, of prolonged starvation, of broken hearts. *Their* end was pretty accurately ascertained : but those who left their native town to be wanderers on the face of the land, seeking for employment to which they were unaccustomed, and perhaps finding none, who can tell what was their fate ? The poor-rates increased frightfully, little able as were the impoverished population to bear an increase ; the workhouses were filled ; and smothered curses were heard in the streets, arising from human beings in all stages of hunger and misery. Hitherto industrious, peaceable, and well-conducted, they were now goaded to desperation : yet they only asked for work—work : and there was no one to answer. Small bodies of famished wretches, deputations from the rest, perambulated the streets daily, on their way to visit the manufactories yet open, praying for a little work. How useless ! when those manufactories had not half enough employment for their own workmen. Their place of rendezvous, when not in the open street, was at some one of the public-houses ; and at these meetings the men, still in work, would be the occasional treaters of the others ; forgetting, in the zeal of discussing their grievances, their starving wives and children at home, upon whom the money would have been better spent. But it is always the case : let workmen be ever so impoverished, they can find money for the public-house.

There were repeated meetings of the masters, public and private ; there were more frequent meetings of the workmen : many vain discussions took place : delusive plans were formed ; sanguine hopes, never to be realised, were given utterance to. Petitions were addressed to the two houses of Parliament, setting forth the wrongs and the unhappy state of both masters and men ; and it was all to no purpose : no redress or assistance was ever accorded them.

It must not be forgotten that we are speaking not only of the first year of the panic, but also of the several years that succeeded it. And it may be as well to observe, that, however deplorable the spirit of the sentiments uttered by some of the workmen at the meeting about to be described, the author does but relate what actually passed, from notes taken at the time.

III.

THERE was a small public-house, situated in the heart of Riverton, called the George and Dragon. It was much frequented by the operatives, from the fact of its having a large room attached to it, which could accommodate a good body of men. In more prosperous times, the room had been built, and used for a club-room, but latterly it had been the scene of the men's painful and distressing meetings. And one evening, in the middle of September, 1830—for we have gone on to that date—the pouring into it of many men, between five and six o'clock, proved that

another meeting was about to be held. It was not a formal meeting, either, this time; as was shown by some of the men lighting their pipes, and calling for pints or half pints of ale. Those who were utterly penniless and could not afford, or borrow, money for this luxury, sat gloomily by, their brows lowering over their gaunt and famished cheeks. The landlord, who was a churlish man, generally denominated by his customers "Surly," had an eye to his own interest, and never trusted further than he knew he could do with safety.

"James Jones," said the landlord, in answer to a man who had called for a pint of ale, "them figures must be rubbed out afore I adds to 'em." As he spoke, he whisked round one of the slates that were hanging against the wall, and displayed sundry figures marked upon its face. "That's your score."

"How much is there?" demanded the man addressed.

"Five-and-fourpence," replied the landlord.

"Five-and-fourpence!" ejaculated the man, contemptuously: "and you are afeared of that! Hav'n't I always paid you up? Wasn't the score last time hard upon eight shillings, and didn't I settle that?"

"Yes," cried the landlord; "but I have heerd that your masters, Webb and Co., stops to-morrow."

"Webb and Co.!" groaned some of the crowd. "God help us then! there'll be thirty hands more throwed out."

"It is quite false!" uttered Jones, intent upon getting a jug of ale.

"If you tell me this time to-morrow night that it's false," returned the landlord, "I'll treat you to a quart."

"My opinion is, gentlemen," interrupted an intelligent-looking man, one of the few present who still retained good looks and respectability of appearance, "that in a dozen years from this time there will not be a single house of business left in the city."

The speaker was Thomas Markham, the foreman to the firm of George Arkell and Son, a very superior man for his class in life.

"If you have cause to say that, Mr. Markham," interrupted a voice, "it is bad indeed. When your governors go, we may expect they'll all go."

"You mistake me," returned Markham. "There is no chance of Arkell and Son going; for you know, gentlemen, their resources are large. But how can they, or any others, keep on manufacturing at a loss? That is a game, gentlemen, that cannot be kept up long."

"What is to become of the town? What is to become of it?"

"Is the deputation in yet?" inquired Markham.

"No," answered a shaggy-headed man. "Here's Shepherd a coming in. I wonder how his child is. He thought last night it was a dying."

A careworn, pale man, but still tidy-looking, in spite of his poverty, entered, and took his seat; replying, in answer to the questions put to him, that his child was well.

"Why I thought you said last night that it was as bad as it could be, and you was a hurrying off them for the doctor. Did he come and cure it?"

"One doctor came, from up there," answered Shepherd, pointing towards the sky. "He came, and He took the child."

"Do you mean to say, neighbour, that your boy's dead?"

"He is dead," replied Shepherd, "and it's a mercy. It would be a mercy for the other young ones if they were gone too. Death in childhood is better than starvation in manhood."

A dead silence, the silence of sympathy, reigned in the crowded room. One of the voices at length broke it.

"Did Doctor Barnes come to the child when you went for him?"

"He opened his winder: he was a undressing to go to bed: and he asked me who was to pay him."

"Hiss—iss—ss!" growled the listeners.

"I told him I would pay him with the very first money I could scrape together," proceeded Shepherd, sighing heavily. "And that he might take my word for it, for that had never been broken yet."

"And did he come?"

"No. He said he knew better than to trust to promises. And when I told him that the boy was dying, and that he was my only boy and very precious to me, the rest being girls, what he answered was, that he knew my employers had stopped business this long while, and as to my ever getting money to pay him it was all a fallacy. So he shut down his winder, and I went home to my child, powerless to help him: and I watched him die."

"Drink a glass of ale, Shepherd," exclaimed Markham, getting a glass from the landlord, and filling it from his own jug.

"Thank ye kindly, but I shall drink nothing to-night," replied the man, motioning back the glass. "There's a sore feeling in my breast, comrades," he mournfully continued: "it has been there a long while past, but it's sorer far to-day. I don't so much blame the surgeon, friends: we know there has been a deal of sickness among us, and the doctors have not often got paid. Perhaps, in their places, we should be as unwilling to go to poor people as they are. But, comrades, the bitter feeling is against them who has brought us to this: A few years back, and we were all earning an honest livelihood: we worked hard, but we were paid for our labour, and were contented. And look at us now! Hunderds of us is nigh akin to starving: there's scarcely a crust between us: we desire but to work honestly, and we can't get it. As I sat to-day, looking at my dead boy, I asked myself what we had done to deserve this wretched fate—or whether, in justice, it ought not to have fell upon them as have oppressed us."

"Justice for us!" cried a derisive voice: "where will ye go to look for that?"

"But I came here to-night, my friends," resumed Shepherd, "for a specific purpose, though perhaps I mayn't succeed in it. I couldn't bear, I nor my poor missis, who is a'most heart-broke, to have the child buried by the parish—I *can't* bear the thoughts of that—and I went down to Jasper to-day to tell him to come and take the measure for the little coffin. But he said so many children have been a dying off lately, and grown people too (as we ourselves know, comrades), and most of them gone in debt for the coffins, that it's amazing the amount of money that's owing him, and it's now a month since he took a resolve not to work on trust any more. I asked him to depend on my word, like I did Dr. Barnes, and that sooner or later he should be paid. He knew my word was honourable, he said, but it was impossible for him to grant to me

what he daily refused to others. If I could find a friend to go bail for me, he would give me time, and that was all he could do. Neighbours, will any of ye stand by me in this?"

A score of voices answered in the affirmative, eager, sympathising voices: but Shepherd shook his head.

"Many thanks to ye, my friends," he said, sadly, "but I'm afeared there's not one amongst ye, all as have spoken, as is better off than I am. I doubt if Jasper would take your words any more than mine."

No one else offered, and a silence of some minutes fell upon the room. Shepherd rose to go.

"I don't grumble, neighbours," he said, "though I have been unsuccessful; for I know that mostly ye are powerless to aid me. But it's a bitter trial. I would rather my boy had never been born than that he should come to be buried by the parish. God knows we have heavy burdens to bear."

"Shepherd!" cried the clear voice of Thomas Markham, ringing through the room, "I will stand by you in this strait. Tell Jasper that I pass my word to see him paid."

Shepherd turned back, pushed his way through the room, and grasped Markham's hand.

"I can't thank you as I ought, sir," he said, "but you have took a load from my heart. If you are not repaid here, you will be hereafter; for I have come to feel a certainty, lately, that if our good deeds never come home to us in this world, they are only kept to speak for us in the next."

"Well, things is coming to a pretty pass with us, comrades," observed one, as Shepherd withdrew.

"Cuss the masters!" interrupted an intemperate voice.

"Why curse the masters?" asked another. "They are as much punished as ourselves. Curse the House of Commons, rather."

"Cuss the French, for making goods cheaper than we do!" breathed a dozen voices.

"Curse in the right quarter, if you curse at all," roared a man, who, by his look and bearing, seemed to bear some sort of authority in the room—"CURSE HUSKISSON!"

A shower of hisses—the name was so hateful to them—followed the words. Thomas Markham interrupted it.

"It is generally believed," he began, "that Huskisson never——"

The same burst of hisses broke forth again, drowning Markham's voice. But he held up his hand, and once more the men were silenced.

"My friends," he said, "you need not have interrupted me; you cannot suppose I was going to defend Huskisson. But I was about to observe, that Huskisson was so wanting in judgment as not to foresee the misery his measure would inflict upon the country. And it is said that repentance now presses upon him sore, and that he sees our homeless and famished children in his dreams."

"Then why don't he close the ports again?" shrieked out a man.

"They call this only the trial of the measure, you know," observed a superior-looking man, who had recently entered. It was the manager to the largest firm in Riverton, the principals being frequently absent in London. "Our governors," he continued, "are often, from their posi-

tion, brought into contact with the members of the government; and"—the speaker nodded his head sagaciously—"I have it from a tolerably sure source, gentlemen, if there is still no reciprocity at the end of another year, our ports will be reclosed."

"Yes, when the city's ruined; when we have all been beaten down to dust; clammed to death. They'll shut the door when the steed's stolen."

"Huskisson's motives," resumed the speaker, "however mistaken, were, no doubt, good; but——"

"Don't attempt to justify Huskisson here, sir," he was interrupted with.

"I was about to tell you that *he has seen his error*," persisted the manager. "I know for a fact, that when our head governor called upon him one Sunday evening this summer, he was seated at his library-table, with one of our petitions to the House spread out before him. It was the one we sent up in May—you may remember it, my friends; the one in which our sufferings and wrongs were represented in truer and more painful colours than they were, perhaps, in any of the others. And the governor told me, with his own lips, that if ever he saw remorse and care seated upon a brow, it was seated upon Mr. Huskisson's."

Deep muttered curses upon the ill-fated statesman rose from all parts of the room. The manager resumed.

"Huskisson began talking at once about the petition. He asked if the sufferings, related in it, were not overcoloured: but the governor assured him, upon his word of honour, as a resident in the place and an eye-witness, that they were underdrawn, rather than over: for that no pen, no description, could ever fully represent the misery and distress that had been rife in Riverton, since the bill passed. And he says he never, to the longest day of his life, shall forget the look of perplexity and care that was overshadowing Huskisson's features: which look seems now, he says, to be habitual."

Before the last words were well spoken, the "deputation" entered. It consisted of twelve men, chosen from the rest, who had been round that day to the manufactories still at work, asking for a little help.

"Well, how have ye sped?" was the general inquiry.

"We went round, thirteen of us, upon empty stomachs, and we left them at home empty too: and we have done no good. Thorpe has gone home: we gave him the money out of what we've collected, for a loaf o' bread, for his wife and children's bad a bed, and nigh clammed besides."

"Was there none to promise us a little work?"

"Not one. And they held out no encouragement that things would mend. Some of the masters gave us a few shillings, grumbling at the same time that they couldn't afford it, and that things was a growing worse."

"They can't get worse."

"Yes they can, comrades," continued the speaker. "There was a meeting to-day of the masters: did ye hear on't?"

Of course they had.

"Then what d'ye think was the chief measure as was proposed at it? Why, to reduce the wages again."

"It's perfectly impossible!" exclaimed one of the perplexed listeners. "They's as low now as they can be."

"I tell ye, it was proposed to-day to grind 'em still lower, let 'em be as low as they will," was the positive reply. "And what's more, the measure was decided on, and carried. George Arkell and Son's was the only firm that held out against it. Who says now that things can't be worse?"

Murmurs of resentment against the masters, mingled with those of approbation for "George Arkell and Son," rose from all sides of the room.

"Nobody has held out for us, from the first, like Mr. Arkell," observed a quiet, intelligent-looking man, who had mostly been silent during the whole of the evening. "When he speaks to us, too, it is kindly and sympathizingly, like a gentleman as he is, and as if we were rational beings—which they don't all do. He is a just man, brethren, and an honour to the city. It is our belief that many of the others care very little whether we starve or live. They are all selfish."

"They have cause to be," interposed Markham. "It is a daily struggle with them to keep their heads above water."

"You always speak up for the masters, Markham! If report says true, you know, you would have been setting up for one yourself, some of these days, had the prosperity of the city continued."

"He has cause to speak up for them," returned one of the lately-entered men. "If all the masters were like him, we should have less grounds of complaint. It is said that Mr. Arkell has the interests of the men at heart as much as he has his own. His contribution to us to-day was the largest we received: as his ever has been. Young Mr. Travice, too, followed us out, as we were leaving, and slipped five shillings into our hands."

"It is nothing but the dreadful suspense and uncertainty everything is at, that makes our governor so ill," resumed Markham. "You must all have seen how terribly he is changed."

"He is changed," said one of the former speakers; "but, brethren, when Mr. William Arkell comes to his death-bed, it will be a peaceful one."

"A peaceful conscience, but a heavy heart," acquiesced Markham; "that is his portion now, my friends. He is making largely, and so losing heavily, weekly: for you are all aware that goods are not selling for what they cost to manufacture. And he must continue to make; and lose; or else give up his business and turn us all off, to swell the number of the destitute: and some of us, you know, have grown old in his service and his father's."

"Ay, ay," murmured the men. "God bless Mr. William Arkell!"

"And if this state of things is embarrassing for Arkell and Son," proceeded Markham, "what must it be for those masters who still keep on making, but whose resources are all but exhausted? You should not cast blame towards the masters, comrades."

"No, no, 'tain't right," murmured some of the more just-thinking of the men. "The masters' troubles must be tenfold greater than ours."

"I should be glad to hear how you make that out," grumbled a mal-content. "I have got seven months to feed at home, and how am I to feed 'em, not earning a penny? We was but six, but our Betsy, as was

in service as nuss-girl at Mrs. Omer's, came home to-day. I won't deny that Mrs. Omer have been kind to her ; keeping her on after they failed, and that ; but she up and told her yesterday that she couldn't afford it any longer. I remember, brethren, when Mr. and Mrs. Omer held up their heads, and paid their way as respectable as the first manufacturer in Riverton. Good people they was."

"Mr. Omer came to our place to-day," interrupted Markham, "to pray the governor to give him a little work at his own home, as a journeyman. But we had none to give, without robbing them that want it worse than he. I think I never saw our governor so cut up as he was, after being obliged to refuse him."

"Ay," returned the former speaker, "and our Betsy declares as her missis cried to her this morning, and said she didn't know but what they should come to the parish. Betsy, poor girl," he continued, "can't bear to be a burden upon us, but there ain't no help for it. There be no places to be had : what with so many of the girls being throwed out of employment, and the famerlies as formerly kept two or three servants, keeping but one, and them as kept one, keeping none. There's nothing that she can do, brethren, for herself or for us."

"The Lord keep her from evil courses !" uttered a deep, earnest voice.

"If I thought as her, or any of my childern, was capable of taking to *them*," thundered the man, his breast heaving as he raised his sinewy, lean arm in a threatening attitude, "I'd strike her flat into the earth afore me !"

"Softly, neighbour," interrupted the voice. "We all know that your missis is a bringing up her girls in credit. But starvation is hard to put up with, when it lasts from week to week, from month to month, and from year to year. Many a young 'ooman, better circumstanced than either yours or mine, has been forced into wickedness by nothing else. That's all I meant, comrade : I never thought to cast a reflection on your girl : the company present knows she don't deserve it. Oh, brethren ! is there not an awful sin lying at the doors of them who have brought us to this ?"

At this moment the door opened, and the man named Thorpe—the one spoken of as having gone round with the "deputation," and had left it to return to his wife and family—pushed into the room.

"What now?" cried several, for they saw that some emotion oppressed him.

"They talk to us of being peaceable, of being patient, of bearing our wrongs stoutly!" he uttered, catching his breath with every word : "but, comrades, they should first try the wrongs, these lawgivers, and realise what it is that we have to bear."

"What has happened, Thorpe ?"

The new comer pressed his arms upon his chest, as if to keep down his excitement. He was one of the handsomest men in the room, so far as physical beauty went, with a superiority in his bearing approaching to refinement, but his cheeks were hollow and pale, and his clothes tattered. His voice rose occasionally to a sob as he spoke.

"I went round this morning with the deputation, comrades. I did not want to go, for my poor wife was sick a bed, and my children ailing ; but I yielded to their wishes, and went."

"He is a better spokesman than some of us, you see," interposed the leader of the deputation: "his education was smart, and he has improved himself along of reading books. I thought he might explain some things to the masters to-day conciser than we should, so I asked him to go."

"I went with them," returned the man, "and now I'll tell you my reward. I owed, brethren—perhaps we most of us do it, to our sore perplexity—I owed a trifle of rent. God knows how I have struggled to keep free of debt; living upon almost nothing, and my wife and babes upon as little: it is that, the dispensary doctor says, that has brought on her disorder."

"Did you get a ticket for the dispensary?" inquired Thomas Markham.

"Yes. I had a deal of trouble over it, but I got 'one at last. And lately, since my wife has been too ill to walk there, the doctor has been so kind as to come down and see her, though folks say it's out of his duty. We had but one room: we gave up our two others when work failed me, long ago now, and we had parted with everything to buy bread, save the straw mattress my wife lay upon, an old chair or so, and a broken table. The whole lot of things would not have fetched ten shillings at a sale."

"Why don't you go on, Thorpe?" asked the manager before mentioned, seeing that the man had stopped, in his agitation.

"I'll go on, sir, but I feel to-night a difficulty in fetching my breath. Well, when I got home just now, there was a crowd collected in the lane, close by our door, and what should I see but my wife in the midst, lying upon some dirty straw, in the open air, and the children stretched there too, a crying and sobbing by her. The landlord had come in while I was away, had seized my poor handful of things for his rent, and turned my wife and children out."

A burst of indignation shook the room.

"The neighbours, they are like ourselves, so miserable that they had not a bed to lie her on, but they went for the dispensary surgeon, and he came. He said—he said"—poor Thorpe's speech seemed in danger of stopping altogether—"he said that the worry and the fright and the exposure to the air, had completed what the illness had nearly done before, and that perhaps she would not live through the night. And—brethren—I've told ye all."

"Who says we have no wrongs to redress?" were the first words spoken.

"They are foul wrongs, they are crying wrongs!" uttered one, in a violent tone. "If the Legislatur don't interfere to relieve us, I can't see what it's to end in."

"It will end in this city's ruin, and in ours with it," interposed Markham. "But what care the government for that? The duty imposed upon these new-fangled French goods, is filling their pockets: you would be astonished, some of you, gentlemen, at the amount of money that has thus accrued to the government since the ports have been opened. I forget the exact figure, but I know it surprised me when our governor read it to me. And while the money is thus flowing in, and enriching their coffers; helping to keep up their extravagance, and their places for their younger sons, and their pensions for their women, what

care they, think you, for a little local misery? Why, if we all die off into the ground, it would only be so much less embarrassment to them."

Marikham stopped, and heavy groans were echoed around, proving how his words told upon his hearers.

"The question of another petition was mooted at the masters' meeting to-day," he resumed, "one to the king. But, dear me! if petitions—as Mr. Travice said to his father afterwards, when they were conversing upon it—if petitions could do any good, it would have been done ere this, with all that have gone up. The governor remarked to me——"

At this moment the door opened, and there suddenly rushed into the room a man, under the influence of some extraordinary excitement. His name was Sanders. He was a broad-shouldered, powerful fellow, standing six feet high, and, with his bare, fleshless bones, looked not unlike a walking skeleton. He had been one of the first of the operatives thrown out of work, and he did not bear his distresses calmly. Never of the most steady character, he had latterly become fierce in his deportment; violent and revengeful in his language; drinking to excess when he could get it: but he was sober on this night. He pressed forward, his large eyes dilating and his mouth working, panting for breath. In his fierce eagerness, he thrust the landlord aside, as if he had been an atom, totally losing sight of the respect in general accorded to that individual.

"Comrades! comrades! the news, the news! Ye haven't heard it, or ye wouldn't be sitting droning together like this!"

Pipes were taken from lips, and cups of ale were arrested half-way thither. The company did not know what to make of Sanders.

"It's come express, men—a chaise and four horses. I saw it myself. How the steam rose from the reeking cattle! Comrades, he has gone to retribution!—gone to answer for our ruin! It was only yesterday that these wretched old lips of mine, which hadn't tasted food since the previous day, said if you only waited, you would see that some judgment would fall upon him."

"Sanders!" exclaimed the manager of the large firm before alluded to, "you look wild, and talk so. What have you been doing, man?"

"A dance to-night, brethren!" resumed the fellow; "merry hearts and shining countenances, if we never wear 'em again! Let them as have the means, drink till they're drunk: let them as haven't, make a score with the landlord. We'll drink to him on his journey!"

"Are you mad?" questioned the landlord.

"I feel so," returned the excited man. "But let's wonder how *he* feels—how many of the phantoms he has sent out of the world, broken-hearted and starved, is a hovering round him on his journey, crying for vengeance! Oh, comrades! this is news to last for our lives, if we never hear any again!"

"Is your news good or ill?"

"That's as you may find it. There's revenge for us, that's good; there's a thought that God A'mighty has seen our wrongs and is a rewarding of 'em, that's good; and there's death, which is generally reckoned bad. I guess it is, in this case, for him it has overtook."

"Who is dead?" was the next question, while universal silence pervaded the hushed assemblage.

"Ye knew of the great undertaking, as they called it; what has occupied men's tongues and thoughts lately; the opening of the great railroad between Liverpool and Manchester? It is opened."

"Well?—well?" repeated the impatient men. "What's that to us?"

"Ye knew that the grandees of the government, our oppressors, was to be at it, in a body?"

"Go on."

"And there's one on 'em has met his fate there. Killed—~~jauned~~—jauned to death, brethren: the carriages went right over him. Never say again that there's no retribution!"

The men had risen from their seats, breathless with suspense, and the deepest stillness reigned in the room. It was broken by a hesitating voice.

"The king? Was he there?"

"No, no, not the king!" returned Sanders, in a contemptuous tone.

"One who has had more to do with us; who has taken the bread from our mouths, the fire from our hearths, the clothing from our impoverished bodies; who has brought grey hairs upon us afore their time; who has driven scores of us into the grave afore God would have put us there! Can you tell now?"

A certain name—the men said so afterwards—rose to the lips of many there, but not one gave utterance to it; and Sanders resumed, his voice rising to a shriek:

"Huskiisson, brethren!—do you hear the name? HUSKISSON! It is true, as God's in heaven!"

The dead silence was prolonged for a few moments, until the men's minds had had time to take in the startling tale; and then arose, almost simultaneously, one long, loud, dreadful shout, in every tone—in every sense of exultation. Let us hope that the ill-fated statesman, not yet many hours gone to his dread account, had other prayers than these to follow his exit from the world!

IV.

THESE unhappy and, in most cases, ignorant operatives were not alone in the opinion they expressed on the death of Huskiisson. If you will go to Riverton—and perhaps you have by this time pretty nearly guessed what town it is that has been alluded to—you will find many of its first citizens—not very young most of them now—who will unhesitatingly tell you that the singular fatality which overtook the unfortunate statesman, was but the measuring of Heaven's wrath upon him for the local misery he had brought upon the land. I do not speak of the lower class, who are apt to be prejudiced, but of gentlemen, educated and intelligent in their minds, just and benevolent in their principles and practice. And you may as well endeavour to turn the sun from its course, as to alter this, their conscientious and long-cherished conviction.

Does any one require to ask what was the eventual fate of Riverton, so far as its trading prosperity was concerned? No redress, or compensation,

or sympathy, was ever accorded it. Its unfortunate, and, let us say, ill-used manufacturers, went, with very few exceptions, down to total ruin, one after the other, and were scattered abroad on the face of the toilsome earth, to be heard of no more. *Not yet* have the effects of the long-continued misery passed away, and never will, so long as our time shall last. This has been but a sketch of it, for it was of by far too grave a nature, too deep and painful in its working, for any pen faithfully to record. But when you hear talk again of these great political changes, ask yourselves, however flourishing their aspect may be, whether there may not be some localities, some communities, of peaceful, unoffending people to whom they are bringing the destruction that they once brought upon Riverton.

This record of the Arkell family is not a very cheering history. Its conclusion—that is, so far as a conclusion can be given to the career of people who yet live—will appear in a subsequent number. But, I warn you, it will be no more gay than these two first papers have been. And, you may rely upon it, that when the pen confines itself faithfully to chronicles of real life, its traces will in general be found to be sad ones.

SUNSET SKETCHES.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

THE RUINED CASTLE.

WILD winds sweep through yon roofless tower,
Where warrior-knights kept watch and ward;
And rank weeds choke the woodbine bower,
Where erst upon the velvet sward
Trod, in times past, light fairy feet
As stole full oft, some blushing maid
Thither, her mail-clad love to meet.
And where sad parting words were said
Ere far away, to tented field,
And deadly battle-plain, he hied,
Glory to win—for could *he* yield
To Beauty's thrall, his martial pride?

The golden sunsets still illumine
Yon purple hills, yon rushing stream,
Still chase yon dark wood's sombre gloom,
And o'er each loopholed turret beam.
But where are they, the stirring throng,
Whose looks once on that scene were cast—
Who listened to the minstrel's song,
Or to the trumpet's echoing blast?—

All, all are gone! These ruins tell
Of generations now no more;
Phantoms—passed from this world to dwell
Upon Oblivion's mystic shore!

THE LAKE.

The sun is setting, and its golden rays
Are streaming over yon fair lake, which seems
Calm, as the cherub smile that sweetly plays
Around the lips of infancy, while dreams
Of placid joys their guardian angels send.
Yon skiff, scarce moving on its glassy breast,
Reflected there, seems with its wave to blend.
The winds are hushed; nature appears to rest;
And the lone hills around seem to look down
Protectingly upon the tranquil scene.
The craggy heights have lost their gloomy frown,
And every little scattered patch of green
Stands forth in strong relief, beneath the light
Shed by the glorious orb, whose parting beams
Shine with fresh splendour ere they fade in night,
Or yield to the pale moon's uncertain gleams.
So must all Beauty—Pleasure—Glory—fade,
Like the bright tints of yonder gorgeous sky—
Till man, lost for a time 'midst Death's cold shade,
Shall rise to realms of endless day on high.

THE CHURCHYARD.

Behold—how the warm floods of amber light
Poured from yon gold and crimson clouds, illumine
That lonely church's venerable dome—
And to its ivy-covered walls, a bright
And cheerful aspect lend! The dark yews smile
Beneath that glow, and every marble tomb
It gilds. Even from th' abode of Death, its gloom
The sunset hour hath power to chase awhile.
But through the damp, cold earth, no ray can steal
To shine upon the coffin's blackened lid,
Or with its sparkling light the sleepers wake.
No—never more their mouldering forms shall feel
That sunset glow—within the deep grave hid—
The last dread trump alone their rest shall break!

DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

A Roman Jumble; or, Sketch of a Day.

ONE of these fine, bright, sunshiny days is so mixed and varied by all kinds and description of sights, it is like a mimic life—the four-and-twenty hours extend and dilate into a well-filled existence, and I find myself taking in so many and various ideas, and passing through such varying scenes, that, unless I came home and put it all down, I should never believe one day could afford so kaleidoscopic a variety. It is only at Rome one can spend such days, where the present and the past meet, clash, or harmonise, as the case may be; and one rushes from the catacombs to the marionettes, or from an appointment with the holy father to the hurdle-race ridden by real English jockeys. New phases of life open out with the passing hour; each by turns engrossing, enticing, intoxicating to various minds; each worthy of the dedication of our every energy and power. Every chord of intellectual sympathy is touched, and the spirit grows well-nigh paralysed under the overwhelming sense of its utter inability to grasp even a portion of the mighty whole that unfolds in all its excellence before it. The sculptor—the painter—the antiquarian—the lover of antique art—the philosopher, and interpreter of Christian antiquity—the profound theologian—the admirer of Nature in her wildest and most unadorned beauty—the epicurean who delights in sumptuous palaces, marble halls, and pillared terraces, stretching into orange groves, luxuriant in tropical profusion—the sportsman who revels in his exhilarating flight across the free prairie Campagna—the fine lady, who lives only for routs and balls, and fine equipages, and incessant dissipation—the nonchalant *élégant*, her husband, who reads the *Times* and lives at “the club” all day—the solitary pilgrim, journeying from distant lands to fall prostrate before Christ’s vicegerent upon earth—the soldier, who loves reviews and the “pomp and circumstance” of war among ten thousand Frenchmen—the lawyer, who buries himself over ponderous tomes, nowhere else to be found, in musty libraries—the architect, come from the far north to study the classic porticos, colonnades, and piazzas of the followers of Palladio palaces built for the bright summer, glorious as its sun, where other Romeos may love, and still fairer Juliets be wooed, on the ballustraded balconies, under the shadow of the deep cypresses, in the azure nights when reigns a softer day; or to learn what magnificent temples art can still raise to the praise of Him whose creating hand coloured so radiantly the glowing south—the musical dilettante, who finds here the best opera in harmonious Italy—last of all, the idle rich vagabond, without end or aim in his senseless life, simply seeking for amusement,—Rome, in her boundless multiplication of varied resources, will satisfy and fascinate him—even him.

O rare old city! I embrace thee, and I love thee as the intellectual home of all mankind;—still, as in the darkened centuries of the middle ages, the great parent of knowledge and of art. But this is an endless theme; a pæan I could sing for ever to thy praise! so let me, without further preface, describe, as I proposed, my day as it passed, and then

judge, good reader, how charmingly time passes in the Eternal City, where one's mind is opened as in no other place under God's blue firmament.

In the morning I strolled into the Borghese Gallery, always invitingly open. That superb palace, flinging back as it were, disdainfully, the meaner houses that press upon its long façades, stretching away down entire streets. Little Pauline Bonaparte must have felt rather proud when, on entering the grand central cortile, with its open galleries and graceful colonnades, she was hailed as its mistress.

The apartments devoted to the picture-gallery are on the ground-floor, and of almost interminable extent, ending in a corridor, decorated with a sparkling fountain, commanding a lovely view of St. Peter's, rising like a radiant queen out of the green meadow encircling the Vatican on that side, and extending to the water-side. Close under the windows rolls the turbid Tiber, widened here into the Porta di Ripetta, with divers squat, miniature steamers riding on its muddy current, which take passengers and cattle (the latter decidedly predominating) up the river as far as possible into the dreary Campagna.

I had already visited the Borghese Gallery many times, but it is a place not only to see but to live in, among those grandest pictures time has spared. I of course saluted the Divine Sybil—the presiding deity of the whole collection, bright and glowing as she is for the usually sombre pencil of Domenichino. I cannot but look, however, on that picture as intended for a Saint Cecilia rather than the pagan prophetess. Then there is her magnificent rival, Circe, by that wonderful colourist the Ferrarese Donso Dossi, who has here called forth the most gorgeous ensemble of beauty the eye ever rested on. There is a strange, magic calm in the aspect of the enchanted wood within whose shadow she rears, dressed in a rich Eastern costume, drawing around her circles of magic incantations, which she calmly watches, as though certain of success. That wondrously beautiful face and radiant form ever comes before me, like a charmed vision, transporting me into other times and other scenes, such as in early childhood one dreams of, when, under the influence of those tales of witchcraft, the opening imagination more than half accepts as dim realities.

Of what a different class are the sacred families by Andrea del Sarto; monotonous in expression and grouping (always the same face of his somewhat Dutch-featured wife, with nearly the same head-dress), but soft and harmonious in colouring, as though his brush had been dipped in morning dew—*ragia d'oro*, as the Italians have it, a word dropping as it were with glittering dewdrops.

But most of all do I revel in three or four pictures in the Venetian rooms. Those grandly beautiful Graces, by Titian, bearing the bow and quiver of Cupid—whose eyes Venus (a type of perfect loveliness) is binding—beings of a freer, happier, grander type than inhabit this poor earth, conscious of a joyous existence, untrammelled by any peculiarity of dogma, period, or circumstance; the very antipodes to the cold abstractions of Grecian art.

Where did Titian ever procure such models?—or *did* he ever procure such models? is the question. Rather are they not visions of his glowing imagination called forth from the vast depths of his own Venetian skies, as he floated in the gondolas under the fragrant shade of the green

lagoons that encircled his native Venice? Celestial Venus, decked in all her fabled charms to captivate Æneas, was not more divinely fair than this her prototype.

Then, sacred and profane Love, seated contemplating each other on opposite sides of a well, with Cupid between them playing with the water. The one calm, reserved, reflective, clothed in white robes of the Venetian style, wearing flowers in her auburn hair. The other vain and careless, with a certain *abandon* in her attitude, revealing her terrestrial propensities—the ever-lighted lamp of pleasure burning in her upraised hand as she turns towards her staid companion; her graceful limbs concealed by no jealous drapery, but rather set off by the red mantle lying near, and the thick, tangling tresses of golden hair falling over her snowy shoulders. What shades, what magic colouring enchant the eye in these glorious examples of the genius of Titian, creating at pleasure the entire circle of Olympus's inhuman shape, but freed from the dominion of all debasing passions—free, open, and serene—the very perfection of the beautiful.

Hard by hangs Georgione's David, clad in a complete suit of silver-steel, standing out from the canvas with the power of a basso-relievo; the very personification of a chivalrous knight, though, sooth to say, as little indicative of the young Israelite as possible. This picture is a fine specimen of the painter's austere though emphatic manner.

I have generally an objection to *chefs-d'œuvre*, and I am frankly guilty of confessing that I care neither for Raphael's Entombment—to my mind a feeble, inexpressive group, always admitting the extreme beauty of some of the heads—or for Correggio's Danaë, a picture where connoisseurs profess to admire the finish of his *chiar-oscuro* and the transparent brilliancy of the lights. To me she appears a mincing, ill-limbed, quite unattractive nymph—ungracefully sprawling on a conch, and not at all worthy the fuss Jupiter made about her.

Nor do I care to dwell on Garofalo's great picture—stiff and mannered in grouping, though admirably coloured; but my eye rests with delight on that noblest of Raphael's portraits, Cæsar Borgia, where the painter has invoked so vivid and imposing a vision of that depraved but romantic man, whose character horrifies yet delights one by the alternate depths of wickedness and brilliant display of bravery, genius, and intellect that chequer his life. He alone dared to cherish the project of uniting the conflicting claims of divided and prostrate Italy under his single sway; a project his intellectual superiority, headlong courage, and consummate chicanery might have matured and perfected, had death not cut him off in the midst of his stormy career. There, encased in that frame, he appears; and every one who has ever heard his once-dreaded name, can read his character in those bold, commanding eyes, watching one round the room like an evil spirit.

I delight in the murmuring fountain, splashing melodiously over the porphyry pedestal in the centre of the great hall; the only sound that breaks the silence of those endless rooms. And I delight, too, in the chamber of mirrors, where wreaths of flowers, garlands, and festoons, deck vases piled over with lilies and roses, obscuring the brilliant glass on which they are painted. Cupids lurk among the flowers, and roll in very joyousness under their perfumed shade; while gilding and stucco, and statues and marbles enrich the walls and the ceiling around. Even for

stately, palatial Rome it is a glorious old palace, and my memory will often gather fondly around it, remembering the pleasant hours I have dreamed away in its silent halls when I am far away.

From the Borghese Palace I ordered the carriage to drive by the Corso towards the Aventine. I have already celebrated that "street of palaces"—perhaps the grandest specimen of domestic architecture in the world—withal the gayest, busiest place in all Rome, swarming with carriages and foot-passengers from morning until night comes, and the *gay*, which still attracts a certain degree of attention. The Corso to me bears the impress of a perpetual *fiesta*, arising, I suppose, from my reminiscences of the Carnival, and that glorious concluding two hours of the "Moccoli," when its lofty sides become transformed into cavernous precipices of incessantly moving lights, glittering and sparkling with an eccentric will-o'-the-wisp brilliancy, that quite puts the pale stars to shame. At the top of the Corso the dark turrets of the Venetian ambassador's palace frown down on the ever-gathering crowd below—all that remains of the feudal ages in Rome. Built like the Farnese, and so many other palaces, from the spoils of the Colosseum, it was once inhabited by Charles VIII., when, full of young and untaught presumption, that carpet-knight descended into Italy, as he imagined, to behold and to conquer, until the Keys of St. Peter and the Lion of Venice gave him such sore blows he was glad to return to la belle France. This imposing structure, more a fortress than a palace, is the only spot in Rome really impressed with the characteristics of the middle ages. From hence, the intriguing court of Vienna now, as in past ages, watches the manœuvres of the Vatican—the old combat of Ghibelline and Guelph revived—only now the fight is waged with pens and not with swords. Connected with the Piazza and Palazzo di Venezia is the glowing little church of San Marco, that glittering new-fledged daughter of a glorious time-honoured mother, against whose walls beat the placid waves of the blue Adriatic. Near at hand a whole faubourg of palaces raise their proud heads in rivalry to each other—the Doria, the Altieri, and the Torlonia, where that citizen keeps his state by the side of Rome's most ancient nobles. Presiding over the district appears the sumptuous church of the Gesù, yet dark and sombre in its magnificence as the pages of its annals. Here, in a gorgeous chapel, lapped in a funereal urn of bronze and gold, under a winding-sheet of marble, precious stones and oriental alabaster heaped around, the whole surmounted with an enormous globe of lapis-lazuli, lies Ignatius Loyola. His mausoleum as resplendent as his life was poor. Now art and nature emulate each other in its adornment: statues people the lofty aisles, pictures animate the glittering altars, the rarest marbles sustain the roof (where brilliant frescoes form an artistic firmament), and the most precious metal form the capitals. His history is written on the walls in marble and in bronze, and an image of solid silver adorns the altar. Enthusiastic, devoted, brave, the Spanish monk was the latest, and perhaps the strongest, support of the Church. Its foundations sapped by Luther were sustained by Loyola. Strange contrast! the Guelphic shrine of Loyola hard by the Ghibelline palace of the Austrian Cæsar! Theocracy and feudality face to face, measuring each other like two athletæ in an arena. Another palace is near, forming a part of this suggestive corner, but, like the history of its race, it lies detached—that of Madame Mère, where once resided Letitia

Bonaparte, the mother of the plebeian Charlemagne, that ruler who, if fate had spared him, would have really established throughout Italy "lo buon stato," of which poor Rienzi dreamed. The silent halls are gloomy in deep shadows, as though sympathising with the sorrows of the modern Niobe, who saw her children drop off one by one in the flower of their age—last of all, that grandson hailed king of this Rome, whose cupolas he never beheld glowing in the southern sunshine, for before he knew the city he was intended to rule, death had cut the thread of his short span. Deep melancholy hangs over all the reminiscences of the imperial family at Rome; even at this hour its representative, Prince Camillo, is an exile from its walls.

But I have been tempted to linger on my road, sad at this rate shall never complete, as I desire, the day that I have chalked out. Let us on to the Aventine, once divided from the Palatine and the Capitoline Hills, in the days when history was young, by a marsh so profound that the plebes of Rome could only reach their favourite hill in boats; on we go, skirting the open ground, where stands the Temple of Vesta, the prettiest ruin perhaps in the world, its base washed by the Tiber—and the church, known as the Bocca della Verità, once a temple dedicated to Ceres, mounting an ascent, up the steep side of the Aventine, where none but Roman horses could have kept their footing, to say nothing of dragging a heavy carriage after them. I was extremely alarmed at finding our centre of gravity so utterly unsupported; but as the Italian coachman Carlo only laughed at my fears, and declared it would be personally a "vergogna" towards himself if I did not allow him to proceed, I was fain to sit still and resign myself to my fate. Arrived at the summit, horrid, envious walls rose up, bordering the lonely lanes, opening out in various directions; not a soul appeared—not a sound was heard, save the busy hum of men below, blended with the rushing waters of the Tiber. Above all was solitude and desolation—ruins—and their very remains have passed away—destruction and time have not spared a stone. The Aventine possesses only suggestive recollections. Instead of being crowned by the sacred Grove dedicated to the Furies, it is belted by a noble zone of churches, which I proposed to visit. The walls, however, were abominable; for aught I know Cacus and his cavern may have been hid by the enclosures, but they were impenetrable, and I could only dismount and dream of Hercules and his victory over the ancient monster, and remember the unpropitious augury of Remus, and rebuild in my own mind the magnificent shrines and temples that once uprose on this hill, in honour of Diana, erected by the united Latin tribes in emulation of her great fane at Ephesus—the stately edifices in honour of Juno, and of the Bona Dea, who sat enthroned, crowned with her mural coronet. It was on the Aventine that the last Gracchus retired to die—that Marius was born—and more interesting still, that the second separation of the senate from the people occurred after the death of Virginia in the Forum. Those words of fire had no sooner been pronounced by Virginius holding aloft the knife still streaming with the maiden's blood, by which he dedicated the soul of Appius to the infernal gods, than the plebeians, goaded to madness by the outrage offered them by the Tribune, in the person of Virginia, retired to the Aventine, but not before the body of the slaughtered maiden had been borne in solemn procession through the city, followed by the Roman matrons and damsels throwing

flowers, jewels, and even their own hair, as offerings to her offended names.

Virginia, on returning to Rome from Mount Algidum with the legions which had revolted from the kingly domination by his persuasion, forming the nucleus of the future republic, encamped on the Aventine. Here, too, were situated those once beautiful Horti Serviliani, in whose graves Nero took refuge when he fled from his golden house during the sedition that cost him his life. The Tiber lay invitingly at his feet, as it winds round the abrupt slopes of the Aventine, and he determined to end his life by a plunge in its waters; but, pusillanimous and undecided, he, who was unworthy to live, wanted courage to die!

Would that the lonely vineyards around could have upheaved and discovered the ruins which long centuries have confided to their bosoms! Not a vestige was here to assist the imagination; and the lettuces and endive sprouted, and cabbages swelled, under the pale olive-trees, in the most provokingly common-place manner, as if to drive away all classical enthusiasm.

Along the centre of the hill extends a broad road, where stand three churches—San Sabina, San Alessio, and the Priorato—without a doubt erected on the site of Pagan temples. San Alessio was hermetically sealed, but I penetrated into its neighbour (only divided from it by a garden) and entered a cortile, within which stands the dignified but modern-looking church of Santa Sabina, on the supposed site of the temple of Juno Regina. It might have served as a portico to the city of the dead, so desolate was its aspect. Grass grew in the cortile, and moss had gathered round the columns. Unbroken silence prevailed: the very birds were silent, and I felt actually afraid of waking the melancholy echoes by pulling a bell at one of the great doors. An inscription over the door, in mosaic, informed me that the church stood on the site of Santa Sabina's house, who suffered martyrdom at Rome during the persecution of Adrian. A church was erected to her honour as early as the year 430. Sabina was an Umbrian widow, noble and wealthy, who became a Christian through the zealous teaching of her maid Seraphina, by birth a Syrian. These details were highly interesting while contemplating the church, although to those at a distance they may possibly appear trite and unpalatable.

After waiting some time—for in Italy patience becomes one of those cardinal virtues one is forced daily to practise—a boy appeared and opened the church, a fine large building of the Basilica form, but exceedingly damp and chilly, with scarcely a vestige of antiquity remaining, so completely has Sixtus V. renovated it. In a side chapel is one of the most beautiful pictures in Rome, the "Virgin of the Rosario," painted by Sassoferrato, which, being hung in a good light, is seen with every possible advantage. It is a sweet and most delicately beautiful composition, coloured with a transparent clearness worthy of Raphael. Well may it be called a perfect jewel; it reminded me of those pretty verses (a remnant of the republic) addressing the Virgin as—

Maria della bionda testa
I capelli son fila d'oro,
Rimirando quel bel tesoro,
Tutti gli angeli fan festa.

The Virgin, a beautiful creature, though not too much idealised,

draped in red, presents the infant Saviour to San Dominico and San Catarina of Siena, who, habited as a nun, kneels at her feet. There is a sweet youthfulness and freshness in the figure of the saint extremely touching; a sort of devotional *abandon* in her prostrate attitude full of expression. Beautiful angels, graceful as Albano's Cupids, hover above, bearing a red flag or drapery over the Virgin, harmonising agreeably with her robe, and a white lily lies at her feet. Long could I have gazed on that picture had not the damp cold of the church warned me to withdraw.

The ignorant boy, my *custode*, knew nothing; but, like Jim in "Bleak House," had a determined idea "of moving on." At first I thought he was an idiot, but discovered that he was French—some offshoot from the regiment quartered in the monastery, who were smoking and lounging about in the cloisters whither he led us, incessantly jabbering some unintelligible *patois*. Tradition says, that within the garden stands an olive-tree, planted by St. Dominic during his residence here, after leaving San Sixto near the Porta Sebastiana, a convent he gave up to some vagrant nuns who had wandered somewhat too freely before he undertook the reform of their order.

I left the church and wandered forth along the summit of the Aventine, silent and musing as all nature around. The sun shone hotly, though in January; and there was that deathlike repose peculiar to mid-day in Italy. I strolled into the open cancello of a villa, and followed a dark walk of overarching box and ilex, on to a stone terrace overlooking the city, which lay at my feet, divided by the river into two unequal portions. There was the Ponte Rotto, now broken no longer, as a handsome iron suspension bridge connects the old Roman arches yawning on either side of the river. Beyond, in the centre of the current, was the island of the Tiber, with its shiplike prow, still evidencing the artificial appearance of a vessel which the ancient Romans had given to the spot where stood the once magnificent temple of Eaculapius. On the opposite or Trastevere side, gardens filled with richly-laden orange and lemon trees enlivened the long sombre lines of the houses, flinging back the sun's rays, and lighting up the bright globes of fruit that clustered on the dark boughs—the Janiculum backing the prospect broken by villas and casinos, with here and there a solitary pine-tree.

The church of the Priorato is situated in this romantic garden, belonging now to Cardinal Marini, and incorporated into his villa. Within the church, its walls all white as the driven snow, lie the monumental effigies of the knights of Malta in full armour, carved in marble, stretched in stern repose, each on his funereal pile. What recollections of daring courage and chivalric devotion to a noble cause does not this solitary spot, consecrated to the heroic dead, suggest! No names mark the resting-places of these once valiant warriors; but in the heavenly chronicle preserved above their memories may not be forgotten. All hail to these gallant knights, sleeping tranquilly their last slumber on the silent Aventine!

The woman *custode* threw open the wide entrance-door, and a glorious view burst into sight. Rome was invisible, but the windings of the Tiber through the leafy groves called Campi del Popolo Romano, and the desolate Monte Testaccio, surmounted by a single cross, occupied the foreground. Beyond lay the low, marshy Campagna towards Ostia,

broken by the magnificent Basilica of San Paolo fuori le Mura, surrounded by vineyards and gardens—the trees just bursting into snowy blossoms. All save this bright spot was indescribably melancholy. In the surrounding plain, redolent of malaria, ruin, decay, and pestilence unite to form a wilderness terrible in summer both to man and beast. The wind sighed gently as it rose from the plain, fanning the deep woods of the garden, like the voice of nature mourning over the desolation of this once rich and pleasant land.

I turned into a little pasture in the surrounding garden, where grew an immense date-tree, at whose foot ran a little streamlet, issuing from a broken fountain disfigured by some mutilated god of ancient Rome, now shorn of his fair proportions, “sans nose, sans mouth, sans eyes, sans everything,” as the melancholy Jacques says. By this time the whole population of the *custode's* family having gathered round the forestiera lady, all repeating the usual cry of “Danmi qualche cosa,” I beat a rapid retreat.

The roads along the Aventine, now mounting up, then dashing down, covered with rough masses of unbroken rubbish, would be the despair of any but Roman coachmen, who possess the art of teaching their horses to climb like cats. Down at last we jolted into a deep hollow at the back of the Forum, to a dirty, miserable open space, where the wretched malefactors of revolutionary Rome are executed. A more dreary place to die in can scarcely be conceived; and I felt such a horror of the locality and its sanguinary reminiscences, that for a moment the very puddles looked filled with blood.

It was but a moment, and the intervening walls shut out the dreary arena where crime sighs out its last wretched groan; and I found myself descending into a kind of hole before an ancient church, in my search for the Cloaca Massima, whither I was bound. Beside the church, and much below the level of the surrounding buildings, stands a well-preserved marble arch of square and massive proportions, having four distinct arched entrances, marking the meeting of four ancient highways. Rows of niches, separated from each other by small columns, still remain, indicating where statues once stood; and it has a solid, substantial look, defying even now time and decay. The arch is that of Janus Quadrifons, and the church St. George, whose name, joined to our national cry of “Merrie England,” still defies the world, as in ages gone by, when these sounds reached even to the burning Desert, rallying the English knights against the Paynim's power. Times are changed now, and the Crescent and the Cross united under the tutelary patronage of St. George, who still slays his dragon on creaking signs that swing before public-houses where lonely cross-roads meet, deeply embosomed in the leafy lanes of verdant England, undismayed by the mishaps which have made him acquainted with such strange bedfellows in his public line of life.

Close beside the church (a grotesque old pile, sinking into mother-earth out of sheer weakness and old age) stands another arch, almost incorporated into the building, richly decorated with arabesques and frescoes, erected to Septimus Severus by the bankers and tradesmen of the city. On one side appears the Emperor with his consort Julia, on the other their sons Geta and Caracalla, though the figure of the former has been effaced by order of the brother, who so barbarously caused his death.

Here was a rich old corner that detained me some time, but no Cloaca could I discover, and the solitude was almost unbroken by the appearance of even a beggar. I was just going away in despair, when I was attracted towards a pretty garden in which some labourers were working. On my asking where was the Cloaca, a man, with an expressive Italian gesture, indicating his knowledge of what I asked, led me along a little pathway to a screen of orange-trees skirting a bank, from whence the ground fell rapidly towards a deep watery ditch, penetrating the adjoining houses through an arch, precisely as a stream passes under a mill.

"Ecco," said he, "la Cloaca."

The place swarmed with washerwomen, who scrub perpetually at small reservoirs in the thickness of the wall under the massive vaults once the pride of Rome.

I was infinitely disappointed, and could only marvel at the high trumpeting conveyed in the sound and fame—of a name, nothing but a name—which leads half Europe to gaze on an impure ditch! It is all very well for books and antiquarians to tell us that those blocks of stone are of Etruscan architecture, and were hewn and constructed in the time of *Turquinius Priscus V.*, king of Rome, and give us long details of the draining of the marshy ground between the Palatine and Capitoline Hills effected by this giant ditch. Rome is quite dirty and damp enough down here to make all this comprehensible, but does not alter the fact that the much-extolled Cloaca, through which, Strabo says, a waggon loaded with hay might once pass, must now be classed as one of the many disagreeable objects from which one turns disgusted away.

While I stood gazing on the scene around, a Cistercian monk entered the garden, dressed in white with the red and blue cross peculiar to the order conspicuous on his breast. He had spied me out, and came to ask for "*Elemosina*," that universal chorus of the modern Roman tongue. He was a venerable-looking old man, and I fell into conversation with him.

"You are English?" said he.

I owned the soft impeachment.

"You are a Catholic?"

"No," replied I.

"Are there," said he, "many convents in England?"

"Very few," said I, "and we wish that there were still fewer. Monks may be very well here—in questo paese—but we are too active and busy in the north to admire them."

"Alas!" said he, with a sigh, "*la Madonna vi aiuta!*—Our great convent," continued he, "is in France; there are none of our order in England, *dove per lo più so bene che ci sono pochi Cristiani*"—(where indeed I know there are scarcely any Christians)—such being the opinion Catholics entertain of us when they speak frankly of us, who esteem ourselves as the lamps of the world, the sun and centre of moral civilisation! We are not even Christians! O miserere!

In this obscure neighbourhood are the now nearly invisible remains of the *Cerchio Massime*, under the shadow of the Palatine, which rises abruptly aloft, crowned with the stupendous ruins of the palace of the *Cæsars*. The *Cerchio*, situated in a vale between that hill and the *Aventine*, must ever be interesting as the well-known site of the rape of the

Sabine women during the celebration of games instituted by Romulus in honour of Neptune.

Successive rulers, from the time of Tarquinius Priscus to the Emperor Claudius, enlarged and embellished this the grandest monument of Rome before the erection of the Flavian Colosseum, and gold, marbles, statues, and altars were not wanting for the adornment of this the rallying-point of two hundred and sixty thousand spectators, where horses, chariot and foot-races, wrestling, boxing, and combats with wild beasts, varied their amusement. On the spina passing down the centre of the arena were erected the two obelisks now adorning the Piazza del Popolo and the square of the Lateran, at whose base were placed the bands of music that enlivened the audience during the games, as the chariots or runners coursed round this central division forming the course. Of the vast multitudes who age after age applauded the swiftness of the chariots, the skill of the gladiators, and the barbarous wrestling, history only records the gratitude of the lion to the generous Androcles, who, being exposed to fight with wild beasts, was recognised by a lion from whose paw he had some time before extracted a thorn, and who, instead of tearing his antagonist to pieces, fawned upon him in the midst of that great circus and licked his hand. Even the iron Romans were interested by so touching a sight, and the gratitude of the noble animal saved his benefactor's life.

Alas! for the utilitarian nineteenth century! the site of the Cerchio Massimo is now converted into a gasometer, as red, and as flaunting and ill-odoured as any gasometer in a little country town; and there is a pert little white house in the centre of the yard, and a cast-iron railing in front fresh from Birmingham, and all kinds of modern abominations desecrating the soil where kings, dictators, and Caesars held their imperial state, their gorgeous togas sweeping the mosaic floors as they passed out of the gilded palaces on the Palatine down through the marble colonnades of the stately Forum, to witness the cruel pageant displayed on Rome's great holidays.

Leaving this part of the city I drove by the Colosseum towards the magnificent Basilica of San Giovanni Laterano, the parent church of Rome, whose lofty porticos and domes crown the Coelian Hill along the park-like avenue, bordered by rows of trees growing under the shadow of the sombre walls, a road extending from the grand façade of the Lateran in a straight line to the large church of San Helena, boasting the possession of a large fragment of the true cross brought from Jerusalem by that empress, deposited in a chapel which no woman can enter. Passing the church—now closed, as it was past *mezzagiorno*—we proceeded on through high walls enclosing villas and gardens by great ruined aqueducts whose arches, majestic in ruin, forced themselves into notice as visions of the mighty past, to where Porta Pia opens into the Campagna, fronting a fine broad road, bounded on the left by the rising ground, darkened by the groves that screen Villa Albano, an appropriate background, from whence its lofty terraces, long colonnades, and elegant porticos, filled with a unique collection of sculpture, stand out in strong relief, as though built of alabaster. About a mile along the road, paved like a street (and that a Roman one, being as rough and uneven as possible), stands the Villa Torlonia, for which I was bound.

The villa, or casino, or mansion, is stuffy and ill ventilated, with a great central saloon, surrounded by a suite of small rooms, little better than cupboards. There is a general want of comfort, and a great deal of fine furniture, gilding, and mosaics—

Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Golden roofs, and stucco floors.

It was evident, in making the circuit of the grounds, that the proprietor had been haunted by visions of an English garden, for I came on stunted fir-trees, low shrubberies, little ponds, and rank plateaux of grass, jumbled together in a manner quite irrational for this country. I reached a little valley, where thousands of violets scented the air,—a momentary relief. Beyond lay a walk, which I followed, between high banks of grass, their precipitate slopes planted with aloes and cactus, upheaving their grotesque leaves towards the sun. The hill was tunnelled; darkness succeeded to the bright outward day, and I found myself in an immense artificial cave, formed of masses of rock and the roots and branches of gigantic trees, where rough stones, picturesquely arranged as pillars, stalactites, gurgling waterfalls, and dark walks, round up by galleries, crossed by rustic bridges from cliff to cliff, mysterious and suggestive, to nooks and grottos,

Where lingering drops from min'ral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill.

Along one of the many labyrinthal paths winding in the half-lit steps, I descended into what appeared utter darkness; but rounding a projecting mass of rock, I found myself in a glorious conservatory, entirely constructed of the most gorgeous-coloured glass, forming stars, rosettes, and diamonds, of the richest patterns. The transition from the dark cave to jocund, many-coloured day, was worthy of Fairyland. The floor of this beautiful glass-house was covered with gaudy encaustic pavement; flowers garlanded the roof, and hung in heavy, many-tinted branches from the pillars, catching the sunbeams, as they played antic tricks, slanting athwart the brilliant glass, and casting deep, unnatural streaks and shadows among the green leaves.

Conspicuous on the armorial escutcheon of the Torlonias is the Column, on which, typically and actually, the glory of his house reposes, to which he is entitled by his marriage with a princess of the noble blood of the Colonnas, the sweetest and most pathetic-looking creature ever dreamed of by a love-sick poet. The load of sparkling jewels under whose weight she bends, as it were, overwhelmed, when she appears in public, adds not to her surpassing beauty, of that chaste and pallid character which the simple drapery of a Diana or a vestal would infinitely better become; but these priceless ornaments display the wealth of her lord, who follows her about with a restless anxiety quite amusing to witness.

My day had already been varied enough, but there were still further contrasts in waiting, as it was not more than three o'clock, and our list not yet seen through. How intoxicating it was thus to surrender oneself passively to the varying impressions, experiences, scenes, sights, and wonders around, making one day in Rome richer, fuller, and more satisfying than years of ordinary life! I re-entered the grand old walls span-

ning the circuit of Rome,—those walls so broken by ruined towers, and castellations, and mouldering arches, and long avenues of piers and buttresses, built up with the rich-tinted reddish stone of which the whole is composed, with here and there higher towers flanking a huge massive Etruscan-looking gate, breaking the shadows that began to fall, and giving egress to the bright sunshine within, gleaming and dancing on the swords and the steel caps of the French soldiers keeping watch over the tottering bulwarks surrounding the city of the Cæsars, where the temporal power once vested in the triple crown is now as effete and powerless as in the days of the Esarchs.

We passed down dirty cavernous streets, damp and mouldy as all here, unwarmed by the health and life-giving sun, to where the Forum of Trajan sinks down below the modern level of the city, in an oblong square, strewn with short broken columns and capitals surrounded by shabby, common-place houses, mocking the enthusiasm of the most rabid antiquarian that ever groped and hammered under ground.

Let us pause for a moment before proceeding onwards under the portico of one of those Siamese-twin churches flanking its extremity, and recal a few of the recollections that spontaneously arise. All the world knows that the sculptured marble column—in which I can see no beauty—rising before us, once served as a pedestal to the statue of Trajan, whose life was passed in continually running over the world in search of fresh enemies and renewed battles. He who must be execrated as one of the persecutors of the Christians is now dethroned from his lofty stand and replaced by a statue of St. Peter, erected in rather questionable taste by Sixtus V. The forum beneath was designed by Domitian, and executed by Trajan, under the superintendence of that same architect, Appollodorus, who afterwards lost his life for daring to utter an unfavourable criticism on the temple of Venus at Rome, designed by the Emperor Adrian. Arminius Marcellino speaks of it as a unique monument, worthy of the admiration of the very gods, and quite impossible to describe by any mere words, “language being utterly insufficient to portray its grandeur and magnificence.” Looking at it as I do, all this appears incredible. Dirt, mud, and rubbish are now the characteristics of that space once occupied by porticos and colonnades, equestrian statues, and triumphal arches. On this spot once stood the Ulpian Basilica, to which memories attach deeply interesting to every Christian. Here Constantine the Great, seated in the tribune of that superb edifice, surrounded by dignitaries, senators, and princes, a goodly company, where the West greeted the East—a mixed audience, however, many of whom, being Pagans, listened with horror and rage—in the presence of the assembled multitude, whose loud and frequent applause, echoing down the triple aisles and into every columned recess, showed that Christianity had at least found a home with them—here, I say, Constantine proclaimed “Christianity the religion of the world, and exhorted all to abjure the errors of a superstition the offspring of ignorance, folly, and vice.”

These words, that seem to sound, after the lapse of fifteen centuries, grand, solemn, and impressive as when pronounced by the imperial voice in the grandest building of ancient Rome, were received by a populace mad with joy and enthusiasm, who for two hours echoed a chorus of “malediction on those who denied the Christians,” repeating “that the

God of the Christians was the only God, that his enemies were the enemies of Augustus, and that the temples should now be shut, never more to be re-opened; and calling on the emperor to banish from Rome that very day and hour every priest of the false gods." But Constantine (whom God seemed to have inspired with the very spirit of wisdom becoming so solemn an occasion) replied, "That there was this distinction between the service of God and that of idols; that the one was voluntary, and the other forced, God being honoured by the sincere affection and belief of the intelligent creature he had created in his image. Therefore," continued he, "let those who refuse to become Christians fear nothing; for, however much we desire that they should follow our pious example, it is alone by persuasions, and not by force, we would induce them. However, we declare that we unite ourselves by a firmer friendship and support to those who embrace Christianity." Having thus spoken, the emperor, glorified before God and man, descended from his throne, and, passing out of the great portico by the equestrian statue of Trajan, proceeded to his palace at the Lateran in the midst of the applause of his subjects, Pagans as well as Christians, after which all the city was brilliantly illuminated. A spot consecrated in the history of Christianity, as was the Forum of Trajan, in itself the most architecturally beautiful monument in Rome, was spared even by the ruthless barbarians, but towards the ninth and tenth centuries Rome was given up to internal disorders and excesses of all kinds under the Popes John X. and XI., and to that period may be referred the ruin of this as well as many of its other most ancient edifices.

From the Forum of Trajan I hastened to the church of San Giuseppe-of-the-Carpenters, near by, beneath which lie the Mamertine prisons, close under which was once the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, now the church of the Ara Coeli. The exterior (fronting the Roman Forum, only divided from that of Trajan by a small block of houses) is prettily painted in bright southern-looking frescoes—a double staircase conducts to the portico, somewhat raised from the ground. Standing under this portico, Pius IX. delivered, last October, that most affecting and beautiful sermon or homily which, by its tone of gentle remonstrance and meek reproachfulness, touched the hearts of the common Romans more than any similar appeal since the revolution that sent him forth an exile and a wanderer.

There was something inexpressibly interesting in the whole scene; the benignant countenance of the pontiff, his tall figure clad in white, backed by a retinue of cardinals, canons, and monsignors in their brilliant dresses of red and violet, side by side with the grotesque Swiss guard, starch, stiff, and immovable; the splendid uniform and gallant bearing of the aristocratic Guardia Nobile (selected from the flower of the patrician families), who all love and respect and watch over the excellent Pope as if he were their real father; the mixed crowd beneath filling the streets, the windows, the very housetops; lowering, dark-browed, inky-haired men, with features bearing the antique type indelibly engraven on them; the gaily-attired women, their raven hair and glancing eyes set off by the snowy headgear of white cotton, bristling with flowers, daggers, or great gold pins, with the scarlet, blue, pink, and yellow petticoats peculiar to the south; an assembly displaying all the various colours of the rainbow forming the foreground, with the Capitoline Hill rising abruptly behind the arch of Severus, the column of Phocas, the temple of

Concord, and the scattered pillars strewed around, breaking the blue of the heavens, now melting into the rich tints of sunset, forming altogether a scene that recalled those early days of Christian devotion and humility when believers sealed too often their faith in blood, and the papal father bore conspicuous in the army of martyrs the crown of thorns bequeathed to the head of the church by its divine master.

I passed into the interior of the small church—its walls almost covered with *ex voto* offerings—and after some difficulty procured the *custode*, whose presence was indispensable, as I intended descending to the Mamertine prisons below. The *custode*, good man, was well used to his trade, and soon produced the torch which was to lighten our darkness in our descent under the arch of Septimius Severus into the very bowels of classical Rome. An iron wicket guards the entrance into the vaults, from which we descended to the first dungeon, of rather large proportions when compared with the dismal prisons of Venice. But the rigour and sternness of the republican Romans is visible even in the architecture, the walls being formed of great blocks of solid stone of volcanic formation, joined without cement, like the cyclopean walls of the Etruscan cities that crown the Latin hills, bearing a stamp of barbarism only a too eloquent evidence of the ancient ferocity of manners.

On one side of the ceiling were the remains of what once was a trap-door, now walled up, through which the bodies of prisoners condemned to the lingering tortures of starvation were drawn up after death. This upper prison is now converted into a chapel, and has an altar bearing hideous effigies of St. Peter and St. Paul, painted and coloured according to the profane ideas of Italian superstition. Nothing would have been visible but for the torch carried by our *custode*, a garrulous old man, who had no scruples in making the solemn walls echo to his gossiping, interlarded with many “*Si signora*”—“*Mi favorisce di qui*”—“*Buole vedere di là*,” &c. Down some steep and narrow stairs we descended to the lower prison—small, low, confined—the great masses of unewn stone just over our heads. This is the Tullian prison, authentically traced as existing as far back as the reign of Aucus Martius, having been completed by Servius Tullius, whence its name. In this dark suffocating hole, where the infernal gods of darkness reign supreme, and a heavy and unwholesome air only penetrates through a small round hole opening into the upper prison, died by starvation that gallant son of the Desert, the brave Jugurtha, who nobly defended his country against the Roman arms. Here his ardent spirit burst its earthly bonds in solitude and darkness, deep down in the earth, while unpitying, and regardless of his unmerited fate, the Roman senators and the proud patricians, swelling in the pride of power, gathered their ample togas around them as they swept through the stately colonnades of the neighbouring Forum, where the poets declaimed and the philosophers harangued under the shadow of the echoing halls and porticos of the numerous temples lining the ascent of the Capitoline Mount, crowned by the costly fane of Jupiter, glittering with golden trophies. Here, too, were the wretched Romans concerned in Catiline’s conspiracy strangled by order of Cicero, or rather of his wife, the haughty Terentia, who dwelt on the neighbouring Palatine, in the magnificent house which formerly belonged to Crassus, one of the murderers of Cæsar.

Cicero, with all the reputation won by his eloquently-rounded periods, was, after all, but a sophist and a lawyer, a plebeian *parvenu*; first the panegyrist of Marius, then the flatterer of Scylla; vain and irresolute, without daring and without genius, quite incapable of enforcing so signal a punishment on the conspirators had Terentia not insisted on its execution. In these prisons died also the vile Sejanus, that cruel and uncompromising minister and degraded panderer to the base passions of the brutal but suspicious Tiberius.

How often has it happened to me to fall a musing over the blackened stones, forming walls that have witnessed great, horrible, or famous events—to inquire as it were into their history, entreat them to become audible, and to impart their hidden knowledge. I found myself staring in this fashion on the gaunt stones before me, while the *custode* rattled away his little chapter of knowledge to my companions. But could ye—oh! mysterious masses—speak with tongues of brass, and tell of long-past scenes enacted under your deep and fatal shadow, it would neither be of Jugurtha nor of Catiline I would question ye, but of the blessed Peter, who, for nine months, is said to have hallowed ye by his presence. Historical tradition confidently names this as the locality where he was imprisoned, and as such it will be venerated by every denomination of Christians until the day when earth shall exist no more. I cannot give expression to the contending feelings that agitated me as I glanced round on the very walls where his eyes had rested, and placed my hand on the very pillar to which he was chained, when I pictured his sufferings, his heavenly consolations, and horrible death. Such emotions are overwhelming, and can only be realised in full force on the very localities where, as with Thomas the Apostle, the finger touches the sacred marks, fingers the gaping wounds, and is, as it were, forced into belief. Here is the spring said miraculously to have gushed forth out of the solid stones (and solid indeed they are, and of Etruscan massiveness) in order to enable the apostles Peter and Paul to baptise during their imprisonment the keepers of the prison, Processus and Martinian, who were so powerfully affected by the teaching and example of the apostles, that on the return of Nero from his Grecian expedition (laden with the thousand crowns and chaplets he had won from the flattery of an abject and debased race), they suffered martyrdom in the persecution that then commenced. It is highly improbable that a spring should voluntarily have been enclosed in a dungeon dedicated to agony and solitary death. The water wells up bright and pure, never rising or falling, and is now enclosed in a kind of setting of masonry, and covered by a bronze lid. After the emotions and recollections excited by these prisons I could see no more; the day, too, was already falling, and the light, when we reascended, become pale and dim. I had, during the last few hours, felt, admired, and examined so much, my mind was oppressed by the weight of knowledge it had acquired. On returning home I caught up a pen in *furor*, determined to convey on paper, however faintly, some idea of the variety offered by one day's sight-seeing at Rome.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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(Signed)

"**JONATHAN PEREIRA,**

"To Dr. De Jongh."

"Finabury-square, London, April 16, 1851.

Extract from "**THE LANCET**," July 29, 1854.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

HOW TO TRAVEL IN CHINA.*

M. HUC is decidedly the Marco Polo of the day. His reminiscences of travels in Tartary and Thibet contained more novel and instructive matter than anything that has been published concerning those countries—with, perhaps, a trifling exception in favour of our countryman, Fortune—since the days of Du Halde and De Guignes, and of our own Bell and Barrow. De Huc and his missionary friend—disguised as monks of the order of the Grand Lama—not only followed but outstepped the means, as they did the limits of research, of their predecessors, the Jesuit missionaries, authors of the “*Lettres Curieuses et Edifiantes*.”

The present work is a continuation of the former, in which, after relating their travels across the deserts of Tartary and the incidents of their brief sojourn in Thibet, they terminated rather abruptly with their return to China under escort of the authorities.

M. Huc now takes up the narrative at the point where the last left off—where they were being led to the capital of Sse-Tchouen to be put upon their trial. Two years had elapsed since the missionaries bade farewell to the Christians of the Valley of the Black Waters. Excepting a few months' repose in the *lamazerie* (monastery of Lama monks) of Koumboum and in the capital of Buddhism, they had been perpetually on the move across the vast deserts of Tartary or over the lofty mountains of Thibet. Two years of indescribable fatigues were, however, not enough; they were still far from being at the end of their trials. They had to cross the frontiers of China and traverse the whole heart of that country to Canton. The journey from Ta-tzien-lou to the capital of Kouang-Tong is perhaps the most remarkable ever performed by an European in China. The cross line from Pekin to the same city, followed by Macartney, Barrow, and Abel, will not bear comparison with it for extent, or for the insight it afforded of Chinese habits and manners, population, industry, and civilisation.

The Chinese mandarins are like all other Oriental jacks-in-office. They must be kept down. They are, to use M. Huc's words, strong with the weak, and weak with the strong. If the traveller has the misfortune to let them once get the upper hand, he is lost without resources—oppressed and victimised. If, on the contrary, the traveller succeeds in getting the upper hand of them, they are as docile as lambs! But to

* L'Empire Chinois, faisant suite à l'ouvrage intitulé *Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie et le Thibet*. Par M. Huc, ancien missionnaire apostolique en Chine. 2 tomes.

obtain and to hold that position requires an iron resolution. There must not be a moment of misgiving; and hence, from the time the bold ministers of the Gospel crossed the frontier to the time when they reached the haven of commerce and civilisation, there was one continual struggle between them and their escort for domination.

The first struggle had its origin in discussing the manner in which the journey was to be performed. The principal mandarin of Ta-tsien-lou said horses, the missionaries said palanquins, and according to the rule laid down by them, they persisted till they conquered. Had they given way in the first instance, they must have given way on all others, till their bodies, they aver, would have been left, like those of many others, in a ditch behind the ramparts of some remote Chinese town. Another struggle ensued on the subject of dress. Arrived at the frontiers of the Celestial Empire, the travellers were glad to rid themselves of their wolf-skin caps and long robes of skin, which exhaled a perceptible odour of beef and mutton. A skilful tailor was engaged to make robes of azure after the latest Peking fashion. Magnificent boots of black satin, with high heels, brilliantly white, covered their feet. Their waists were encircled with the imperial scarlet band, and their heads were adorned with the official yellow cap, from which hung tassels of scarlet silk. Great was the horror excited by such profanation of imperial customs, and such a glaring infringement of Chinese etiquette! The missionaries, however, insisted that, as strangers, they had a right to dress as they would do in their own country—that is to say, according to their liking. And they carried their point.

At length they left Ta-tsien-lou, to the great satisfaction of the mandarins of the place, with the same escort which had accompanied them from Lha-ssa, reinforced by a few young provincial soldiers, under the command of a long, thin corporal, who marched at their head, his long robe tucked up at his waist, his feet and legs bare, a large umbrella in one hand and a fan in the other. A various country of rugged rocks and fertile flowery valleys, which struck the travellers the more sensibly after their long journey in the deserts and snows of Thibet, brought them to a suspension-bridge on the rapid river Lou, and the town of same name, beyond which they had to cross the Fey-yué-ling, a lofty and rugged chain—a snow-clad offset of the Thibetian mountains—before they finally reached the more level country, with its fine cultivation, its towns and villages, and numerous population. The missionaries speak most highly of the Chinese palanquin-bearers: nothing could exceed their strength, activity, willingness, and good temper. And yet they are only paid at the rate of about a halfpenny for three miles! The long trains of porters—men, women, and children—aged and young—carrying brick tea and “scarfs of felicity” in files along the highway from China to Thibet, presented a much less agreeable subject of constant contemplation. These people are the convicts of misery; overworked, overloaded, they travel onwards and onwards with weary feet, supported by an iron-shod stick, the body bent towards the ground, the head seldom lifted up, their countenances expressive of nothing but brutal stupidity and suffering.

As they advanced further into the country and approached the great centres of population, the curiosity of the Chinese with regard to the barbarian travellers became often unpleasantly manifested. The courier who

preceded them for relays of palanquin-bearers, spread the report of their approach; peasants hurried from the fields to see them on their passage, and on arriving at the larger towns they so encumbered the way, that the guards were obliged to use their bamboo-canes to force a passage. At Ya-tcheou—a fine town of the second class—the population actually broke into their hostelry, and they were obliged to make the mandarin in charge of the escort mount guard at their door with a great bamboo in his hand, besides making several tremendous descents upon the people themselves, bamboo-canes—not tracts—in hand. To reason and to act in China, say the missionaries, as one would do in Europe, would be puerility and madness!

It was the month of June, and although sometimes windy, the finest season of the year for travel. The picture given by the missionaries of the country traversed, remind one of the descriptions given in their more northerly travels in the Celestial Empire, and attest that that wonderful region is almost everywhere the same.

"The country which we were traversing presented a rich and admirable variety; we met a constant succession of hills, plains, and valleys, watered by waters of delicious freshness and purity. The aspect of the country was splendid, the crops were ripening in every direction, and the trees were loaded with flowers or with fruit. Every now and then the exquisitely perfumed air told us that we were traversing great plantations of oranges or lemons.

"In the fields and on all the numerous paths we saw that laborious Chinese population incessantly occupied with agriculture and with commerce, villages with their strangely roofed pagodas, farms embosomed in groves of bamboos, and banyan-trees, hostleries, and restaurants at short distances all along the highway, besides an infinite number of small tradesmen who sell to passers-by fruits, bits of sugar-cane, cocoa-pastry, soups, tea, rice wine, and a great variety of Chinese sweetmeats; all this was like a reminiscence of our olden travels in the Celestial Empire. A strong odour of musk, peculiar to China and to the Chinese, proclaimed to us, also, in a most sensible manner, that we were definitively reaching the Middle Empire."

"Those who have travelled in foreign countries must have remarked that all nations have an odour which is peculiar to them. One can distinguish without trouble, Negroes, Malays, Chinese, Tartars, Thibetians, Indians, and Arabs."

The same thing has been remarked lately of the Russians. Some persons are more susceptible upon this point than others. When we first land in France, after being some time away, we are always sensible of a reminiscence of the national odour. Dogs are remarkably sensitive to the difference—they ferret out a Frank in Constantinople in a moment, and however well our missionaries were disguised in China, the dogs always made them out. Add to the above graphic descriptions that every here and there along the highway were monuments erected to chastity, whether in virgins or in widows—"à la viduité et à la virginité," as our travellers express it. They are triumphal arches in wood or in stone, covered with sculptures, which, as usual, represent fabulous animals and nondescript birds and flowers. The effect of these numerous arches is very pretty—they abound alike along the highways and in the towns.

At Khioung-tcheou, a second-class city, the travellers were received in a Koung-Kouan, or little palatial post-house, decorated with exceeding taste. Such edifices are met with throughout the empire, and are only used by the great mandarins when on their travels. Here servants, dressed in splendid robes of silk, served up a sumptuous repast, and attended upon their guests with exquisite politeness and a strict adherence to the rites and rules of the Chinese ceremonial. These richly-dressed servants turned out to be Christians, but they only acquainted the missionaries with the fact under the favour of darkness and secrecy.

A monastery of Bonzes, at which they made a short stay before entering the provincial capital of Tching-tou-fou, is described in a manner which reminds us of the great monastic establishments of Spain. Magnificent buildings, richly decorated, were surrounded by parks, gardens, and fish-ponds, swarming with delicate turtles and fish artificially fattened.

At Tching-tou-fou, the residence of a viceroy, the missionaries were at once ushered into a court of justice—the residence of a mandarin prefect—upon whose enormous gates were painted two monstrous divinities armed with gigantic swords, but their quarters were afterwards changed to the residence of a mandarin justice of lesser degree. The chief mandarin exhibited to them a breviary and crucifix which had belonged to Monseigneur Dufraise, apostolic vicar of the province of Szechouen, who was put to death in Tching-tou-fou in 1815.

Four days after their arrival at the capital, they received information that everything was prepared, so that their trial should be at once entered upon. An immense crowd had assembled around the court of justice to see the two devils of the western seas. The great mandarins who were to take part in the ceremony arrived one after another, with their staffs and their satellites, clothed in long red robes, and with hideous pointed hats of black felt or iron-wire, surmounted by feathers from pheasants' tails. They were armed with old rusty sabres, chains, pincers, and other instruments of torture.

After many extravagant displays and uncouth noises, the missionaries were ushered into the great court of justice, having on their way to pass through a double row of executioners, who shouted out in a loud voice altogether—"Tremble! tremble!" and at the same time they shook their instruments of torture with an appalling energy. Everything had been got up in a manner calculated to impress the accused with a high sense of the wealth, the power, and the magnificence of the flowery empire. The walls were covered with handsome red hangings, upon which sentences were written in large black characters, gigantic lanterns hung from the roof, and behind each mandarin judge a host of attendants stood, bearing their various insignia of office. This first interrogation went off very favourably. The accused were ordered to kneel, but successfully resisted the indignity. The objects seized at Lha-sa were exhibited to them, and ultimately they got into a discussion concerning the pronunciation of the European alphabet, which led the accused to remark facetiously to the assembled great men that they had been brought there to be put upon their trial, and instead of that, they had been converted into schoolmasters—a remark which was followed by

a general laugh from the whole bench and every one present, and thus ended the first day's trial.

Two days afterwards they were summoned to the presence of the viceroy himself, which was the occasion of another struggle upon the question of kneeling in the presence of the representative of majesty, a ceremony which they persisted in resisting; because, had they yielded, they would, they say, have ever afterwards been expected to assume the same suppliant posture before the first corporal who chose to insist upon their degradation. Here the same scene was enacted over again in presence of viceroyalty, all the mandarins and great men being there, while a band of musicians performed sweet music in an adjoining apartment. The viceroy himself received the missionaries in a small room lined with blue paper, and, for all furniture, containing two red cushions, a stand for a candlestick, and a vase with flowers. Pao-hing, the viceroy, was a man of about seventy years of age, tall and thin, and with a kind expression of countenance. He examined the accused carefully, to determine that they were really foreigners. Whilst engaged in this scrutiny he seemed struck with the fairness of their complexions, and asked if they had any recipe for preserving the skin. The missionaries replied that the colour of Europeans differed from that of the Chinese, but that a wise and well-regulated conduct was the secret of health in all countries. "Do you hear that?" exclaimed the viceroy, aloud, to the assembled mandarins. "A wise and well-regulated conduct is the recipe for good health in all countries!" And the red, blue, white, and yellow globules bobbed in sign of assent. Then taking a goodly pinch of snuff, he inquired where they were going. "To Thibet," was the answer. "Why, you are just come from Thibet," remarked the viceroy. "Yes, but we want to go back." That would not do. The viceroy went so far as to say that Ki-chan had been a great meddler for not letting them alone in Thibet; but since he had sent them to Tchingtou-fou, they must either go on to Peking or to Canton. As he was satisfied that they were not mischievous natives but real foreigners, he would dispense with their going to Peking, but they would be conducted to Canton, and delivered over to their consul. Then, after remarking upon their dress, which was objected to as not conformable to the rites and ceremonies—a point, however, which was not insisted upon—they were dismissed, with manifest kindness and good feeling.

After spending some considerable time at the capital of Sse-tchouen, which is described as one of the handsomest cities in the Chinese Empire, having wide, well-paved, and clean streets, our missionaries started in all the dignity of red sashes and yellow caps. On issuing from the city a few Christians furtively made themselves known by the sign of the cross, and a letter from Monseigneur Perocheau was clandestinely thrown into the palanquin. It is not made clear why the vicar-apostolic of a province should have been reduced to so strange a means of communicating with his brother-missionaries.

The traffic which keeps all China in a state of perpetual movement obstructed the highway and raised clouds of dust, but the escort was charged with the duty of clearing the road for the western devils, and insisted, with frequent administrations of the bamboo, upon due respect

being shown to the august strangers. No wonder that "humble missionaries" should have blushed at times for the tyrannical exhibitions of which they were unwittingly the cause. At the first town they arrived at, they were received with a discharge of squibs tied to the end of a bamboo and the most profound salutations, which they exerted themselves to return with usury. As usual, a repast of the most elegant and sumptuous description awaited them at the palatial post-house. To read the description of these repasts, of the ceremonies attendant upon them, of the brilliancy of the equipments, and the luxury of the furniture, we seem transported to the days when the Venetian nobleman, Marco Polo, first ventured into far-off Cathay. Never were the cards so completely turned upon a people as was done by these humble teachers of the Gospel. They were in name state prisoners, being conducted summarily out of the country, but in reality they were nobles of the first class, as attested by their red and yellow garments; they were borne in luxurious and gaudy palanquins, they were escorted by a guard of honour, and an impetuous administration of the bamboo awaited any unlucky wearer of a straw hat who did not lift it to the meek disciples of propagandism. If others could count upon such successes, how many would venture to explore the curiosities of the Chinese interior!

After refreshing themselves upon water-melons and other delicious fruits, washed down with iced lemonade, the missionaries continued their journey to Kien-tcheou. (Fou designates in China a city of first class, tcheou a city of the second class or magnitude.) The peculation of the mandarins, as inevitable in China as it is in the imperial territories of the Tsar and the Sultan, soon, however, began to modify the comforts and conveniences provided for them by the exceeding bounty of the Mantchu viceroy of Sse-tchouen. To their great joy, at first, they exchanged the monotony of the palanquin at this city for a boat on the Blue River; but it was several hours after they and their civil and military conductors, their escort and porters, were all safely stowed away in different parts of the vessel, that the great sails of split cane were set, and the ship took its way down the majestic stream, borne along by the wind and current at the same time. Rain coming on, it drove the travellers below, into an atmosphere loaded with the fumes of tobacco and opium, amid a noisy card-playing set of palanquin-bearers and rude soldiery. It was a great change from the palatial post-houses, but they comforted themselves by saying, "Such are the vicissitudes in the life of a missionary!"

After this experience of river navigation, our travellers gave up the boat at Kien-tcheou, and resumed their palanquins, not, however, without lengthy discussions with the mandarins, who profited most by the first system. But so great was the power and influence of these strange men, that at their next station, Tchang-chen-hien, they actually insisted upon and procured the liberation of three Christians who had been imprisoned for not joining in a time of dearth in supplications to the great rain dragon. This persecution was the more unreasonable, as, according to our travellers, the Chinese Buddhists do not themselves believe in the efficacy of an immense pasteboard or wooden dragon; and when sometimes, after being duly invoked and paraded in procession, no

advantages result from the ceremony, they curse the idol, stone it, and even tear it ignominiously to pieces.

Between Tchang-cheu-hien and Leang-chan there was a bit of bad road, and the escort was obliged to scatter itself over the country to press countrymen to the service of the palanquins. The missionaries acknowledged that it gave them pain to see the poor country people thus torn from their labours to toil on the highway without remuneration; but they comforted themselves with the reflection that they were in no way charged with reforming, as they went along, whatever abuses they might meet with in the Celestial Empire! It was quite different when anything concerned themselves. At every town or station they came to there were difficulties and struggles with the mandarins of the escort or of the place; at Leang-chan they went so far in asserting their power against the recognised authorities of the country, in the defence of some Christians of the place who had sent them a present of fruit, that they themselves acknowledged that if they had had men of any energy at all to deal with they must have suffered an ignominious defeat. As it was, encouraged by a first success, when the subject of litigation was brought to trial before the authorities, the missionaries, relying upon the virtues of their red and yellow insignia, usurped the place of the mandarin prefects and magistrates who could only boast of imperial dragons embroidered on their tunics, and blue globules on their caps. Taking the seats of the presiding magistrates, and leaving to the latter a less dignified position, they actually went through the farce of a mock trial of a fellow-Christian, interspersing this strange proceeding with a variety of moral precepts, and no small amount of theological disquisition.

At Yao-tchang, their next station, there being no palatial post-house, our tempest-tossed, yet ever-buoyant missionaries, took up their quarters in the public theatre, whose interior is described as being decorated with granite columns. The next morning their conductor, the mandarin Ting, having woke them up by some effective touches of an enormous drum, which was fixed at one of the angles of the stage, he went through a series of performances, partly conversational and partly gymnastic, much to his own satisfaction and to the no small astonishment of his more serious companions. Having once more exchanged their palanquins for a boat at this place, the missionaries took the opportunity to compliment Ting upon his histrionic abilities. This so gratified the worthy mandarin, that he insisted upon going through another performance, in which he was assisted by the two military mandarins. There is not, our travellers assure us, a people in the world who carry the passion for theatrical representations so far as the Chinese do. They are essentially a nation of comedians and of cooks. "These men," say the missionaries, "are endowed with such extraordinary elasticity and activity, both of mind and body, that they can undergo any transformation, and express the most opposite passions; there is something of the monkey in their nature, and when one has lived some time among them, one asks oneself how they have been able to persuade themselves in Europe that China was like a vast academy, full of wise men and philosophers, when in reality their gravity and their wisdom, with some few official exceptions, are only to be found in their classical books. The Celestial

Empire resembles one immense fair, where, amidst a perpetual ebb and flow of dealers, buyers, idlers, and thieves, one meets on all sides tumblers and mountebanks, clowns and play-actors, striving incessantly to amuse the public."

There are theatres everywhere, in cities, towns, and villages, and the actors perform night and day alike. The theatres often form part of the pagodas and of the bonzeries; they may be said, indeed, to form part of the religion of the Chinese: rich and poor, mandarins and people, are alike carried away by the same theatrical *furor*.

A pleasant sail of four hours brought the travellers to Fou-ki-hien, a city renowned for its scholastic and philosophical establishments. Instead of a palatial post-house they were appropriately lodged in the "Temple of Literary Compositions," and as usual the first result was a quarrel—only in this case with a doctor of letters, whom they forcibly expelled their apartment. This little act of impetuosity was, however, palliated by their afterwards relieving a citizen of a great log of wood, which he had been condemned to carry for a fortnight, for using opprobrious epithets towards the western devils.

Another short navigation led them to Ou-chan. Towns, indeed, succeed one another along the courses of the great rivers in China like villages. Here a new grievance presented itself. They were well received and well treated at the palace, but the mandarins failed to wait upon their excellencies! The demon of impatience hurried them off to the court of justice, but not a blue globule or a painted dragon was to be seen. Hereupon they informed their conductor, Ting, that they would not leave the town till they had seen the prefect. The mandarin only smiled. "He had gradually," writes M. Huc, "accustomed himself to the barbarity of our dispositions and the inflexibility of our resolutions." In this instance the Chinese had not told a falsehood; the prefect was really absent, sitting like a coroner upon an inquest, only without a jury. The presence of blows or wounds upon a body, even in an advanced state of putrefaction, are said to be determined in a very extraordinary manner in China, by exposing the body to the vapour of wine, when in an hour or two the marks of blows or wounds are said to show themselves quite distinctly. The Si-yuen, or "washing in the ditch," a medico-legal book of great learning, shows that the Chinese have an infinite variety of means of committing murder and suicide. The latter practice is exceedingly common throughout the empire. This is because the law renders those who have been the cause of a suicide responsible. Hence, whenever a person seeks to revenge himself upon another, he puts himself to death, instead of his enemy.

The mandarins of Ou-chan carried their civilities so far as to request the travellers to spend another day in their city. Custom and the invariable rites and ceremonies of the country demanded that this should be understood in a precisely opposite sense, and so our travellers took it. The effect of conversations and discussions, always carried on with the authorities in a sense precisely opposed to what was really intended to be conveyed, and oftentimes related at length by our travellers, assumes sometimes a most ridiculous aspect; and we feel, from their own exposures of things, that when they were designated "their excellencies,"

devils was what was really meant. To offer anything, to give no end of pressing invitations, is the practice throughout China, but it would attest the greatest ignorance of the ceremonial rights to accept. It is like the Englishman in Persia, who remarked to a khan, "What a beautiful horse you have got?" "Do you think so?" said the khan; "it is yours. You cannot do me a greater honour than to accept it as your own." When the Englishman was foolish enough to send for the horse, reserving a large present for the domestics, he not only got no horse, but was laughed at as an unpolished brute, who was ignorant of the common forms of society. To offer a thing which it is never intended for a person to accept, is by no means, as M. Huc thinks it to be, *de la pure Chinoiserie*.

Thus, notwithstanding the pressing invitations of the mandarins of Ou-chan, our travellers continued their journey the next day, as it behoved persons who knew how to conduct themselves, and who had studied the *rites* elsewhere than in the deserts of Mongolia. This part of the journey was in palanquin, across a rocky and arid country, and they crossed the frontier of the Sse-tchouen, or "four valleys," the largest and finest province in China, to enter into Hou-pé. At Pa-toung, the first town they came to, they were lodged in a kind of *Institut*, an offset of the great corporation of letters, which was organised as far back as the eleventh century before Christ, and which is at present in a sad state of decadence. At the next stage, Kouei-tcheou, a large port, with much commercial movement, they again took to the river, with which, they remark, no other river in the world can compare for the multitude of human beings that it supplies with means of existence, or the prodigious number of vessels that it bears upon its waters.

No sooner on the river than an incident occurred, in which the courage of the missionaries displayed itself in a more remarkable manner even than when they drove the judges from their benches and tried their own case themselves. Having to pass a custom-house, the officers boarded their ship, and, to the horror of all on board, especially those most concerned, a contraband cargo of salt was discovered below. The row that ensued was tremendous: the mandarins shouted, the sailors quarrelled, the escort blustered, but the custom-house officers were resolute in detaining the vessel. In such a difficulty, the missionaries adopted a decisive manner of settling affairs. They seized upon mandarins, escort, smugglers, and custom-house officers all alike, shut them up in a cabin together, and bade the sailors continue the navigation to I-chang-fou, the next great city. Here, for the first time, they found the palatial post-house a mere ruin, tenanted by a numerous troop of rats. They accordingly took themselves off, bag and baggage, to the house of the prefect. We wonder what their reception would have been in a provincial city of France, had they intruded in such a manner even upon a *sous-préfet*, still less upon a *préfet*, in all the importance of their political and departmental functions? The unfortunate Chinese prefect tried to get rid of his visitors by offering to send water-melons to the post-house. This failing, he invited them to stay in his house, the due observance of the rites demanding that upon such an invitation they should take their immediate departure. They chose, however, to exhibit themselves this time in the light of occidental

barbarians, who did not understand the rites and ceremonies of the flowery empire, and they remained where they were. At night they were woken up by a loud discussion carried on in a room adjacent to them, and they overheard a military mandarin, who boasted of having fought against the English, recommending that they should be loaded with chains and thus conducted to Canton! This was too much for our excitable missionaries; hastily putting on their robes, they bounced into the room, and, in their own words, "precipitated themselves upon the fiery warrior, crying out, 'Where are the chains? bring the chains! put on the chains!'" till they drove the disconcerted mandarin into a corner. This plan of travelling in China certainly appears to have presented the advantage of plenty of excitement. The next day the prefect apologised, but they insisted, in revenge for the ill-treatment which they conceived themselves to have been subjected to, upon resting themselves for another day in the palace of the prefect. Others under their circumstances would have felt but too glad to get out of a town where the feeling entertained towards their illustrious persons was of so dubious a character. But it seems surprising what two bold, resolute men—two of the real church-militant—can do in China. "We left I-tchang-fou," they place on record, "free men, with neither shackles nor irons on our feet; not only had they not chained us, but we felt convinced that they would not dare to speak again of such a thing, in any court of justice, for fear that the prisoners should suddenly metamorphose themselves into gaolers!"

The next station on the Blue River was I-tou-hien, and here a change came over the scene. The prefect was a young doctor, versed in science and literature, wearing gold spectacles, and of most polished manners. This charming mandarin received the travellers in an equally charming palace, and treated them to an exquisite repast, in which superb peaches and sparkling cherries figured largely. We do not find any remarks here upon what missionaries have to undergo for the cause which they have espoused.

This pleasant state of things was repeated at Song-tche-hien, their next station, where they were received with a little triumphal arch, decorated with banners, flowers, and coloured lanterns, and with the firing of crackers. The prefect received them with open arms, and the people were allowed to contemplate at their ease the western devils. A sign was sufficient to keep them in order; the governor was like the father of a family among his children, and realised the perfection of Chinese institutions—a truly paternal government. This, as usual, leads M. Hue into a long disquisition in connexion with the last idea started, and he finishes his political discussion upon this occasion by informing us that this magnificent system of administration, so much bepraised by Voltaire as not founded upon the Bible, is now but an empty theory, and that, with some rare exceptions, the mandarins are nothing but a formidable and imposing association of petty tyrants and great thieves.

The Blue River was now some three miles in width: it came on to blow on the next day's journey, and they parted company with a barque which the good prefect had loaded with provisions for them. On this occasion the missionary element resumed its pre-eminence over the bellicose. "Heaven," they said, "permitted this misfortune in order to give us a lesson. May His holy name be blessed in dearth as in abundance!" The

wind continued to blow so, that the mandarins grew sick, and seeing that the missionaries were not similarly incommoded, they inquired the cause, as the boat rocked the same for them as it did for others. "Oh!" they answered, "we do not smoke opium."—"What! do you think that opium is the cause that we are going to die?"—"We cannot positively say so, but what is certain is, that opium is a poison; it destroys all power and energy." Master Ting then began to curse the day when he first yielded to the temptation of smoking so detestable a drug, and he swore that, if he escaped, he would throw pipe, lamp, and opium into the water. "Why not now," said the missionaries—"why wait to another time?"—"I am too sick now; I cannot move."—"Well, we, who are well, will do this good service for you;" and they went towards the box which contained the smoking apparatus. But Ting was too quick for them; sick as he was, he made only one bound to secure his beloved box, and the agility displayed in the midst of his afflictions caused a general laugh at his expense.

The storm was, however, a really serious affair. In attempting to double a remarkable bend in the river they were twice thrown upon the shore, and the two barques which accompanied them were stranded and broken up; the secretary of the good prefect of Song-tche-hien and two soldiers of his retinue, sent to provide them with the good things of this world, were unfortunately drowned. It was not till the next day that they reached the town of Kin-tcheou, and their arrival was attended with general demonstrations of joy, for every one deemed them lost in the hurricane. The town itself was, however, in a state of considerable alarm and dejection on account of a dispute which had taken place a few days previously, on the occasion of some aquatic *fêtes*, between the Tartar garrison and the Chinese sailors. Several Chinese had been killed and still more wounded, and the passions of the combatants had not yet had time to assuage themselves. "The Chinese," M. Huc remarks, "could have exterminated the Tartars, but they wanted unity and leaders."

The last attempt at navigating the Blue River had given even the mandarins enough of its rough waters, and the palanquin-bearers were once more put into requisition. The sun had also now become so powerful that it was resolved to travel at night by the light of torches. In the town, where the streets are filled with lanterns of all sizes and colours, the effect of this proceeding was lost; but in the country the abundance of torches and lanterns carried by the escort produced a splendid effect, which was heightened by the occasional discharge of rockets and squibs. In China there is no perfect happiness without fireworks. This system of travelling by night does not seem, however, to have answered in a sanitary point of view, for the very same night, on their arrival at Kuen-Kiang-hien, both travellers were suddenly seized with sickness at the very moment when they were receiving the visits of the chief mandarins of the place. So severe was the attack, that, although attended by the most skilful Chinese physicians, they were for a moment at the point of death, and the governor of the town carried his politeness so far as to have had a magnificent coffin prepared by the chief manufacturer of Kuen-Kiang-hien. The true character of such a compliment is scarcely appreciable out of China. There, one of the choicest presents that can be made to a sick man is a coffin. The Chinese like to have their last home by their sides; they are in the habit of contemplating death; and

so peaceably do they die, that M. Hue assures us that generally the only sign by which you can determine that a Chinese has left this world is that he no longer asks for his pipe! Our missionary argues, strangely enough, that these peaceful deaths of the Chinese are to be attributed to their want of religious feeling, and their having no apprehensions for the future; hence, he also argues, that such is the most sorrowful and lamentable death possible.

After four days' detention at Kuen-Kiang-hien and a visit to their coffin, to which they openly expressed a preference to the palanquins, they left for Tien-men, celebrated for the beauty of its water-melons, and where they were most kindly received by the authorities. The mosquitoes were expelled their apartment, and everything was done to ensure their repose and quiet. All these kindly attentions the travellers do not attribute, either here or elsewhere, to any real sympathy entertained for them, but to apprehensions of the expenses the mandarins would be put to by any delay that might occur, and to the responsibility that would be incurred by their dying within their jurisdiction.

Proceeding hence to Han-tchuan, they witnessed a curious scene—a military mandarin leaving the city in disgrace, but so beloved by the citizens as to be conducted in triumph without the town, where his boots being taken off, they were hung up at the city-gates, and replaced by new ones. Travellers will know in future what a pair of old boots suspended over a gateway in China signifies. A large lake near Han-tchuan obliged them to have recourse once more to boats. Upon the lake were several floating islands artificially constructed of bamboo rafts, upon which were houses, fields, and gardens. The dwellers on these islands live by fishing, cultivating rice, and rearing ducks and other aquatic birds. In a country so populous as China is, floating islands of a similar description are met with on all the lakes. That the population of a country should be so great that there is no longer place for them on land, and that they should have to dwell upon the waters, struck the missionaries with horror; but even in populous China it is only a matter of choice—one among other methods adopted by that most ingenious people of obtaining a livelihood. They fish both with nets and with cormorants.

After crossing the lake, they re-entered their palanquins, and soon reached Han-yang, a great city on the Blue River, on the opposite side of which is the capital of the province Ou-tchang-fou. Here their reception was so cool, and the supper served to them so bad, that they ordered one at their own expense—an act which they regretted long afterwards, for the Chinese do not understand such a mode of proceeding. What they ought to have done, they said, was to order a supper and charge it to the prefect, and then quarter themselves, by way of punishment, for two or three days upon him; this, they aver, was the only system which they found to answer, and which made the difference between the manner they travelled from tribunal to tribunal, through the very country across which their predecessor, Monseigneur Perboyre, had been conducted also from station to station, but in chains, till death relieved him from his sufferings.

The next day they crossed the Blue River, which here resembled a great arm of the sea, with the immense city of Ou-tchang-fou enveloped

in the distant fog. The passage took three-quarters of an hour, with a favourable wind blowing hard, but they were two hours more threading their way through the innumerable junks which lay off the city; they then had a journey to perform through the streets of the capital, and it was past noon before they found themselves lodged near the palace of the viceroy—governor of the province of Hou-pé—in what they were pleased to consider as a clean but “insufficient pagoda.” The reception at the capital of Hou-pé was by no means what it had been at the capital of Sse-tchouen. When the travellers complained, as usual, it was even intimated to them that they ought to deem themselves lucky in not being put in chains; and for the first time they deemed it prudent to forego for a time the usurped insignia of imperial power—the red sash and yellow cap.

Ou-tchang-fou is the most central and most commercial city of China; it is the London of the flowery empire, to which Peking is only a Windsor. With its vast suburbs of Han-yang and Han-keou, it embraces a population of eight millions, nearly four times as much as that of the British capital. No idea of the internal commerce of China can be formed without visiting this great emporium of trade. Wearied with the little attention paid to their all-important presence, the missionaries, after the lapse of a few days, resumed the imperial colours, and forcing themselves into the presence of the viceroy, upbraided him with his want of civility and hospitality, reminded him that two French missionaries had already suffered martyrdom in the central city, and expressed their apprehensions of a similar fate. The viceroy reassured them, appointed them a better residence, and attached a cook to their service, who gave them no cause of complaint: his *ragouts* were pronounced to be delicious, and some of his *hors-d'œuvres* were inimitable.

At Ou-tchang-fou the travellers exchanged their mandarins and escort, and the preparations for a journey of some 900 miles in the hot season, always going southwards, having been completed, they were once more on their way. The first night was spent in a large village, where they were almost devoured by mosquitoes, and what they call *cancrelats*, a large and offensive beetle, whose pleasure it was to bite away at the tips of the ears and toes of sleeping people. Upon their arrival at Kouang-tai-hien they were lodged in convenient premises, but politely informed that the municipality would have nothing to do with the provisioning of the party. Here was another cause for dispute: palanquins were summoned, and an immediate personal visit was made to the governor. It was in vain that they were told that the governor was presiding at a trial of great importance. They would see him even in his court of justice. So they made their way through the crowd and went in. What they saw must be related in their own words.

“All eyes turned upon us, and a general movement of surprise manifested itself throughout the assembly. Two men with long beards, in yellow caps and red sashes, had the effect of an apparition. As to ourselves, we were seized with a cold perspiration, and our legs trembling beneath us, we were on the point of fainting. Our eyes fixed, and our chests heaving, it seemed as if we lay under the influence of some horrible nightmare. The first object that presented itself to our sight on going into the Chinese court of justice, was the accused, the criminal,

the man they were in the act of trying. He was suspended in the midst of the court, like one of those lanterns of such fantastic shapes and enormous proportions which are seen in the great pagodas. Cords fastened to a large block fixed to a beam of the roof, held the criminal tied up by the wrists and ankles, so that his body assumed the form of an arch. Below were five or six executioners, armed with leather straps and rattan roots. The stifled meanings of the miserable creature, his limbs cut by repeated blows, and almost torn to rags, and then these executioners in a ferocious attitude, their faces and clothes sweltering in blood, presented as hideous a spectacle, that we shuddered with horror. The public present at such a spectacle appeared to be perfectly unmoved. Our yellow caps, for the time being, interested them more than anything else. Several laughed at the horror we expressed upon entering into the court."

This sufferer turned out to be a Kouan-Kouen, one of a numerous association in China of bandits, whose whole life is spent in legal outrages, robberies, and assassinations. To give and receive blows with indifference, to kill others with coolness, and to receive death themselves without fear, and, above all, to be faithful to the cause, are with these wretches the great points of honour. This miserable criminal, who had committed some fifty murders in his lifetime, was now undergoing torture in order to make him divulge the names of his accomplices; and the good missionaries assisted, as they would themselves express it, at a little further administration of the bamboo and the rattan, as seen through a trellised window from out of an apartment contiguous to the court of justice. This event furnishes an excuse for the usual long discourse upon Chinese administration of justice, in the course of which we are informed that, in 1849, our worthy missionaries were travelling in the province of Chan-toung, when they came to a place where a number of small cages were suspended from the trees that bordered the road. "What is that?" they asked of their driver. "Look closely and you will see," was the answer; and looking attentively they found that each cage contained a human head, nearly in a state of putrefaction, and grimacing horribly. The road had been infested with robbers, and these were their relics. "I should not like to pass the night here," said Jehu. "Why so, if they have destroyed the robbers?" asked the missionaries. "Why? because all these heads utter the most horrible imprecations after night-fall. They have been heard shouting from all the villages around."

At their next station, Hoang-mei-hien, our travellers were not only well received, but actually treated to fireworks and a serenade. They were not pleased, however; the music was not to their liking. There are some people with whom the efforts of others to please them are always ineffectual. They do not look to the kindly feeling which prompts the attempt; they look critically to the execution, as some do to the dinners given them, and their selfish complacency finds a curious gratification in sneering at every sacrifice made to propitiate their wonderful selves.

At this point our travellers joined the high road from Peking to Canton, entered the province of Kiang-si, and followed a more southerly direction. The highway was, however, like everything else that was Chinese, very repulsive, muddy or dusty according to the day, full of ruts, hilly, stony, and uneven. Wearied with such a progress, they embarked on the lake of Pou-yang, in a boat so full of toe-and-ear-eating

beetles, that these useful appendages were nearly being cut off to the roots. The lake was, as usual, covered with shipping, except where floating islands interfered. The province of Kiang-ni is one of the most populous in even over-populated China, yet, notwithstanding this, they had, after leaving the lake, to travel for two days across a very desert country (owing probably to some peculiarity of geological conformation) before they reached Nan-tchang-fou, the capital of the province.

Here being dubiously received, they lodged themselves in the Palace of Literary Compositions, and ordered supper at the expense of the mandarin of the quarter, eating the same on a terrace in public. It was in vain that the authorities waited upon the redoubtable travellers to tell them that quarters had been prepared for them in the interior of the city; where they were warm and cool, they would not budge for all the authorities of Nan-tchang-fou.

So anxious, however, were the said authorities to get rid of their visitors, that they lent themselves to every suggestion, and when it was at length determined to proceed by water, they appointed a sort of frigate of war to attend to their safety. They themselves travelled in one junk, the mandarins and escort in another, and the supplies were upon a scale that totally eclipsed anything that they say was ever accorded to a Russian envoy. The junk allotted to the "humble" missionaries was a little floating palace; there is no doubt, indeed, that for river navigation nothing can be more elegant and convenient than certain of the junks of the Chinese mandarins. For almost the first time since they left the frontiers of Tartary the travellers expressed themselves satisfied with the attentions paid to them.

After fifteen days of the most delightful navigation, against the current, through fields and gardens, villages and towns, the mountain of Mei-ling obliged them to exchange all these comforts for the ruder conveyance by palanquin. At the top of the mountain, which presented the usual innumerable paths instead of one common highway, each covered with files of weary worn-out porters carrying the traffic of Canton into the interior, is a kind of arch which marks the boundaries of the provinces of Kiang-si and of Kuang-tong, or Canton.

At the foot of the mountain lay the city of Nan-hioung, the most northerly port on the Tigris, or river of Canton, and after the experience they had had of the delights of mandarin junks upon the Kan-Kiang, they hastened to apply for similar accommodation to Canton. Nor were they disappointed: junks, decorated after the same style as those which had borne them to the foot of the mountains of Mei-ling, were placed at their disposal, and, as they admit themselves, what there remained of the long journey to accomplish was nothing but a "promenade." They had nothing to do but to let the current bear them on peaceably to the port of Europeans. The sixth day of their journey, the Tigris issued forth from a hilly region into open, boundless plains, and a short time afterwards "strong vivifying emanations" announced the proximity of the ocean. The sun had not gone down ere they perceived, as it were, an immense forest without leaves—they were the masts of European vessels and Chinese junks, above which floated the banners of Great Britain, of the United States, and of Holland. The feelings of our intrepid travellers

upon arriving at a place where all their fatigues would vanish, all their battlings for supremacy cease, and they would once more become sleek, well-fed, quiet missionaries, can be readily imagined.

Upon the subject of Chinese politics—a point upon which the opinion of so experienced a traveller as M. Huc cannot but be of the highest interest—he does not attach so much importance to the present insurrection as is generally done in Europe. He combats the opinion generally received that the East is stationary. He proves by history, that China has undergone many revolutions, and is, indeed, in a constant state of chronic insurrection. The commencement of the present one he traces to the mere gathering together of a troop of bandits. (It is but fair to say that the author manifests throughout his work an ill-disguised hostility to English and American propagandism, to which the first movement has been attributed by others.) The bandits were joined by the secret societies, whose common bond of unity was hatred of the Mantchu Tartars. The movement may also, M. Huc thinks, have received some impulse from the gradual infiltrating of European ideas. There is some progress in religion made by the insurgents, but our author justly remarks, that it is difficult at the present moment to see anything else in the leader of the insurrection than a kind of Chinese Muhammed, seeking to found his power by fire and the sword, exclaiming at the same time to his followers, “There is no other God than God, and Tien-te is the younger brother of Jesus Christ.”

M. Huc does not think, further, that the new insurrection will do anything towards opening China to Europe. Even the missions, he thinks, have little to hope. As to the Chinese Christians, he avers that they have kept aloof from the movement altogether, and should Tien-te triumph, he believes there will be a great persecution of native Christians, and as great an hostility manifested against Europeans as has ever existed. Indeed, we have seen some statement in the papers already amounting to an open demonstration to that effect from these Mussulman-Christian insurgents, from whom so much was expected in the cause of humanity and civilisation. Should the Mantchu Tartars, on the other hand, triumph against those who have raised the Cross on their standards, a still more fearful persecution will await the unfortunate Christians, and the exclusion of foreign devils will be still more tenaciously insisted upon than ever.

THE SISTER OF THE HOTEL DIEU.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

I.

ONE of the least noticed and least cared-for churches in Paris, is probably that of St. Séverin. If the stranger happens to enter it, he passes rapidly along its sombre aisles, scarcely pauses at its dim chapels, and he leaves with an impression that his time has been misspent in visiting so little interesting a building.

This church stands in a narrow street, to which it has given its name between the Rue St. Jacques and the Rue de la Harpe, amongst grim-looking houses six stories high: its lofty slate spire, rising from a heavy tower, had attracted me from the exterior gallery of Notre-Dame, and when I descended to the Parvis, I made my way to it, resolved to find what there might be in a place which I had only heard named with indifference.

At first, I was struck, on mounting the steps, with a curious carved portal, with sculpture in relief, and niches with pendant arches: in one was a decapitated bishop, and on the walls on each side I observed two oddly-shaped lions. I afterwards learnt that between these strange-looking animals, in days of yore, certain decrees of ecclesiastical justice were delivered, or, as the phrase was, "Donné entre deux lions!" The portal was also formerly noticeable for another singularity. One of the sides of the folding-doors used to be entirely covered with horse-shoes, nailed there by those about to undertake a journey in order to propitiate St. Martin, a patron of the church, and the especial guardian of travellers. A door on the other side of the building, leading into the ancient cemetery, has, moreover, a peculiar feature in the following lines inscribed above it, remarkable for their quaint morality and curious play upon words:

Passant, penses-tu pas passer par ce passage,
Où, pensant, j'ai passé ?
Si tu n'y penses pas, passant, tu n'es pas sage ;
Car en n'y pensant pas, tu te verras passé.

There were no relics of an old superstition now further to arrest my attention in the portal, and pushing open the customary green-baize door, much faded and torn, my antiquarian enthusiasm was considerably damped by the aspect of the dismal, chilly vault under which I found myself. I walked on, however, along the dreary low side-aisle, and looked up with disappointment at the windows, which were heavily barred like those of a prison, and, instead of lending light, added only a deeper horror to the gloom. The walls were green with damp and mildew—the stone pavement the same—and, except an infirm beggar near the entrance, I saw no one in the church; unless the darkness deceived me, every chapel was deserted, and, altogether, a more desolate place than the interior of St. Séverin I thought I had never beheld.

Nevertheless, I continued my inspection, and paused before several pillars with grotesque capitals, representing crouching men, who wore pointed shoes, and displayed long floating bands, on one of which a sudden gleam of sunlight exhibited the words "*Maria Ave*," carved in

characters shaped like dead men's bones: hands with sharp nails were grasping scymetars which threatened the heads of weird old men, whose fingers pointed to some unseen object at their feet. I had turned the angle of the deeply-shadowed choir, when, where I fancied myself quite alone, I perceived in a chapel before me a small twinkling light, by the faint ray of which I could see a female figure kneeling, and so absorbed in prayer, that she seemed perfectly unconscious of my approach. I stopped involuntarily and watched her for several minutes, but she did not move, and might for her stillness have been taken for one of the stone figures which were traced in relief on the altar before which she remained in adoration. It was that of St. Séverin, the principal patron of the church, who, legends say, fled from the world, after having exhausted its pleasures and its follies, and sought repose in the most dismal spot that could be imagined, for it was no other than the bottom of an exhausted well, where, with "moist views" of religion, he dedicated himself to severe penance for the sins "done in his days of life."

I continued to gaze on the kneeling figure, which, as my eyes got more accustomed to the gloom, I could see wore the habit of a Sister of Mercy. Her hood was drawn entirely over her face, and her thick, black veil wrapped her in its impenetrable folds. Her long, wide sleeves covered her clasped hands; and so much was she bent down towards the pavement, that her attitude seemed almost prone.

For more than a quarter of an hour I waited in curious impatience, to see whether she would finish her orisons; but they did not cease, and I continued my walk, looking back, however, occasionally toward the small light whose solitary beam glimmered in the darkness. By this time I found that I was not alone in the church. Several women, in white caps and large, dark cloaks, had prostrated themselves on the damp floor of different chapels, and in more than one candles had been lit. Besides these, an old man and two much younger, were kneeling in the centre aisle, and all seemed entirely absorbed by their devotion. As I passed out of the church, I gave a few *sous* to an old woman who opened the door for me, and held out her hand as she did so. I asked her if it were a saint's day, and she answered, crossing herself, and in a surprised tone,

"Certainly; it is the day of Saint Julien le Pauvre, and those who have any sick at the Hôtel Dieu come here to pray for them."

It was impossible to leave the place without asking the old doorkeeper a few more questions. She answered them with alacrity, as if it was a great relief to hear her own voice in this silent and sombre retreat, in the heart of the ever-moving city of Paris. I inquired if she knew who it was that was praying in the chapel of St. Séverin, to which she replied:

"Oh, yes! it would be strange if I did not, for la Sœur Firmine comes every day at this hour, and stays longer than any one else. She is a holy person, and deserves to be made a saint of, if ever any did. She is a Sister of Mercy at the Hôtel Dieu; and all the time that she is not in the hospital, waiting on the sick, she spends in this church, praying for them. Oh! Sister Firmine is a true saint; there can be no doubt of it."

I was inclined to be of the old woman's opinion, and my desire increased to know more of one so devoted and so devout. There was, however, very little chance of my ever doing so, as this was the first, and would probably be the last time of my entering the gloomy old church

of St. Séverin, and I felt no inclination to wander through the wards of an hospital for the purpose of gratifying a feeling of mere curiosity.

Chance, however, singularly enough, removed the veil which shrouded the history of the Sister of the Hôtel Dieu. It happened, as things of this kind often do, simply enough.

Amongst my acquaintance in Paris was a lady whose beauty and accomplishments were the least of her charms, for to those advantages she added a mind of the highest rectitude, and a heart filled with the tenderest feeling. Her religion was the religion of charity, and showed itself in all her thoughts and deeds—not ostentatiously, for “charity vaunteth not itself,” but by quiet, secret acts of the purest benevolence, by the kindest words, and in the most unobtrusive manner. I was in the habit of seeing Madame de Frémont—that was her name—frequently; and as her tastes agreed with mine on points of art and archæology, I used to report to her whatever progress in discovery it was my fortune to make during my excursions in Paris. A day or two after my visit to St. Séverin, I called upon my friend, and, in describing the impressions I had received there, did not fail to dwell upon the rapt enthusiasm of the *religieuse* of the Hôtel Dieu, whose name, as it was given to me by the old doorkeeper, I repeated.

“Ah!” said Madame de Frémont, with a sigh, “hers is a melancholy story!”

“What!” I exclaimed, “you know something about her, then?”

“I think,” replied Madame de Frémont, “I am acquainted with every event of any consequence in her life.”

“I cannot tell you,” I observed, “how deeply interested I felt in her appearance; and if it were not an *indiscrétion*——”

“You would like to know her history,” continued my friend. “There is no reason why I should not tell it you, for my part in it is too slight to make me hesitate. Besides, the general outline of what has befallen poor Marie has already been before the public in the proceedings of the Correctional Police. What I am able to add to it arises from my knowledge of her early condition—her father having been a small farmer close to the estate of M. de Frémont, in Normandy—and certain passages in her after-life, related to me by herself, which caused me to take a further interest in her welfare. If, therefore, you can forego the attractions of the *Français* this evening, I will keep your attention awake by as painful—I may almost say, as tragical—a story as that of *Adrienne* herself, though the scene be laid in humble life, and the actors neither heroes nor princesses.”

I agreed most willingly to this proposition, and the following is the substance of Madame de Frémont’s narrative.

II.

THE farm on which Marie Caron was born belonged to the *commune* of Croisset, a village on the skirts of the forest of Roumare, within two short leagues of Rouen. Her parents were very respectable, and Marie, being their only child, was carefully brought up; and the capital of the province being so near, a better education was afforded her than usually falls to the lot of the class to which she belonged. She had beauty and

natural grace, which came in aid of her modest accomplishments; and these things, combined with the certainty of a small fortune hereafter, made Marie Caron a *partie* eagerly sought by the young farmers, and others of that grade, in the neighbourhood of Croisset.

But the young beauty was not satisfied with the courtship of her equals. She was ambitious, and aimed at something better—as she thought—than a marriage which would still keep her chained, as it were, to her native soil. She aspired to be the wife of a gentleman, and, consequently, turned a deaf ear to all the tender speeches that were made by the enamoured youths who followed her to *fêtes* and *mass*, to touch her hand in the dance, or murmur their prayers at the same shrine.

Accident, and the bent of her own inclinations, at length decided her destiny.

Early in the autumn of the year 1841 there appeared in the forest of Roumare a stranger sportsman, who took up his shooting quarters at the Croix Blanche in the village of Croisset. He appeared at that time to be about eight-and-twenty years of age; none could deny him good looks, though many said they did not like the expression of his countenance; and all agreed that he spent his money like a prince. To be young, handsome, and have a reputation for generosity, are qualities with which many unseen virtues are associated; and M. de Vilette, the new-comer, soon became well endowed in this respect. He was, moreover—as the prefix to his name implied—a gentleman, and in a Norman village this distinction is, after all, not without its value. Amongst the earliest to recognise the merits of “le beau Monsieur” was Marie Caron. He used to shoot over her father’s land, and sometimes stop at “Les Vignes,” as the farmer’s dwelling was called, to ask for a draught of water to refresh him during his sport, though, to say the truth, he preferred Madame Caron’s excellent home-made cider—the wine of Normandy—to the simpler element, and never refused it at her hospitable hands. On one of these visits—which might, perhaps, have had an ulterior purpose—he first saw Marie Caron. M. de Vilette seemed struck with her appearance, and, on her part, a sensation of real pleasure was awakened when he reappeared on the same evening, to offer the tribute of his day’s sport, in requital for Madame Caron’s hospitality. In the course of a short time, M. de Vilette’s visits became more frequent, and lasted longer; he seemed much less solicitous to ascertain which were the best covers for game than to learn the favourite haunts of the beautiful Marie, or “Mademoiselle des Vignes,” as he laughingly called her; and when he found, or guessed, by that intuition which is generally a sure guide in these matters, that the banks of the Seine, where a long avenue of lofty poplars, terminated by a small chapel, which was dedicated to “Notre Dame de Bon Secours,” witnessed the evening walk of Marie Caron,—thither his footsteps were henceforward regularly bent when the sun was sinking behind the *côteaux* that, on the western side, hem in the winding river.

When a young man goes out of his way to meet a beautiful girl, and when the fair one does not go out of hers to avoid him, there can be but one inference—that their society is agreeable to each other. Some might have thought that these quiet walks boded no good to the future peace of mind of Marie Caron; and, not unnaturally, the gossips of the

village, who soon became aware of the fact, hesitated not to say so—the difference of rank between the two, on which they much insisted, being considered. But the danger which they apprehended, strange to say, did not arise from that cause. To the surprise of every one, except Marie, M. de Vilette made no secret of his love; he frankly declared that his object was marriage, and added, that he should esteem himself only too fortunate if he obtained the hand of one so deserving of his esteem and affection. “Loyal avant tout” was the maxim he avowed, and that there might be no doubt about his intentions, he waited upon the parents of Marie, and fairly laid before them the condition of his heart and the state of his affairs.

For the first they took their daughter’s word—for the second his own—though to enforce it M. de Vilette exhibited a Gascon pedigree, and several scrolls of parchment attesting to extensive possessions on the other side of the Garonne, a little encumbered, he admitted, by his father and grandfather, but affording still the revenue which enabled him to live like a gentleman born, whose only expensive ideas were connected with the sports of the field.

“And these,” said Mathieu Caron to his wife, believing that two pointers, a double-barrelled gun, a *cor de chasse*, and a game-bag, were the only things necessary to make a sportsman—and they go a great way towards it in France—“these can never ruin a fine property like that of M. de Vilette. Besides, Marie will soon wean him from *la chasse*, and then our grandchildren will inherit our *écus*, together with their father’s *châteaux*.”

Entertaining these opinions, and never doubting the veracity of documents duly engrossed and ponderously sealed, the old couple gave a ready consent to the union of their daughter with M. de Vilette. The civil contract was made at the Mairie of Rouen, the religious ceremony performed by the curé of Croisset, at the beautiful church of St. Ouen, and all that pertained to the marriage of the descendant of a noble Gascon family was scrupulously observed; and Marie Caron, now Madame de Vilette, left her native village the envy of all who dwelt in it, and herself the happiest bride that, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, the *marguillier*, Jacques Bourdon, had ever heard the joy-bells ring since his hands had been accustomed to set them in motion.

III.

M. DE VILETTE did not take his wife into Gascony: the distance was great, and the season of the year—it being now winter—was unpropitious. He chose rather to make a halt in Paris, and as the capital was altogether new to Marie, she gladly welcomed the proposal. She knew nothing about the fashionable *quartiers*, and was perfectly willing to believe that a large apartment, *au premier*, in the Rue de Sèvres, was the fitting residence of a gentleman of M. de Vilette’s position and connexions. Those connexions, however, with whom she was speedily made acquainted—for they introduced themselves in a very free-and-easy manner—had something about them which was far from agreeable to her tastes, and little consonant with her habits. Though country-bred, Marie had instinctive notions of what should be the manners of a better class,

and could not reconcile herself to the tone of her new society. She spoke of it to her husband, but he only laughed, and told her that when she had seen more of the world she would know better than to quarrel with good-fellowship. It was in vain that Marie tried to argue with herself that there might be a difference between the language and amusements of simple peasants and those of people in a higher sphere, which she was not qualified to criticise; but however true this may be, she could not hesitate as to which class, in her opinion, had the advantage. The villagers of Croisset were not card-players nor dice-throwers; they did not sit up all night drinking and smoking; if their conversation was not absolutely refined, it was at least free from coarse oaths—their *patois* was not a jargon that had no intelligible meaning, and their intercourse with each other, though often rude, was, at all events, marked by frankness and honesty—attributes which, to her thinking, by no means distinguished her husband's friends.

In her husband himself Marie soon began, also, to discover that she had greatly erred in her estimate of what constituted a gentleman. He drank as deep, swore as loud, and played as high as any of the rest, and as the restraint wore off, which her presence had at first imposed, appeared rather to lead than follow the manifestly vicious courses of his companions. She discovered, too, that his was a temper which would not bear control, and that there was a lurking fierceness in his disposition, which threatened to break out whenever she attempted to thwart his inclinations.

He bore her remonstrances well enough, as long as he continued to be a winner, but when that luck on which a gambler relies turned irrevocably against him; when, night after night, he rose from the table a heavy loser; the evil that was in his nature came forth, and Marie found, to her sorrow, that he could be as brutal towards her as he had previously seemed kind. The few thousand francs which had been her portion soon disappeared before his excesses, and he turned to her for more, excusing his first application by a vague statement concerning his distant estates. Marie—compelled to explain herself as vaguely—obtained a sum of money from her parents, which quickly followed the first, and when she hesitated to apply to them a second time, her husband heaped upon her the bitterest reproaches. Again—from a mistaken sense of duty, and still colouring the cause, as her husband desired her—Marie drew from her father's diminishing stores; but at last the old farmer refused to make any further advances.

"If Paris was so expensive," he wrote, "why did not Monsieur de Vilette retire to his *château*, where he could have no difficulty in living as cheaply as he pleased. For his own part, he was resolved to part with no more of his hardly-earned gains." But with this denial there came another bag of *écus* from Marie's mother, with the strict injunction, however, that it was to be solely applied to her daughter's own use.

Marie's position was now one of great difficulty. She feared to communicate her father's refusal, and she was equally unwilling to disobey her mother—not from any desire to keep the money, but because she feared the purposes to which it would be devoted. But while she hesitated what course to adopt, her husband spared her the trouble of coming to a decision; for during her temporary absence from home one day, he broke open her private *commode*, and forcibly possessed himself of the

contents. He was still standing with the letter in one hand, and the bag of crowns in the other, when Marie re-entered the apartment. She saw at a glance what had happened, and stood thunderstruck.

"Don't stare at me like an owl, *ma chère*," was his cool observation; "you play at hide-and-seek, it appears. Quite useless, *ma mignonne*, to try to humbug me. As for this letter, *mon enfant*, je m'en fiche," and he threw it into the fire; "your father may look for my *château*—tel him to hold it fast when he finds it. The money," he added, jingling it, "is a different affair; we must send these crowns flying. *Au revoir, petite!*" With these words he put on his hat and left the house.

Marie did not see her husband again for several days; but before he returned, she learnt more concerning him than she had ever heard before. It was from the lips of a woman—of whose degraded calling there could be no doubt—who came to the Rue de Sèvres in search of him, ignorant that since she last saw him he had married. This woman's violence was excessive, when she found that Marie was her paramour's wife.

"Set yourself up with your *Monsieur de Vilette!*" she cried; "he's a scoundrel, who never had any other name than what was given him at the galleys—not even a Christian name—a fellow picked out of the mud of Paris!"

And then she launched out into a furious invective against the absent man, which sufficiently opened Marie's eyes to the nature of the marriage she had imprudently contracted.

Marie had no words to reply, and could only shed a flood of tears. The woman—like many of her unfortunate class—was not insensible to better feelings; meeting with softness, instead of angry opposition, she became less violent in her manner, and, changing her intemperate language to words of pity, ended by offering the deceived wife—now near upon becoming a mother—a rude sort of consolation. But the only effect which the attempt produced was to convince Marie still more of her husband's infamy; and when she was once more left alone, it was with a weight of misery on her mind that was well-nigh insupportable, and the heavier because she had once—nay, still loved this man.

Although misled by a vain dream in seeking to wed herself above her condition, pride had no real hold on Marie's truly pious nature; and it was with unfeigned and repentant humility that she bowed herself in prayer to obtain forgiveness for her fault, while at the same time she asked, with earnest heart, for the means of reclaiming her husband from his dissolute courses. In the contemplation of such a future as she pictured to herself might yet be their mutual lot, she became calmer, and strove to school herself to bear her lot.

She had need of all her patience and resignation; for when Vilette at length came back—it would be idle now to add the prefix to his name—it was indeed in an altered mood, but one that boded little of good augury. He had left her in a tone of jeering mirth—he returned with gloom on his brow. The money he had so basely acquired was all spent—how, he did not choose to tell; he only said that it was gone, and that he must have more. Marie replied to his demand with quiet courage. To get more money from her parents, she told him was impossible; all that it was in their power to bestow had been given, freely at first, in the joy of their hearts, and if sparingly since, only so because of inadequate

means. She was not, she said, above working for a livelihood, though her present condition ill fitted her for exertion; and she would cheerfully toil for him, provided he promised to abandon the habits which had proved so ruinous, and forsake the society which she knew was so dangerous. Let them dispose of many of the superfluities that surrounded them—such ornaments as she had she would gladly sacrifice, and remove to some quiet place in the *banlieue*, where they might begin a new life of honest, steady labour. In time, she added, they might recover themselves; when the drain upon her father had ceased, his means would improve, he would give them assistance if they required it, and eventually all he possessed would be for them and their children.

There were some points in Marie's answer that seemed to make some impression upon her husband.

"You are right," he said; "what is the use of all these nicknacks, when one is in want of money? *Ma tante* would lend a good round sum upon that cross, and those ear-rings; and for other matters, I know a *fripiér* with whom I could deal as much upon the square as with any of the tribe. Yes, yes, we must get rid of all our useless things, and with what they fetch we can begin again."

Marie hardly knew whether or not these words implied conversion to her arguments; but, in the hope that such was the case, she at once placed in his hands every valuable she possessed. He took them, and departed, promising a speedy return. But his notions of time were as loose as his ideas about right and wrong, for that night and the whole of the next day passed by, and still he was absent. Late on the second night, while she was still watching, he reappeared, with empty pockets and the flush of intemperance on his hollow cheek. He had drunk and gambled away every *soix* he had raised on his wife's ornaments, and again he came back with the cry of the daughter of the horseleech, "Give! give! it is not enough!"

But poor Marie had nothing now left to give, and what share she had of Norman spirit awoke when she saw that she had been made her husband's dupe. Some men, when they drink, are passively good-natured, and try to extenuate their fault; others are brutally excited, and prone to acts of violence. Vilette belonged, unfortunately, to the latter class. He replied to her just reproaches with insult and anger, and, finally—heedless of her condition, which alone should have stayed his arm—struck her a violent blow, that laid her senseless on the floor. When she at length recovered, he was gone.

IV.

THREE years elapsed, and Marie heard no tidings of her husband.

Although reduced by his excesses and misconduct to utter poverty, and left to shift for herself how she might, there was still a home for her at Croisset. But the thought of returning like an outcast to the place which she had quitted as a happy bride, was more than she was equal to; for though she felt that she could endure privation, she feared to encounter shame and derision.

She wrote, therefore, to her mother immediately after the departure of Vilette, and, without telling her all that had happened, spoke of her situation as arising from an inevitable misfortune which had compelled her

husband to absent himself, she knew not for how long. It was difficult to conceal the truth from parents who loved their daughter so tenderly as Mathieu and Mabelle Caron; and when they hurried up to Paris, and sought her out in the Rue de Sèvres, urging her to return with them at once to Croisset, the struggle was hard between her sense of wrong and the affection which, in spite of his unworthiness, she still bore to the man who had treated her with so much cruelty. The latter, however, prevailed, and she succeeded in calming the suspicions which they entertained, while, at the same time, she made it appear to them how much more desirable it was for her to remain in the neighbourhood of Paris—at least, till after her confinement, an event that could not now be far distant. The old people, therefore, gave a reluctant consent to her wishes in this respect; but Madame Caron made Marie promise to let her be with her during her illness; and then, providing her with everything of which she stood in need, went back with sorrowful hearts into Normandy, while Marie established herself in a small apartment at Passy, not far from the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne.

The old couple had sadly missed their daughter after her marriage, and, now that they knew she was alone and unhappy, their discomfort greatly increased. Their home became distasteful to them, and they had not returned many days before M. Caron proposed to his wife that they should sell the farm and remove to where Marie now lived, to be near her for the rest of their days. A purchaser, on very fair terms, was readily found; and, after investing the greater part of the proceeds in a *rente viagère*, they took the remainder with them to Passy, where they were not long before a complete *ménage* was formed, with Marie and her father and mother under the same roof, and the family was soon afterwards increased by Marie giving birth to a boy.

Here they all dwelt in comparative content for nearly two years; but the change of life gradually produced an effect on old Mathieu and Mabelle, who yearned for their native air and former occupations, and at the beginning of the second winter the old man died, and before the next spring his wife had followed him to the tomb. Except her little Philippe, Marie was now entirely alone, but that exception was all the world to her; and if not perfectly happy, her present life offered more of tranquil enjoyment than she ever imagined could have chanced when first her husband deserted her. The income to which she succeeded on the death of her parents more than sufficed for her wants; and what she put by, she calculated would be for the advantage of her boy hereafter.

But there was one thing which, as much, almost, as her husband's desertion, preyed upon her mind; it was the sting which the woman's words had left when the nature of his former life was first revealed to her. His right to the name he bore had been denied; and whether the accusation were true or false, she herself felt that it had been sullied, and, therefore, when she removed to Passy, she dropped that of Vilette, retaining only her maiden appellation of Caron. It was a bitter thought that Philippe must not own his father; but it was better thus than be exposed, in after years, to blush for him.

It was the spring of 1845, and Marie Caron had taken Philippe, one fine day, to the Bois de Boulogne, to pass some hours of that *al fresco* life of which all are so fond in France, from infancy to extreme age.

She had found a bank of violets, and had been teaching the child how to arrange them in little *bouquets*; and while he was sedulously employed on his task, with all the grave attention which men bestow on affairs of the deepest moment, occupied herself with some knitting, now and then glancing from her work, to smile encouragement on the industrious little fellow, or stimulate him by a word of praise.

On one of these occasions, as she raised her eyes, her attention was caught by observing a man very poorly dressed, who seemed to be watching her very closely from behind some shrubs, a short distance in front of the place where she sat. His countenance was nearly concealed beneath his large beard and long, straggling hair, and there was a broad, disfiguring scar across one cheek, which might have disguised him effectually from the knowledge of his ordinary acquaintance, but Marie had too much reason to remember the expression of features on which she had often looked with a gaze so inquiring. She hastily rose to her feet, and, clasping her hands, exclaimed,

"My husband!"

"Yes, here I am, *ma mignonne*!" replied Vilette, as he advanced from the covert.

Little Philippe, hearing voices, now looked up in his turn, and, frightened at the stranger's wild appearance, ran to his mother's side, and clung, crying, to her dress.

"Is he afraid?" said Vilette, in a mocking tone. "I'll wager he does not know his father; but you," he continued, approaching still nearer to where his wife stood—"you, Marie, have not forgotten me, *hein*!"

"I—have—not—forgotten you," faltered Marie; "but oh, Philippe, why did you forsake me?—where—where have you been so long?"

"Hiding, *ma mie*," replied her husband, "a long way off. But you are looking as pretty as ever, Marie. Where are you living now?"

"Here, close by—at Passy," answered Marie, forgetting all the past in her revived affection. "You seem tired, ill—you want rest, refreshment!"

"Both, badly enough," was Vilette's reply; "but I must wait for them a little longer. Neither my looks nor my clothes are very fit for the streets by daylight; and if that child keeps making such a noise, even this will be no place for me long. Take him in, and bring me, if you like, some wine and bread; you will find me hereabouts."

So saying, he crouched behind the bushes, and hid himself again in the thicket.

Marie caught up the boy and hurried away; but in less than a quarter of an hour she returned with a basket containing all the provisions she could find. A low whistle directed her to the spot where her husband was seated, and a gleam of pleasure danced in his eyes when he saw how she was laden. He uttered a brief "*Merci, ma mie*," and threw himself upon the contents of the basket with all the eagerness of a famished wolf, while Marie stood by, pitying the suffering which this hunger showed her he must have undergone. When he had finished his meal, and emptied the bottle, which he only twice raised to his lips, he spoke to his wife.

"We shall have a good deal to talk about, Marie, but not here; because, do you see, I am not quite in a state; besides, there are long

sans everywhere. Tell me where you live ; I will come there this evening, entre chien et loup—in the mean time I shall take a nap."

Marie carefully explained the exact situation of her dwelling, and then, at his desire, left him ; and had scarcely turned her back, before his loud breathing assured her that he had sunk into a deep slumber.

But it appeared that he was too much accustomed to take his rest by snatches to oversleep himself, for scarcely had the obscurity of evening settled over the long street of Passy, when Marie, as she watched from an upper window, saw him slowly approaching ; her *bonne* and the child had both retired for the night, and, with none to observe her, she cautiously opened the door and admitted her husband, to hear explained the cause of his prolonged absence.

What that explanation was, it is not necessary to repeat, for scarcely a syllable of truth was in it. He told her much of dangers and fatigues, but never hinted at the convict's broken chain, though he admitted that it was not altogether safe for him to be seen abroad ; but that which was caused by the vilest crime, he readily ascribed to political opinion ; and Marie's compassionate heart forgave him all on account of his sufferings. On her part, she told him, with many tears, all that had befallen her since the unhappy hour when he abandoned her. It was a joyful tale for him to hear, as he saw that there was still a harvest left to reap. The schooling he had experienced during the period of his absence was not of the kind that softens the heart, or makes a man scrupulous ; and when he left her that night, to seek, as he said, a securer asylum, he carried with him the sum she had hoarded so carefully for the sake of little Philippe.

It would have mattered little had this been all, but, emboldened by the placability and generous feeling which his wife exhibited, he gradually worked upon the facility of her nature so far as to induce her to convert her *rente viagère* into cash, under the pretext of establishing himself in an honest business in Paris, as soon as he had atoned for his political sins, and made his peace with the authorities. He professed the most complete reformation in his conduct ; and assured her, as he pocketed the money, that henceforward he should study no interests but hers and those of his darling boy.

On the very night that he made these protestations, he went to a low haunt where, amidst a crew of fellow-sharpers, he again lost his last franc ; and his ruffian-associates, seeing that he was completely penniless, betrayed him to the police, who, as he staggered from the den, arrested him for an escaped convict !

LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. XXVI.—LIGHT READINGS IN ALISON.

LEST subsequent paragraphs should seem to be too exclusively informed by a spirit of captious "censure"—by a carping detraction, a nibbling disparagement, of Sir Archibald Alison's literary character,—be the present and opening one devoted to a sincere ascription of homage to whatever is laudable (and there is much that is highly so) in his historical writings. The more needful is this, because the subsequent paragraphs in question are, after all, concerned rather with superficial points, connected with such things as style and composition, than with the substance of his narrative. Honour due, then,—and the dues are considerable,—be forthwith and cordially paid to the learned baronet's industry, energy, enthusiasm, elevation of moral tone, and honest impartiality of purpose. Especial honour, that with such strong and staunch convictions of his own, he can and will, not only lend an attentive ear, but assign a prominent place, to the equally strong and utterly opposed convictions of others. He is himself deeply impressed with, and consistently prompt to impress on his countrymen, the belief,

That, for the functions of an ancient State—
Strong by her charters, free because unbound,
Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate—
Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound.*

Mr. de Quincey has remarked of Southey, as a writer of history,—and the remark may be applied in a measure to Alison,—that his very prejudices tended to unity of feeling—being in harmony with each other, and growing out of a strong moral feeling, which is the one sole secret for giving interest to an historical narrative, fusing the incoherent details into one body, and carrying the reader fluently along the else monotonous recurrences and unmeaning details of military movements.† The Corn-laws and the Currency,—who has not dipped into and dozed over the learned baronet's lucubrations on those terrible topics? Which of us has not guiltily skipped by the score whole-page tables of statistics, laboriously compiled, and infallibly demonstrative of old England's moribund state? One is profanely reminded (*mutatis mutandis*), by the spectacle of Sir Archibald's mode of watching and predicting the free-trade *décadence de l'Angleterre*, of a stanza in a much-disputed *variorum* poem,—

Down the river did glide, with wind and with tide,
A pig with vast celerity;
And the Devil look'd wise, as he saw how the while
It cut its own throat. "There!" quoth he with a smile,
"Goes England's commercial prosperity."

Not that the "smile" pertains to Sir Archibald, any more than does

* Wordsworth: Sonnets.

† De Quincey's Autobiographic Sketches, vol. ii.

(*absit comparatio*!) the general character of the smiling Mephistopheles: Sir Archibald is too serious, and in fact too much of a croaker, to smile much in print at any time, especially when paper currency and protection are his theme. Smollett represents as the most hardy of all *Lieutenant Lismahago's* crotchets, his position "that commerce would, sooner or later, prove the ruin of any nation where it flourishes to any extent;" that eccentric and gallant countryman of Sir Archibald strenuously asserting, "that the nature of commerce was such, that it could not be fixed or perpetual; but, having flowed to a certain height, would immediately begin to ebb, and so continue, till the channels should be left almost dry,"—while there was no instance of the tide's rising a second time to any considerable influx in the same nation.* 'Tis consolatory, when one remembers the date of that gallant officer's prelections, to find that the old British channels are not yet left almost dry; and one cannot but hope that the Scotch baronet of the nineteenth century may be as far out (as to time if not fact) in his proleptical philosophy, as was the Scotch lieutenant of the eighteenth. Goldsmith's Chinese cosmopolite laughed, in his day, at our national propensity to gloomy forebodings, periodically revived, and exposed those professional croakers who, said he, make it their business, at convenient intervals, to denounce ruin both on their contemporaries and their posterity. "England," he adds, "seems to be the very region where spleen delights to dwell: a man not only can give an unbounded scope to the disorder in himself, but may, if he pleases, propagate it over the whole kingdom, with a certainty of success. He has only to cry out, that the government, the government is all wrong, that their schemes are leading to ruin, that Britons are no more; every good member of the commonwealth thinks it his duty, in such a case, to deplore the universal decadence with sympathetic sorrow, and, by fancying the constitution in a decay, absolutely to impair its vigour."† Let us hope that since the time when good old *Lien Chi Altangi* sojourned in London, and consorted with Beau Tibbs and the Man in Black, *nous avons changé tout*, or a good part of, *cela*. Meanwhile, there may be expected political monitors of the George Grenville type, to whom Burke applied the lines

—Tritonida conspicit arcem
Ingeniis, opibusque, et festa pace virentem;
Vixque tenet lacrymas quia nil lacrymabile cernit;

and of whom a recent essayist has said, that while every sea was covered with our ships, and our language heard on every shore, *he* was in dismay at the decline of British shipping, and the want of British enterprise; that while great manufacturing cities were starting up on barren heaths, and all parts of England and Scotland were resounding with the busy hum of industry, *he*, George Grenville, was sighing over the loss of our manufactures, and the increase of imports over exports: "our conquests," he said, "were fallacious; our exports were principally consumed by our own fleets and armies; our carrying trade was entirely engrossed by the neutral nations; the number of our ships was diminishing; our revenues were decreasing; our husbandry was standing still for want of hands; on

* Humphrey Clinker.

† Citizen of the World. Letter cvii.

all sides it became quite evident that our glory was departing." Surely Mr. Grenville would have been too happy to make Alison a Secretary of State, and his own right-hand man, had they but been condoling contemporaries. He would have made the most of Alison's eloquent warnings as to the mournful parallels that obtain between the culmination and decay of individual life and of national life, of the man and of the state. Let us rather hope with Edmund Burke, that there may be fallacy in the speculative assumption that necessarily, and by the constitution of things, all states have the same periods of infancy, manhood, and decrepitude that are found in the individuals who compose them. "Parallels of this sort," said Burke, "rather furnish similitudes to illustrate or to adorn, than supply analogies from whence to reason. The objects which are attempted to be forced into an analogy are not found in the same classes of existence. . . . Commonwealths are not physical but moral essences." And though it is right that nations, as well as individual men, should not be high-minded but fear, and while thinking they stand to take heed lest they fall, and while rejoicing in prosperity to rejoice with trembling,—we will trust, from current evidences of national spirit, principle, and honour, *pax* Sir Archibald Alison and his tabular testimonies *per contrā*, that old England is not yet going, going, *gone*, to the dogs; but retains stamina enough to survive, and by surviving to refute, his elegiac statistics.

Passing from characteristic matter to characteristic manner, we must own that we have met with admirers of Alison's style. They even avowed themselves fascinated thereby to go on with him to the *Finis* of vol. xx. Good souls, we envied their unbilious temperament. Dr. Arnold insists on the impression produced by an historian's style as a thing by no means to be despised, in deciding upon his historical merits. If the style, says Arnold, is heavy and cumbrous, it indicates either a dull man, or a pompous man, or at least a slow and awkward man; if it be tawdry and full of commonplaces enunciated with great solemnity, the writer is most likely a silly man.* That the "Historian of Europe"—a title imposingly pompous—is something pompous, is by some affirmed, and by many assumed. That he is a dull man, only faction or prejudice will aver, except with saving clauses, or in a perversion of the term dulness from its popular usage. That he is a silly man is *à fortiori* an untenable proposition—a *pons asinorum* it would prove to the silly-billies who might attempt to demonstrate it. Nevertheless, though questionably pompous, only occasionally dull, and in no allowable sense silly, our historian's style is often "heavy," not very rarely "cumbrous," and in countless instances is "tawdry and full of commonplaces enunciated with great solemnity." So tawdry, that the tasteless are enraptured. So commonplace that the commonalty are charmed. So solemn that the stolid are awed and overpowered.

Gibbon has recorded in a passage immortal as his History, the time and place of his "inspired" resolve to narrate the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Sir Archibald Alison has indited a similar passage on his own account, and wrought it up into the body of his narrative; similar at least in scope, not in form or substance; for Alison is no Gibbon, and

* Arnold's Lectures on Modern History, viii.

never less so than when imitating him—just as his being no Macaulay is never more decisively shown, than when he essays a *tableau** which might resemble what it copies, were not Macaulay's brush, colours, outline, filling-up, relief, and general keeping, all found wanting. The place was Paris, and the time was May, 1814, when the "Historian of Europe" was moved to undertake his imposing enterprise. "Among the countless multitude whom the extraordinary events of the period had drawn together from every part of Europe to the French capital, and the brilliancy of this spectacle had concentrated in one spot, was one young man who had watched with intense interest the progress of the war from his earliest years, and who, having hurried from his paternal roof in Edinburgh on the first cessation of hostilities, then conceived the first idea of narrating its events; and amidst its wonders inhaled that ardent spirit, that deep enthusiasm, which, sustaining him through fifteen subsequent years of travelling and study, and fifteen more of composition, has at length realised itself in the present history." This it is, then, that comes of inhaling ardent spirits; even thus does ardent spirit realise itself. Britons born will guess at, and do justice to, the historian's meaning; but ought we not to tremble in opening a translation, lest that meaning in this passage be lamentably perverted, and the historian accredited, on his own showing, with a thirty years' recourse to stimulants, to sustain him under the fatigues of travel, study, and composition? As they *festinant lentè*, putting a stout heart to the stey brae of his twenty volumes, those readers of Alison, who retain aught of loyalty to the Queen's English, are vexed, or amused (according to their temperament), by such ever-recurring phrases as—"the whole combatants of the Grand Army,"—"the whole Cossacks of the Don,"—"the whole cattle, horses, and carriages in their possession,"—"the whole youth of the kingdom were summoned,"—"the whole dependants of the pontifical court,"—"Metternich ostensibly revealed his whole confidential communications to M. Otto,"—"Wellington had anxiously enjoined the whole Spanish generals,"—"intercept the whole communications of the enemy,"—"relinquish the whole ammunition waggons of the army,"—"King Joseph and his whole civil functionaries,"—"the whole British columns were in motion,"—"Napoleon scrupled not to seize the whole fortresses and royal family of Spain,"—"the fatigue undergone by his whole attendants," &c. The Scotch confusion of *will* and *shall*, too, is kept up with national persistency:† Napoleon "frequently said that he

* For instance, Sir Archibald's "set-scene" of the Trial of Queen Caroline, meant as a companion-picture to that of Warren Hastings by Macaulay. The execution is as curious an infelicity as the design.

† Among other cherished Scotisms may be remembered Sir Archibald's use of the verb "to require." *E. g.*, in one short paragraph occur two cases in point. Napoleon's Swiss porter, we are told, was expected to be always at his post; "night and day he required to be at the door of the cabinet;"—while of the Emperor it is said, "so vast was the variety of information which required to be taken into account in the formation of his designs."—*Hist. of Europe*, ch. 78, § 47. The second instance indeed may be thought in effect, if not by right, a now naturalised Anglicism; but the first is a pure specimen of its kind. Again: "the sword required to be thrown in to restore the balance" (79, 62);—"the British naval force on the [North American] Lakes required to bring every gun from Great Britain" (91, 63).

would die of cancer in the stomach before he was fifty" (wilful man!):—he is made to say to the refractory Chambers (1813), "If all would now do their duty, I would be invincible in face of the enemy,"—and again, "If I had not possessed that ardent temperament of mind, I would never have raised myself to the first throne in the world." "A majority!" exclaims Charles X., "I should be sorry to gain it; I would not know what to do with it." Quoth Metternich in 1830, "I would be less alarmed if Polignac were more so." Pointing out the causes of our reverses in the American war of 1814, the historian adds, "And we will have ourselves to blame if they are again incurred." Lindley Murray's warning of the poor foreigner who transposed his wills and shall—who *would* be drowned, and nobody *should* help him—has been lost upon Sir Archibald Alison.

Then again one is for ever lighting on some curiosity of style, in the shape of metaphor, similitude, ellipse, antithesis, &c. Napoleon, we are told, in awful capitals, was the "INCARNATION OF THE LAST STAGE OF THE REVOLUTION:" a *mot* more adventurous than distinct, of the Robert Montgomery order. Napoleon was surrounded by vices, "on the impulse of which he was elevated to greatness:" a somewhat novel adaptation of an "impulse." "A charge of French horsemen at Marengo placed Napoleon on the consular throne; another, of the English light dragoons on the flank of the Old Guard, hurled him to the rock of St. Helena." To the French Revolutionists, the "simple path of duty" is said to have been "insupportable." The Allied Sovereigns, when first they caught sight of Paris in 1814, "inhaled, during several minutes, the entrancing spectacle." In the American war of 1812, the striking of one of our frigates to a Yankee is thus elaborately expressed: "And the English colours were mournfully lowered to the broad pendant of their emancipated offspring,"—and a little further on the Chippewa action (1814) is called, "this unparalleled struggle [of England] with her worthy offspring." During the war with France, "a great proportion of the people had grown into existence," "and inhaled with their earliest breath an ardent desire for its success." Of the military intrigues in favour of Napoleon while at Elba,— "The inferior officers and soldiers of the army were in an especial manner the seat of this conspiracy." So great was the joy in England after the battle of Waterloo, that not only "exultation beamed in every eye," but, "spontaneous illuminations were seen in every city:"—marry, a parlous sight! The italicising of the word ghost in the following sentence is Sir Archibald's own—"It did not establish 'a throne surrounded by republican institutions,' but a republic surrounded by the *ghost* of monarchical institutions." No occasion for italics, one might think, to draw attention to so striking a figure. One ghost surrounding a republic!—the idea is supernatural of course, and there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy: yet who can wonder if the phrase has been styled "showman's English," in reference to the showman's formula, "There you see Lord Nelson a-dying, surrounded by Captain Hardy." Verily it needed a ghost come from the grave to do *that*.

Alison's quotations from foreign tongues, dead and living, are more profuse than correct. "Vive la Roi" is of course a misprint; but "*Aidez-toi et le ciel t'aidera*" looks like a grace beyond the printer's

art; especially when repeated. It's a pity, too, when a line from Virgil or Horace won't scan, or a sonorous phrase from Tacitus won't parse. Nor is it quite *comme il faut* in a great historian to confound Caligula with Commodus, little as there may be to choose between those *Arcades ambo*; or, in a French scholar and critical chronicler, to interpret M. de Serre's celebrated *Jamais* (in the amnesty debate of 1819) by *Never*!—"the regicides, never!"*—which, by the context, is just what De Serres did not, as it is what *jamais* need not, mean.

Nor does the learned baronet seem to gain in accuracy of style with years and experience. In his latest volume (iii.) we have superabundant specimens of his old manner—e. g., "These [Asiatic] names will convey but little ideas to a European reader:"—"Along the parapet is also placed, at certain distances, square, loopholed blockhouses:"—"The whole palisades and outer walls were conquered by the Russians:"—"the innate jealousy of the Russians at the English in the East:"—"He (Wittgenstein, 1829) was allowed to retire accordingly, a step rested on his age and infirmities; and he received for his successor Count Diebitch, the chief of his staff," who, it is added, "expressed himself in flattering terms to his respectable predecessor:"—"the divergence of his opinions with those of his colleagues" [speaking of La Bourdonnaye, 1829]:—"It is impossible to *qualify* in too strong terms the conduct of Opposition in recent circumstances," is made to say M. de Chantelauze, in 1830:—"the military histories of France . . . is a striking proof how strongly . . the public mind had been turned to warlike achievements" (p. 633):—"the vehement gesticulation of the French school of acting, arises partly "from the experienced necessity of supplying, by the intensity of the representation, for the measured language and stately voice of the poet." But perhaps, on the whole, there is less verbosity in our historian's more recent labours—less of the tumid, turgid wordiness at which Mr. Disraeli sometime sneered, when he told us how "Mr. Rigby impressed on Coningsby . . . to make himself master of MR. WORDY'S History of the late War in twenty volumes, a capital work, which proved that Providence was on the side of the Tories." Mr. Disraeli has enjoyed the sweets of office, and has made Mr. Wordy honorary amends, by a baronetcy to wit, since that little pleasantry was indited.

It is edifying to note Sir Archibald's historical parallels, as stated in a grand climacteric sort of way. He has a set of historical uniques, ancient and modern; severely adjusted correlatives, each to each, and admitting of no other comparison than the one exclusively assigned by his unpromising rhetoric. No words, he assures us, for instance, can convey an idea of the transports of joy which pervaded entire Greece when the news of the battle of Navarino was received:—"Never since the defeat of Hasdrubal by the consul Nero, on the banks of the Metaurus, had such a sensation pervaded the heart of a nation." One might suppose that

* "In the irrevocable category should be placed the family of Buonaparte and the regicide voters. The rest are only exiled for a time. To conclude in one word—the regicides, *never*!" So M. de Serres is made to declaim; and, persistent in his negation of the force of *jamais*, Sir Archibald afterwards remarks, "The expression used by M. de Serres, *jamais* (never), made an immense sensation." But granting that the meaning of *jamais* must be "never," what then becomes of the meaning of the context?

during the revolutions and agitations of two hemispheres, between the triumphs of consul Nero and of Sir Edward Codrington, a national sensation of the kind had, at some time or other (for the time is long), and in some country or another (for the space is large), been experienced: but no; the historian's *never* is inexorable, and nothing but Metaurus can answer to Navarino, nothing but Navarino to Metaurus. Occasionally, indeed, when the Alisonian method of rounding a period admits of or requires it, a wider latitude is conceded: as where it is said, of the massacre in the island of Chios (1822), that "modern Europe had never witnessed such an instance of bloodshed or horror. To find a parallel to it we must go back to the storming of Syracuse or Carthage by the Romans, or the sack of Bagdad or Aleppo by the arms of Timour." Of Navarino again, we learn, that "never, save by the taking of Jerusalem, in 1199, by the crusading warriors under Godfrey of Bouillon, had so unanimous a feeling of exultation pervaded the Christian world." The abandonment by the Czar Nicholas of the siege of Silistria, in 1828, and his perilous voyage to Odessa, "furnished to the journalists of Europe ample ground for comparison with the flight of Xerxes across the Hellespont after the defeat of Salamis, two thousand years before." The *mot* of Charles X., it appears, became historical, so "extraordinary" was that prince's "turn for felicitous colloquy;" "repeated from one end of Europe to the other, they rivalled the most celebrated of Henry IV. in warmth of heart, and the most felicitous of Louis XIV. in terseness of expression." (Ah, that Sir Archibald would but cultivate the gift he thus makes characteristic of the Grand Monarque!) Speaking of Napoleon, again, "It is easy to see from his expressions and style of expression, that if he had not equalled Alexander in the lustre of his conquests, he was qualified to have rivalled Homer in the brilliancy of his conceptions." The "sufferings and privations" caused by Strikes, "often come to equal anything recorded in the darkest days of history—the siege of Jerusalem, or the blockade of Haarlem." So ruthless was revolutionary fury in eastern Spain, in 1821, that "the annals of the Roman proscriptions, of Athenian cruelty, of French atrocity, may be searched in vain for a similar instance of general, deliberate, and deeply-devised popular vengeance." The "Russian army exhibits a combination of physical strength and intellectual power . . . which no other country in modern times can exhibit, and to find a parallel to which we must go back to the Roman legions in the days of Trajan or Severus." Had the Russian insurgents in 1826 gained their purpose, "even the Reign of Terror in France would have been but a shadow of what must have ensued;—the proscriptions of Marius and Sylla, the slaughter of Nero, the centralised unmitigated despotism of the Lower Empire, could alone have been looked for." The "alarming crisis of 1797," threatening a national bankruptcy, "was surmounted with ease, by the simple device of declaring the Bank of England notes, like the treasury bonds in the second Punic War, a legal tender"—which Roman policy, "more even than the slaughter on the Metaurus, the triumph of Zama, determined the fate of the ancient world." "The journey of Ferdinand (VII.) from Valencia to Madrid (1814) was the exact counterpart of that of Charles II. from Dover to London, a hundred and fifty-three years before;" and so

with Queen Caroline's reception from Dover to London—"nothing like it had been witnessed since the restoration of Charles II."

When a parallel does not occur to the historian's mind, he has recourse to some such trite formula as, "It is impossible to describe;" "words would fail to depict," &c. Thus: "No words can convey an idea of the impression which the death of the Duke de Berri produced in France." "No words can convey an idea of the transports into which the Royalists were thrown by the auspicious event" of the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux. "No words can convey an adequate idea of the general transports which prevailed through the British Islands at the withdrawal of the bill" of pains and penalties against Queen Caroline (1820). "No words can adequately describe the universal enthusiasm which her arrival excited among the great bulk of the people." "No words can convey an idea of the extent to which the system of pillage" extends in Russia. When Ferdinand VII. declared in favour of freedom in 1814, "no words can describe the universal transport with which this decree was received."

A masterstroke of Alisonian criticism seems to be a certain formula, of which the following are slightly varied expressions:—"Inferior to Napoleon in genius, and greatly so in vigour and condensation of expression, General Jomini is much his superior in impartiality and solidity of judgment." "Unequal to Jomini in military science or political thought, General Mathieu Dumas is greatly his superior in picturesque power and graphic effect." Mr. Huskisson "had neither the persevering energy of Mr. Pitt, nor the ardent soul of Mr. Fox, nor the playful eloquence of Mr. Canning; but in thorough mastery of one great branch of government he was superior to them all." M. Guizot, though "less terse in his style than Montesquieu, less discursive than Robertson, is more just and philosophic than either." Joanna Baillie—"less stately and pompous than Corneille, less vehement and impassioned than Schiller, her dramas bear a certain affinity to both." Dr. Thomas Brown "had all the acuteness and analytical turn of Hume or Hutchinson, and all the ardour and tenderness of Goethe and Schiller:—"inferior in learning to Stewart, Brown was more original," &c. Francis Horner—"less eloquent and discursive than Brougham, less aerial and elegant than Jeffrey, he was a much deeper thinker than either." "Less distinguished in public life" than Warren Hastings, "his antagonist, Sir Philip Francis, has left a reputation hardly less enduring." Canning, again, "less philosophical than Burke, less instructive than Pitt, less impassioned than Fox, was more attractive than any of them." If M. de Villèle "did not carry away his audience by noble sentiments and eloquent language, like Chateaubriand; nor charm them by felicitous imagery and brilliant ideas, like Canning; he succeeded in the end in not less forcibly commanding their attention, and often more durably directed their determinations." Mr. Grattan "was not so luminous in his exposition of facts as Pitt, nor so vehement in his declamation as Fox; but in burning thoughts, generous feelings, and glowing language, he was sometimes superior to either." The Grand-Duke Constantine "rivalled Richard Cœur-de-Lion in his valour in the field, but he surpassed him also in the vehemence with which he ruled the cabinet, and in acts of tyranny," &c. The Czar

Nicholas "is neither led away by the thirst for sudden mechanical improvement, like Peter, nor the praises of philosophers, like Catherine, nor the visions of inexperienced philanthropy, like Alexander. . . Like Wellington, Cæsar, and many other of the greatest men recorded in history, his expression has become more intellectual as he advanced in years. . . He is an Alexander the Great in resolution, but not in magnanimity."

Observe, again, Sir Archibald's eagle eye for "extraordinary coincidences." If any man can get up a case of the kind, it is he. Carefully he records the fact, that, "by a singular coincidence," the last action in the continental war of 1814 took place on "the Hill of Mars, where, fifteen hundred years before, St. Denis suffered martyrdom, who first introduced Christianity into Northern Gaul." "On the 31st December, 406, says Gibbon, the Vandal army crossed the probably frozen Rhine, and the barriers between the savage and civilised nations of the earth were levelled to the ground:—"On that day fourteen hundred and seven years," says Alison, by an "extraordinary coincidence," the allied armies "at the same place crossed the same river." "It is a very curious coincidence that the battle of Waterloo was fought just four hundred years after that of Azincour; the former took place on 18th June, 1815; the latter on Oct. 25, 1415." It is a very extraordinary ditto, that Wellington's English soldiers at Vittoria fought on the same ground as their fathers had done, five hundred years before, to establish Peter the Cruel on the throne of Spain.—Were the coincidences and parallels thus suggested, duly brought together, they would form a notable pendant to Plutarch's craze in the same line—for the fine old Boeotian dearly loved to collect coincidences and parallels, and dwell, *e. g.*, on the great fact that "there were two eminent persons of the name of Attis, the one a Syrian, the other an Arcadian, who both were killed by a boar;" and "two Actæons, both torn to pieces, one by his lovers, the other by his dogs;" and "two Scipios, of whom the one conquered Carthage, the other destroyed it;" and three captures of Troy, in all of which horse-flesh was more or less concerned—the first capture being by Hercules, "on account of Laomedon's horses; the second by Agamemnon, by means of the wooden horse; the third by Charidemus, a horse happening to stand in the way, and hindering the Trojans from shutting the gates so quickly as they should have done." Let it be accounted venial in Alison *cum Plutarcho errare*; for so to err is human, though so to forgive may not be divine.

Once more. Every one must admire the historian's careful insertion of such restrictive clauses as the following, in his judgment of celebrated men. "Yet, with all these great and lofty qualities, Chateaubriand was far from being a perfect character." The Emperor Nicholas is "exemplary in all the relations of private life, a faithful husband, an affectionate father. . . . Yet he is not a perfect character." Nor is it easy to do justice to the dignified gravity with which he enunciates some such profound proposition as, that "the march of revolution is not always on flowers," and that "the *Vox Populi* is not always, at the moment, the *Vox Dei*."

And so we might go on for some time to come; but then, *que voulez-*

vous? Sir Archibald can show cause for smiling disdainfully at snappish strictures once in a way, when he can point to the number of his editions, which approach the teens, and to the hosts of his readers, whose tale who can tell? He can afford to be indulgent, or indifferent, to here-and-there a yelping cur: "let dogs delight to bark and bite, for 'tis their nature to"—(as saith, in not quite divine diction, the Divine Song of Dr. Watts): and naturally he will impute to an ill-conditioned incompetency any disposition to overhaul his weak points, and will set down the culprit as some straggler in the rear-guard of those criticasters, mere dyspeptic detractors, who

Veulement voir des défauts à tout ce qu'on écrit,
Et pensent que louer n'est pas d'un bel esprit.

If our peroration be too pert, be our poem accepted in mitigation of damages.

CAN YOU SO SOON FORGET ME?

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

Can you so soon forget me,
Now I am far away,
As though you ne'er had met me,
And mingle with the gay?
The first words kindly spoken,
Could they thy love dispel,
And bear to thee no token
That told *our* last farewell?
To think you *never* loved me
"Twere better far, and yet
How short a time has proved thee
How soon you can forget!

Perchance you still dissemble,
Still play the traitor's part,
Your lips with accents tremble,
That spring not from the heart;
His dream, like mine, will vanish,
For false you still may be!
Though I vainly strive to banish
The memory of thee.

They tell me that the stranger
Now lives but in thy smile,—
He heeds not of the danger
That lurks beneath its wile;
I deemed that falsehood never
Could mar so fair a shrine;
Yet though *we* part for ever,
May happiness be thine!

"DOING OUR VESUVIUS."

"HAVE you *done* your Vesuvius?" is a question as common at Naples as "Have you been to the Opera?" in London. For some days after my arrival, *viâ* Marseilles, in an invalid's haste into warm weather, I could plead weakness as an excuse for not having achieved this inevitable feat; but in a surprisingly short time, sunny skies and salubrious air rendered the excuse inadmissible—the "sick-list" became a palpable *show*—so that at length our party was made for "next day," and for "next," and "next" again; "to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," might have crept on to the "last syllable of our recorded time" at Naples; for Guiseppe, our *laquais de place*, ever placed an embargo on the expedition, by turning his weather-eye to Vesuvius, and assuring us that it was useless to ascend until he gave the signal, for that it was often "*cattivo tempo*" on the mountain, and that he knew it and its weather-signals well—"Nessun com' io, signor."

We submitted for some days to this despotism, having the satisfaction of repeating daily, just about the hour when we might have been making meteorological experiments on the summit, "What a lovely day *this* would have been for Vesuvius!" At last, as commonly happens when the reins of authority are too tightly drawn, we burst through them all. One morning, at about six o'clock, I opened my window, and seeing the bright sun and intensely blue sky of an Italian fine day, I girded myself for conflict, and when Guiseppe came with shaving-water (I never gave in to the *moustache mania*, in which the English disfigure their honest, clean-shaven, Saxon faces, abroad) about half an hour afterwards, the following colloquy ensued:

"Ecco, Guiseppe, *buono giorno*."

"Sì, signor! *ma Vesuvio offuscata ancora*." (Vesuvius has still its nightcap on.)

"Niente—niente—*sera tempo chiaro*," I stoutly rejoined.

"Signor, non," returned Guiseppe the immovable.

"Andiamo," replied I.

"Signor, non" (da capo).

I could not argue the matter much further—my Italian was wearing very thin—but I must have looked rebellion and decision, for at length, with one of those indescribable pantomimes in which these people throw head, shoulders, hands, body, all into one shrug, Guiseppe yielded, with "*Signor e maestro!*" meaning thereby, "You are an obstinate, bull-headed Inglese! but—have it all your own way." So the carriage was ordered, and at about ten o'clock a party of four—my daughters, myself, and an agreeable military friend—started for Resina, where you leave the once lava-ruined, often lava-threatened town, built upon the grave of another buried deep, deep below, to explore the *tumulum* overhead, which will one day again spread a fresh winding-sheet of scoriae and ashes over both. The ascent of Vesuvius could not commence from a more appropriate point.

Although it would be ungrateful to our own good fortune in the whole expedition to wish any one arrangement altered, yet, for the benefit of others, I record an advice, that, when "ladies are in the case," or, to speak truth, gentlemen "fat and scant o' breath" like myself, it is more advisable to take a carriage and *three* ("en milor" *four*!) by the

new road to the Hermitage, rather than a carriage and pair to Resina, and thence ponies by the terraced short cut, striking direct upwards through the vine region of Vesuvius to the same point. The terrace ascent is more in character for a mountain adventure, but the carriage-road infinitely more unromantically comfortable, for visitors can now whirl up to the Hermitage as to the door of a post-house on any public highway, instead of climbing over cinders and lava, as we did, on the backs of diminutive ponies. *Did I say diminutive ponies?* I recal the disparaging word, for, of the sagacity, strength, and endurance of those extraordinary animals, I cannot speak too largely. They were all good; but of mine own—old, grizzly, and shaggy as he was—I must make mention in terms of special affectionate remembrance. Imagine a man (in jockey phrase "sixteen stun") mounted in an antiquated capacious military saddle, peaked before and behind, upon an animal four and a half feet high (I measured him with my walking-stick); further, conceive of this creature as walking away with one, up terraces of smooth stone, over wrinkles of indurated and contorted lava, among beds of rugged cinders, and round rocky corners, which I can but compare to the short turns from one flight of stairs to another—and all this done without "start," "stumble," or "mistake" of any kind. Once or twice, in pure shame at burdening such an animal in places of special ruggedness or difficulty, I dismounted and led him, for which act of mercy I got mercilessly laughed at by the guides, who all assured me that he would carry me in perfect safety;—and he did so. We were all equally well mounted. Nathless! I abide by my opinion, that, taking into account the severe labour of the ascent of the cone, it is better to leave your carriage at the Hermitage, and on your return roll rapidly down to Naples, rather than ride the best of all possible ponies five miles down hill in the darkness, after a day of fatigue.

The Hermit who in former days kept vigil on the sterile skirt of Vesuvius, in the cell of "Il Salvatore," has long since retreated before the hordes of adventure-hunters who now throng the mountain. If the occupant of the Hermitage were a genuine Eremita, long before he quitted the field his pious soul must have been sore vexed by the continued and growing intrusions upon his "ancient solitary reign," as day after day tired and rollicking tourists, roaring for "Lachryma Christi"—guides squabbling for piastres—and last, and worst of all, beggars (poaching dogs!) rattling their chins* for gain, disturbed his contemplations;—all these interruptions must have left the poor man much the same kind of quiet as his pasteboard *confrère* of the cowl enjoys at Vauxhall; and when lady tourists began to find their way to the mountain, and came in mincing and touching tones to solicit leave to bare their pretty little feet, and to change their torn boots and stockings in the cell of the Solitary, we may imagine the horror of the venerable man as first finding utterance in an adaptation of St. Senan's cruel song:

* The pantomime of Neapolitan beggary is curious. They run by your carriage, holding up the forefinger, and calling at intervals, "*Mari di fume!*"—a plea which their laughing eye and round bronzed cheek shows to be a lie on the face of it. Then they strike their chins, making their jaws rattle like castanets, to show, I suppose, that their masticating organs are ready, though their meat be not so. The Neapolitan beggar cannot be repulsed effectually by any form of refusal except turning the back of your hand to him; when this is done, he goes away at once.

"Cui Eremita—fœminis
Commune quid cum monachis?
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittemus in *casulam*."

"Then quoth the Hermit, 'What have you
With me or my retreat to do?
You *change no stocking* in the cell
Where I in holy quiet dwell.'"

Still, as the "pressure from without" grew more intense, and the throng of tourists from below came more "fast and furious," we may further imagine the Solitary giving up the strife, and seeking a safer retreat for his asceticism in some distant Calabrian wilderness, leaving the Hermitage and its desecrated "*stazioni*" to fall to the present "vile uses" of a rude banquet-house and wine-shop, where the jolly, or quasi-jolly host stands by his "bill" more stoutly than others by "their order," and will not bate a maravedie of his charge for wine growing worse and dearer every day. The "generous" and "cheering" qualities of the famed "*Lachryma Christi*" are now but matters of history. You get at the Hermitage a sweetish, *perry*-ish wine, very grateful after toil, but by no means of that overpowering strength which, as they tell you, used to make "cheeks glow" and "the eye sparkle" after a single glass.*

At the Hermitage, those who are for the mountain leave those who are afraid to venture further; and here, under strict promise to poor distant mamma "not to allow the girls *on any account* to fatigue themselves," I issued a tyrannic mandate that they should get out drawing-books, and amuse themselves as they best might, while we took the upward road in all the superiority of masculine strength. Poor things! they uttered no demur, though their eyes spoke intelligibly disappointment and daring mixed. They asked, "just for information sake," a few leading questions as to the "chairs" which were lying about, which the "porteurs" were too happy to answer with true Italian volubility. Then they invited the signoras to "seat themselves," and prove "how easy they were," "how strong," "how light," "how safe," and so on. In this state of hint and hesitation—our military friend of course seconding the object of the ladies—up whirled a carriage with another party; and when I saw a young girl, certainly not stronger-looking than either of mine, preparing for the upward road, I could hold out no longer. "*Andiamo*" was the word; in a few minutes we were off for the "*Atria di*

* Dr. Moore, in his "Tour in Italy," gives a verse in praise of this wine (vol. ii. p. 217), which he has translated so prosaically and imperfectly, that I am tempted to offer a version:

Chi fu ne contadini il piu indiscreto,
Che à sbigottir la gente
Diede nome dolente
Al' vin che sopra ogn'altro il cuor fa lieto?
Lachryma dunque appellarai un' risè
Parto di nobilissima vindemia.
What undiscerning clown was he
Who first applied that doleful name—
A bugbear to good companie—
To wine which warms the heart like flame?
A *smile* were fitter word than *tear*
For what our generous grape gives here.—R.

Cavallo;” and even then the beaming delight of their countenances amply repaid me for yielding. Now that I know what the adventure is, I would pronounce that, except for an absolute invalid, it is what Mr. Stephenson declares a tunnel through the globe to be—“just a question of—expense!”—of the four piastres, or sixteen shillings each, extra cost in the expedition. Both the Hermitage, and a stately Royal Observatory a little higher up, stand on a spur or promontory of Vesuvius, and both, I should say, quite safe from the course of any eruption, except one which would upheave the whole mountain from its base. These buildings may be insulated within a fiery cordon by a junction of lava-torrents flowing round them, when the atmosphere would be intolerable to any except the “Fire King;” but overwhelmed they can scarcely be, inasmuch as ravines at each side offer escape-courses for a substance which, however sluggishly, as its general law conforms to that of gravitation. The “Fossa Grande” is the hollow way in which the lava usually engulphs itself, and mingles with the older lavas lying in wild sterile confusion over a large tract at the bottom of the ravine, at about the middle band of the mountain. This tract, once cultivated, fertile, and populous, has now but a church-tower, or lava-girt villa or so, standing out in the desolation, like masts of a submerged vessel, to tell of the wreck below, and seems to be abandoned as the waste-ground for discharging the slag and fiery torrent of the volcano into it. None of the modern eruptions have sent their lava-streams below this region—some not even so far; the eruption of 1638, which consumed a *former* Resina, appears to have been the last which poured its destroying agency down on the sea-coast band of Vesuvius.

As you pass from the Observatory onwards over the “Atria di Cavallo” (a level, of which more presently) to the base of Vesuvius Proper, your course lies through and over great beds of lava, lying as they cooled, of different shades of brown, and resembling, in colour and *seeming* consistence, the *peat* of an Irish bog, more than any substance I know. Of the eruptions of the present century, that of 1822 seems to have been most extensive: the varieties of shapes in which the impelling forces have left these cooling masses are grotesque and innumerable. The guides called our attention to one named “Il Mantello,” which bore in its graceful folds no remote resemblance to the sculptured draperies of the bronze statues in the Museo Borbonico; further on lay two huge heaps of what might be taken for coils of rope, tarred and ready to unrol for rigging a ship; and again, a third lay lapped over in folds not unlike those of an antediluvian rhinoceros hide. All these fantastic shapes alike denoted their origin in the irresistible impulse given by the lava-stores of the mountain in action, as they pushed and drove before them the cooling mass of previously ejected matter, which as visibly expressed its reluctance to “move on” in the writhings and contortions everywhere marking its downward progress. A half-hour’s ride through this scene brought us to the foot of the cone, where the horses are left, and gentlemen surrender themselves to the guidance of *centaurs*, or man-horses, as we termed them, while ladies arrange themselves in the “chaises à porteur,” or shoulder chairs, in which they make the ascent. While all this is preparing, I take the opportunity to give a geological look around me, and having done so, to confess some mistaken ideas I had hitherto retained through all my studies of volcanic

action—mistakes, perhaps, inseparable from studying natural phenomena by *book* only—and yet I may possibly render a service to readers who have never seen the actual phenomena described, by being as unlearned as possible in my remarks, for it is, I fear, a common fault of scientific writers to "fire over their readers' heads!"—to forget in their own superior attainments the ignorance of others—and hence to write in a style so learnedly unintelligible as to convey no sense or meaning to those who, having to "begin at the beginning," need a very elementary treatise.

And first, of "error the first." I had always pictured to myself Vesuvius in eruption as something like a huge caldron full of ingredients, which, when fused by intense heat to a boiling point, at last rose and ran over the *edge* of the crater, and flowed down the conical sides in the form of lava—constantly adding to the size of the mountain by successive coats of the semi-fluid matter, deposited in layers, like the coats of an onion. This is not at all according to the facts—at least, the ordinary facts—of volcanic action: the lava *never*, that I could learn (and I questioned our intelligent head guide, Signor Pasquale, of Resina, closely on this point), breaks over the top, but *ever* from some vent or weak point in the side of the cone, which is, as it were, burst out by the violent internal action. The present peak of Vesuvius, which is about 2000 feet high, is a regular cone all round, and does not contain *on its surface* a single particle of *flowed* lava; it seems all composed of dark-coloured slags, or cinders, furrowed into a thousand small ravines by the action of rains or weather. This surface presents a curious contrast, something like those tragi-comic masques which smile at one side of the face and frown or cry at the other. Towards Naples and the sea, whence the prevailing winds blow, it is dark, frowning, and rugged; towards the Campagna and Capua, it presents one smooth regular sheet of that singular, granular light *matériel* called ashes, and which formed the winding-sheet in which Pompeii and its treasures lay buried and preserved for nigh 1800 years. This Vesuvian ashes is a very peculiar substance: it is granular, and no amount of rain will make it into mud; of a dark-grey colour naturally, when exposed to the air it becomes white as sea sand; I know nothing that it resembles more than the grey earth used in foundries for making moulds for the castings; and this comparison, drawn from the smelting-house, suggests another, which, to such of my readers as may have seen the process of "running a casting," will (*parvis componere magna*) give a correct familiar idea of how the lava *does* flow from the mountain.

In a foundry, the great vessel of molten metal has a small vent at the bottom usually closed by some fire-proof clay. This plug is broken by an iron instrument from without whenever a casting is required, and closed again with the same material after a sufficient supply of the molten stream has been run off. Now, let the reader suppose this process carried out on the immense scale where a hollow mountain is the vessel, and that the force which breaks through is furnished from the furnace fires within, while the whole operation is preceded by the throes, and thunders, and jets, and volleys from the top, which give signal that the volcano is "getting up its steam," which at last forces out some *flowed* part of the mountain and breaks through everything, and he may have some real idea of the forces with which a volcano

works, and their direction. According to the guide, an eruption never takes place without a *tremblement de terre*, of more or less violence, and also a failure of water in the numberless wells, with which the whole region of garden-ground between Naples and Vesuvius is dotted; it is reasonable to conclude that the water thus subducted from the wells of Naples is drawn in by some subterranean ducts to feed the huge boiler cavern, whose steam action in shaking the mountain tries its weak points, and ultimately bursts out one or more of them. When in the eruption of 1631, before referred to, seven distinct streams of lava discharged themselves from as many orifices upon the devoted region beneath, the sight would have been, for any one who dared to look (and forget Pliny), one of awful magnificence.

A second misconception which I have to acknowledge, but which a single survey of the locality at once corrected, is the supposition that the *present* Vesuvius is the same mountain which 1800 years since destroyed those doomed "cities of the plain," Herculaneum and Pompeii. This seems to me a fallacy which can scarce survive a personal inspection for one instant. Vesuvius, as it now stands, rises *within* the area of the old *used out* mountain, at one side of a great plain amphitheatre, the "Atria di Cavallo," while Monte Somna, which rises and circles this plain on the north and north-east sides, is plainly the shell or crust of the original mountain, the great mass of which was *blown out* and precipitated on the country beneath to the west and south-west in the first recorded convulsion of A.D. 79, after the premonitory earthquake of A.D. 63. Up to that time the mountain would seem to have formed a green and graceful background to the cordon of luxuriant cities which gemmed the margin of the beautiful bay beneath; and we may take its character from the contemporary epigram of Martial, of which (not having the fear of Mr. Addison or other *traditors* before my eyes) I scratched a version while sitting among the cinders and ashes of Vesuvius as it now lies changed and ruined:

Hic est Pampineis viridis modo Vesuvius umbris,
Presserat hic, madidos nobiles uva lacus
Hæc Juga, quam Nyssæ colles plus Bacchus amavit
Hoc nuper satyri monte, dedere choras,
Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior illæ,
Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat
Cuncta jacent flammis, et tristi mersa favilla,
Nec Superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi.

MART. lib. i. 124.

Here! where Vesuvius, crowned with leafy vine,
From the pressed grape o'erflowed its vats with wine—
Where satyrs frolick'd through these mountain groves—
Which, more than Nyssa's hill, the Wine-God loves—
Which sweeter seat than Paphos Venus found—
And great Alcides' fame made classic ground—
All wrapped in flame, and dark sad ashen shroud,
The gods bewail the ills themselves allowed.—R.

It is impossible, in my judgment, to look at Monte Somna, with its trap-dykes standing out from the surface of its scarped and wall-like sides, without at once adopting the conviction that it is but the remains of the funnel of that older volcano, which carried away the remainder of its furnace-shaft when it burst forth on the level country below, while the

"Atria di Cavallo" may be likened to a flooring over a vault of fire and combustibles beneath, similar to that which actually reverberates to a heavy stamp in the Solfa-terra, at the opposite side of the bay. This idea, when once received, gives an astounding impression of the magnitude of the scale on which volcanic action may have formerly prevailed in this region; nay, when on ascending the cone, the eye can take in the level country to the eastward as far as Capua and Caserta, the conception of volcanic agency expands itself still further, and suggests that the distant ranges of hills which bound the "Campagna felice" are but the old walls of extinct volcanoes, and that the "happy land" itself may be but the flooring over gulfs of billowing molten fire, or combustibles waiting the explosive agency at unknown depths beneath;—the conception is a tremendous one to grasp, but the analogies of volcanic action bring it within the scope of *prob.*, no—of *possibility*.

Another fact, portentous to consider, is the sympathy said to exist between Vesuvius and the volcanic region twenty miles off, at the other side of the bay. Solfa-terra, already alluded to, a perfect unbroken crater, never known to have *exploded*,* within the historic era, has yet a constant, subdued volcanic action going on, in jets and puffs of sulphuric and aluminous gases from the chinks and crevices of its floor and sides; but it has been observed, that the moment an eruption of Vesuvius commences, the Solfa-terra becomes *quiet* until it is ended, when it recommences its own volcanic operations again. These tokens of subterranean correspondence suggest the idea that a day may come when Naples will find itself in the situation of, exposure to two fires, and may wish that its tutelar Saint Januarius were a "Janus bifrons," that he might extinguish a fire before and behind by "*the mere view of his divine head!*" for so runs the legend commemorating his former interposition between the city and the flaming mountains.

But *à route!*—our "porteurs" are ready, our centaurs pawing the ashes impatiently. We fastened the ladies by shawls and cloaks into slight rush-bottomed arm-chairs, constructed, I believe intentionally, with loose joints, on the principle of a ship-lantern, so that the occupant may preserve a perpendicular at whatever angle of elevation the bearers carry the bearing-poles, to which they are attached by strong *grass* ropes; the whole equipage is very primitive, but, as we found it, sufficiently serviceable.

For us gentlemen the preparations were different, but equally simple. We each selected at will what we called, centaurs, or man-horses, from a

* If the Solfa-terra roared as loud as Bully Bottom boasted he could, and as other volcanic lions do, so as to put the auditors in "pity of their life," it would enforce more attention to its real wonders. I am wrong in saying there is no eruption on record, for a (not very clear) tradition affirms one to have taken place in the end of the twelfth century (1198); and I think it impossible any one can ever cross its area without feeling that an explosion may *any day* happen. You cannot *stamp on the ground* without being sensible that you are on the roof of an abyss, and when you arrive at the centre of the amphitheatre, and the guide, taking a mass of rock, flings it forcibly on the floor, the perceptible shaking of the ground, and the deep hollow sound with which the echoes roll away through the "vast profound" beneath, produce a curious sensation of insecurity. Proceeding a little farther, you find jets of sulphuric and aluminous gases puffing from the ground with great activity; so that on the whole I think the visitor must depart with an impression of vast volcanic stores lying beneath him, only waiting the necessary chemical combinations to make a sensation "with a witness."

crowd of stout *contadini*. These went before, with a strong cotton-band hung bridle-wise from the shoulder. You have nothing to do but to hold on by the band, pick your steps among the cinders, and allow your leader to do the up-hill work of hauling you after him. My friend, Captain M——, accustomed to the luxuries of Oriental travel, took two of these men to his share, passed the cotton coil round the small of his back, and allowed them to drag him up, with no exertion on his part but that of picking his steps. With an unwise idea of my own powers, I contented myself with one, and had reason to regret it—for once or twice, in the worst bits of the ascent, it seemed for a second or two a very doubtful point whether *my* centaur should pull me *up*, or I him *back* upon myself; for though I selected him as a powerful athletic man, his weight was nothing to mine; and, moreover, as I laboured up I had the mortification to see my friend pass me "in a canter," at about three-parts of the ascent, with the cool and cutting taunt, "If gentlemen with a choice of cavalry *will underhorse* themselves, they must take the consequences. Good-by; I'll tell them you are coming!"

Underhorsed, and hindmost as I was, we were all landed at the foot of the immediate cone in about forty minutes. An hour is usually allotted for this work, so that after all we did very well. We found the girls arrived a few minutes before us. Here the chairs and centaurs are usually dismissed, and we prepared for the further scramble. I insisted, however, that my youngest daughter, being in rather delicate health, should allow herself to be carried as far as the way was practicable. So she was—and beyond it.

I must observe, that the views from Vesuvius do not improve as you ascend; you have better and clearer prospects from the Hermitage and points below it than from any station higher up, and when you are at the crater itself all interest centres in the mountain, and the phenomena of the eruptions immediately close to you.

After a short rest, we now advanced over comparatively smooth and easy ground to the crater's edge, from which the smoke—I should rather say the sulphur-steam—was rising in great volumes. Vesuvius never *smokes* except in eruption, a light white vapour, like that from the escape-valve of a steamer on arriving in harbour, is its ordinary discharge. The wind usually blows from the sea, and our guide, leading us by an easy path to leeward, we soon found ourselves in wreaths of vapour, provocative of incessant and inevitable coughing. I was at first alarmed, but seeing the guides quite unconcerned, and being assured by them that it was "very wholesome," we stood still, and soon discovered that a pocket-handkerchief held to the mouth prevented all annoyance from the sulphur-vapour.

As soon as we had time to look about us, we found ourselves on a sulphur-bank just at the edge of the crater; and here the first object which caught my attention was a lady taking a bird's-eye view of the interior, from an elevation at which I am bold to say no lady ever inspected its phenomena before. The bearers, taking my directions "to bring my daughter as far as they could," quite *au pied de lettre*, had stumbled and slipped on with her to the very edge of the crumbling slippery bank, and there she sat, in more peril than ever M.P. encountered while chairing through a hostile mob, for a slip or stumble would have sent her either sheer down into the Vesuvius crater, or on the other side to roll

down to the level of the Atria di Cavallo; this was a step an impossibility for the soil was so hot that we were obliged to shift our ground every minute, and the men were performing the usual experiment of roasting eggs in little holes scooped at our very feet! We soon released the girl from her "bad eminence," and when fairly on *terra infirma*, we congratulated her, as a young lady addicted to the romantic, on having taken an observation from an altitude probably never reached by lady tourist but herself.

We now advanced somewhat further, so as to obtain a view of disintombing Pompeii, easily distinguished by its amphitheatre, and of the vast plain, studded with villages and vineyards, which extends into the interior of the country to the south and east. The lava has occasionally broken out in this direction, yet the vast majority of eruptions have been towards Naples and the sea. It was *not lava* which overwhelmed Pompeii, but vast layers of tuffa; and of that light ashen substance already described,—hence, the "ruinous perfection" in which it has been disintombing. Nay, for that matter, it was not lava either which hermetically sealed up Herculaneum. Charles Dickens, in his powerful way, takes us into the Herculaneum theatre; as it now stands a dreary pit, hemmed in by walls of monstrous thickness, which he supposes to have been once boiling lava; and then calls on us to conceive that "*this* once came rolling in and drowned the city in a red sea of molten marble." But this was not so; boiling lava did roll over the city in many a stream afterwards—Sir William Hamilton counts six distinct eruptions, with formed soil between each, besides that which buried the city; but *that*, as he convincingly argues, must have been, not lava, but a liquid mud, formed by the water sometimes thrown out in eruptions in large quantities, and which, cementing ashes, pumice, and other heterogeneous matters into a matrix or mould, flowed round and into the dwellings of the city, and ultimately indurated into a substance, which they now hew with axes like any other rock. Had lava been the agent of destruction, we should not have those well-preserved statues and delicate frescoes in the Museo Borbonico, which have come to us as well preserved as if they had lain inclosed in a plaster masque. It appears to me as if the matter which filled up Herculaneum must have been not unlike the composition with which they form the terrace roofs of the neighbouring towns to this day.

I believe a clear, leisurely view of the crater can never be had. Our guides assured us that it never steamed less than at the time of our visit; the vapour, though light, was incessant. By watching opportunities, a flaw of wind would sometimes give us a view across the gulf to the opposite wall of rock, beautifully flowered with sulphur-crystals of astonishing variety and richness; then would rise a fresh volume of vapour, forcing us to turn our head, and submit to a sulphur-steaming all over, which we could only hope was wholesome, for it was specially disagreeable. All this while we never got a glimpse of the bottom, said to be about 1200 feet in sheer depth. We could only peer into a dark void, forming an excellent illustration of the principle that "obscurity is a source of the sublime." Before we left this part of the mountain, the guide pointed out to us the results of a small eruption of last year, the lava of which had spread itself but a short way into the level of the Atria di Cavallo, never reaching the lower region of the mountain at all. I noticed in this sheet of lava two objects which I

would gladly have examined more closely—namely, two little miniature craters, which rose in different places out of the mass to a height of from ten to fifteen feet. They were in all respects models of the cone on which we stood, with orifices in the top; and I cannot help thinking, that if examined with a geological eye, they might afford some insight into the secrets of volcanic agency. I account for their origin in this wise: that when the lava flowed forth, it either brought with it (if that were possible), or covered over in its flowing, some unfused combustible material, and that these lay under the mass until a fall of rain or snow supplied water to perform whatever part it has in volcanic agency, and that *then* a kind of miniature eruption took place, and the burning matter below threw up these little funnels by a degree of the same force which formed their gigantic neighbour, from whose summit we overlooked them.

Having gazed our fill, picked sulphur specimens, and rolled cinder masses back into the crater until tired, we followed our guide to the other side of the cone to inspect a second crater or funnel, into which, he assured us, it was divided at bottom. Hitherto the vapour hid the boundary between the two funnels, which rose only half-way out of the depth, but when we came to the windward side, we were able to see distinctly that the mountain was divided at bottom into two funnel-shaped orifices. The volcanic action on the west or seaward side appeared much more powerful and nearer to us than on the other; the smoke or steam rose in many places from vents or fissures under our feet. And here, for the first and only time, I obtained a momentary glimpse of the actual bottom. For a few seconds there was a complete cessation of vapour, and I could discern a dark, profound deepening at the bottom to a dull, red heat, over which a lighter flame seemed to flicker. I called all to look, but as I spoke it was gone! the vapour again rose in volumes, and never gave us another chance; and presently the guide, looking westward, gave the word to descend.

This descent of Vesuvius is a very pretty summer-day pastime; they sell you cheap prints at Naples which give an excellent idea of the "fun"—you need but to keep your head well back; let your heel sink into the ashes as deep as it will go, take as long a step as you can manage without disturbing the centre of gravity, and then "*go it!*" and you will find the ascent of an hour become a descent of ten minutes; people speak of doing it in *three*, but these, I opine, must be of that "go-ahead" American school, who can arrive at the end of their journey *the evening before they set out!* Again to recur to Dickens's description—his adventure of a *night* descent down this bed of ashes at an angle of 60 deg.—*coated with ice!* must have been anything but "fun,"—no marvel that one broken leg was the result—the real wonder is how any of the party came to the bottom without a broken neck.

"*Ecco, Mons. Guiseppe,*" said I, as we toppled down upon him where he waited with the ponies; "*è fatto*—the deed is done."

"*Sì, signor,*" returned Guiseppe, rather gravely, as if he thought that though done it had been done in a rebellious and disorderly way that I had no reason to be proud of.

We were now quickly back at the Hermitage. Our dinner, brought from Naples, laid out by Guiseppe. The Lachryma was supplied by the

quasi Hermit; and the girls announced that they had "tolerable appetites," which, but that the stock of provisions was abundant, I should have pronounced quite "intolerable."

We have dined; and now the girls, yet unaware of the rapidity with which night falls in these regions, are indulging expectations of catching an evening sketch or so in a glowing twilight, when in a moment the sun sinks and darkness visible comes on. "Ah," observes one, "I wish we could keep that beautiful deep blue sky a little longer."

"A little longer," rejoins another; "I wish we could *keep it always, and carry it to England with us.*"

This little dialogue reminded me of a similar one which I had been just taking from that painfully interesting book, "The Diary of an Ennuyée," as the subject of a verse-thought on the fair, but fallen land in which we were sojourning.

"How I wish I could transplant those skies to England!"

"Cruelle"—said an Italian behind me—"otez-nous notre beau ciel, tout est perdu pour nous."—DIARY OF AN ENNUYÉE.

What! stranger, wouldst thou take away
The Arch which spans our sunlit flood?
Stranger! you know not what you say—
Leave us our poor amount of good.

Tho' skies of cloud, and climate cold
Hang o'er your wondrous Island-home,
Beneath them spring the free—the bold—
Lords of the world where'er they roam.

Purpose and nerve are yours—thence power—
And these your bracing clime can give.
We but bask out life's listless hour,
We!—oh, the shame!—we doze, you live.

Leave o'er our Bay our sun to gleam—
Ah, what were left the aimless slave,
If left of all that gilds his dream
Between the cradle and the grave?

The question is now of our return to Resina. There stood the ponies—the indefatigable, the unequalled—ready to take us down stairs to Resina as they had brought us up in the morning, if we so determined; having no wish, however, to test their sagacity in the darkness, so that, acting on the proverb, "the longest way round is the shortest way home," we choose the carriage road—and these wonderful creatures walk away with us as safely as ever; they guide themselves down to Resina through such a network of lanes, windings, and not-to-be-forgotten *smells!* as no description could convey. When within the precincts of the town, groups of dark cloaked men occasionally pass us, but not a word of incivility or gesture of interruption from any—the ponies turn of their own accord into the very court-yard whence we had started in the morning; the carriage waits; we had settled all expenses with Signor Pasquale at the Hermitage, and in five minutes we are whirling away to Naples, where we arrive after twelve hours' hard exercise, sufficiently tired, but still more satisfied and thankful that we had "*done our Vesuvius*" so successfully.

R.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST.

BY WILLIAM FRIEDSCHILL, M.D.

No doubt you have heard of the University of Spitzenhofen. It is famous throughout Germany for its learning, and for the services it has rendered to science and literature. I must not, however, be understood to say that in no other department has its usefulness been manifested. The professions have been in an equal degree indebted to it; and I could name several of my own condiscipuli who, at this moment, are occupying the most prominent positions in the various avocations to which they have devoted themselves. I shall not be charged, I trust, with too fond a partiality for this distinguished seat of learning, when I apprise the reader that I graduated there myself: if so, I shall be sorry for it; for I have not been influenced by any such consideration. The university has earned a reputation for itself, which has made it the cynosure of all Europe; anything that I may say can, therefore, have little weight. I am free, however, to admit that I am not altogether devoid of vanity; and if there be one thing in life of which I am more vain than another, it is of my being a graduate of the University of Spitzenhofen. I have, perhaps, said as much upon this point as I need say; for it is not of the university I am about to treat. I have mentioned it because the incidents which follow may awaken a spirit of curiosity and inquiry, and because some of my learned fellow-countrymen might wish to know the academy at which I was reared.

As I am going to relate no ordinary narrative, it is, perhaps, first necessary to inquire how far the reader is prepared to go with me in belief, and to say a few words in apology for the psychological phenomena to which I shall presently call his attention. The opinion is almost universal that every human being possesses a principle which is indestructible, and which survives after the dissolution of that habitation in which it, for a season, took up its abode. How far that principle is altogether independent of the body in certain conditions, is not very clear; although it may be presumed that it is so to a very considerable extent, as the faculty of dreaming, more especially, would seem to demonstrate. This, I believe, is generally admitted; but I am prepared to go much further, as the reader will perceive, by a perusal of the following facts, which, from their peculiar nature, will at all events be found worthy of consideration.

The observance of New Year's Eve appears to be regarded everywhere, and there is no country in Europe where it is more strictly observed than in Germany. I should be sorry, I confess, to see the observance fall into desuetude; for, apart from the conviviality which appertains to the season, there is a degree of friendliness and hilarity prevails which renders it peculiarly refreshing.

It was New Year's Eve. I had but a few months before bade a final adieu to my Alma Mater, and was living in furnished lodgings in the city of Dresden. After tea I felt a little languid and unwell. I could assign no particular reason for it, except that during the day I had suffered at intervals from a decayed tooth, which frequently annoyed me, particularly in cold weather. As the evening wore on, I grew a little impa-

nient and inevitable, and thought I would take a stroll through the streets for a little while, and then return to my lodgings. . . It was the first New Year's Eve I had spent alone for many years; but my friends were either absent from town or engaged in different occupations. I wrapped a thick shawl round my face, threw on my fur cloak; and made my way into the street. I was perfectly aware that the night air was generally considered injurious to decayed teeth, but the truth is, I could not rest within doors, and, whatever might be the consequences, I felt compelled to take exercise and seek excitement. I passed hurriedly through the streets, and encountered in my progress several persons realising apparently homewards, and who had evidently not been unmindful of the festive season. The exercise, I found, did me good, and I continued to pace up and down the streets for a considerable time, till at length, attracting attention, I proceeded again to my lodgings. My landlady opened me the door, and showed me to my apartment. In a few minutes I was seated before a blazing fire, with a glass of strong brandy and water steaming before me. Whether it was owing to the warmth of the atmosphere in which I sat, or to the hot spirit and water I was drinking, I know not, but I was attacked with the most violent paroxysms of toothache, much more severe than any I had as yet experienced. I strode about the room in the greatest agony—I stamped with my feet—I committed, in short, all those excesses which people usually indulge in under similar circumstances. The stratagems I had recourse to did not alleviate the pain. I continued, however, to pace up and down the chamber with the greatest impatience. An hour or two, I suppose, passed away whilst I was thus engaged. I cannot say how long, for I took no note of time, but I was at length aroused from my self-absorption by the ringing of the various church-bells of the city, and the reiterated salutation of *Prosst Neu Jahr*, which was exchanged between the passengers in the street below.

The new year had anything but an auspicious commencement for me. I was labouring under an amount of physical pain scarcely to be endured, and which threatened almost to deprive me of my reason. I was still particularly restless, and paced up and down the chamber with untiring energy. I occasionally varied this employment by walking for a few minutes in my bedroom, which was on the same floor as the apartment in which I sat.

It is essential, perhaps, to furnish the reader with some information as regards myself, so that he may have some data whereon to found an opinion as to the peculiar circumstances hereinafter to be related. It is not my wish to disguise a single feature which might lead to an elucidation of this remarkable case. I shall give the fullest information in my power, and it would be a source of considerable gratification to me if any of my learned fellow-countrymen would institute a thorough investigation into the various circumstances which I shall presently lay before them. The subject is one deserving of their closest attention, and one, too, which falls peculiarly within their own province. I say this with considerable pride and pleasure, for whilst other European writers have, for the most part, devoted themselves to subjects capable of human comprehension, it has been the steadfast object of several of the authors of Germany to penetrate, as it were, into the very arcanæ of things—search into those secrets which have been hidden from the children of

men since the foundations of the earth were laid. With what success these studies have been pursued, it is needless for me to add: they have gained for their followers a reputation in this peculiar department of literature that has rendered them world-famous. I do not envy their laurels, for I have little ambition, but I wish (and many of my readers will join me in it I am sure) that they may long live to wear them. It is to be hoped, therefore, that my fellow-countrymen will take up this subject—submit it to that close analysis, that subtle inquiry, which all matters of this kind receive at their hands—and I have little doubt that their labours will be crowned with abundant success.

I have just attained my twenty-fifth year; my complexion is sallow; my eyes (it was not only my dear cousin that told me so) dark and piercing. My temperament is what is usually called, I believe, nervous and sanguine. I have been a dreamer from my youth, poring over philosophical and imaginative works of all descriptions, but generally preferring those authors who most eschewed the subjects of every-day life, and who gave daring flights to their imagination by soaring into those mystic regions into which other writers with feeblar pinions dared not penetrate. My reading, though exceedingly desultory, gave a certain tone to my feelings, and tended, perhaps, to throw over the daily occurrences of life an unhealthy colouring, which was likely to exercise a mischievous influence over my conduct and habits. I cannot deny that such a result has actually been produced. I lack, as it were, an aptitude for worldly affairs—am the merest simpleton in making a purchase that you can well conceive—and have, perhaps, as much idea as to the value of several of the articles of daily use as a bricklayer's labourer of the gigantic proportions of the Pyramids. Admitting as I do the pernicious tendency of much of the literature at which I have pointed, I am compelled nevertheless to make some exceptions, and frankly to avow that I have not only derived much amusement but considerable instruction from some of the authors whom I have read. I allude in particular to those writers who have made it their particular study to search into the inmost recesses of nature, and to deduce therefrom such conclusions as to the nature and purpose of our being as their discoveries and speculations might seem to warrant. Oh! worthy disciples of Socrates and Plato! Oh! noble supporters of a faith to which some of the most illustrious writers of ancient times have not hesitated to give credence. Oh! earnest apostles of truth, swerve not from the path which you have marked out for yourselves; pursue it energetically, neither turning to the right hand nor to the left, and, despite the taunts and jeers of the world, you will one day astonish it with your singular and invaluable productions.

I have, perhaps, said as much on this score as is necessary, and shall now resume my narrative. I have said that my sleeping chamber was on the same flat as that in which I usually sat and took my meals. At the further end of the chamber there stood a quaint old cabinet; to judge from its appearance, it must have been of great age—probably not less than 150 to 200 years old. It was made of oak, highly polished, and on which innumerable quaint figures and devices were ingeniously carved. There were upon it heads of men and animals, and their several faces were made to assume every possible contortion that the human imagination could conceive. In the centre of the cabinet there was carved a full-

length figure representing an aged man with a long, flowing beard. His features were stern but somewhat venerable, and he seemed to carry in his hand a long staff or wand. When I grew tired of one apartment, I relieved the monotony, as I have said, by walking backwards and forwards in the other. The pain with which I was afflicted was as acute as ever, and there was no appearance of its abatement. I knew not how to console myself; I became more feverish and irritable. I opened a small drawer in the cabinet, and drew from it a letter which I had received a few days before from my beloved Marie. I had read it a dozen times—I read it again.

"Prague, 10ten Decr., 18—.

"MEIN LIEBER VETTER,—Deinen angenehmen Brief hatte ich das Vergnügen zu empfangen und es freuet mich sehr zu ersehen, dass du recht wohl bist und bald nach Hause kommen wirst. Ich habe mich oft selbst gefragt warum nicht sogleich, um die Feiertage bei uns zubringen zu können. Meine liebe Tante, so wie deine Schwester, wunschen dich recht bald zu sehen. Obgleich du so lang weggeblieben bist, vergessen wir dich doch nicht—nein, lieber August, wir denken täglich an dich.

"Ich werde dir heute nichts weiter schreiben, da uns das Vergnügen dich selbst zu sehen bevorsteht. Lebe wohl.

"Deine dich liebende,

"MARIE."

When I had read this letter I replaced it in the cabinet; the pain I endured was as intense as ever. I writhed with agony.

"Oh, Heavens!" I exclaimed in my suffering, "wherefore should man be subject to so many physical ailments and infirmities—wherefore should his immortal spirit be enshrined in this fleshly tabernacle—why should it be clogged with an incumbrance that entails so much suffering upon him, and checks his noblest and loftiest aspirations?"

I had scarcely uttered these words before I thought I perceived a change in the old cabinet. The centre figure, representing the old man, evidently dilated. It grew larger and larger, till at length it assumed the appearance of an old man considerably above the average height. He smiled benignantly upon me, as though he were disposed to befriend me.

A very important change had come over me. I knew not how—the change, however, was manifest. I was free from all pain—cheerful—contented. I was seated comfortably in my easy-chair, and the fire was blazing cheerfully before me.

"How different," I thought, "does life appear when one is not suffering from bodily pain."

I began to ponder over my sweet cousin's letter, and to picture to myself the pleasure which I should shortly derive from her society, when a slight noise on the stair-head arrested my attention; the room door was then slightly thrown open, and the head of my landlady was thrust in for a moment and then withdrawn.

"A very singular proceeding," I thought; my surprise, however, was considerably increased when she and her daughter walked into the room without making the slightest observation; they took no notice whatever

of my presence, and proceeded to dust the furniture, as if no person were in the room but themselves.

"A very singular proceeding this," I repeated; and surely I was justified in coming to this conclusion. I had been a lodger of Madame Schwartzbach for some months—I paid her handsomely for the rooms I occupied—I gave her little trouble, but frequent and valuable presents. I, therefore, ask if behaviour such as I have described was not intolerable in the extreme? I am not proud—nor unsociable—nor unreasonable. I have no wish to see any servility on the part of others manifested towards myself. I arrogate to myself no superiority, but I do say that the conduct of Madame Schwartzbach on this occasion was unwarrantable, and such as few gentlemen would pardon. If I had defrauded her of her money, kept unseasonable hours, or in any other objectionable way deputed myself, treatment like this would have awakened no surprise. It is impossible to describe my indignation. Here was I exposed to all the dust and confusion incident to the operation I have referred to. I was treated with absolute contempt, as though I were a perfect nonentity, and as though it were too much trouble even for Madame Schwartzbach to ask if these proceedings were convenient to me or otherwise.

I sat in amazement, scarcely able to believe that what I beheld was reality. And yet the circumstances were too real—the figures before me too life-like—to be easily mistaken. I remained quiescent. I was determined to see the end of these proceedings, and so observed the utmost silence. I was afraid even to stir in my chair, lest it should attract the notice of either Madame Schwartzbach or her daughter. With breathless suspense I watched all their movements; they passed from one piece of furniture to another, till at length the work appeared to be finished. I began to reflect upon what they should purpose to do next, and I was not long kept in suspense. Surprised, irritated, disgusted as I had previously been, I was certainly not prepared for the extraordinary behaviour which followed. Such audacity, such unparalleled effrontery, I am persuaded will seem perfectly incredible. I can swear, however, to every circumstance which I shall relate.

Their work being finished, Madame Schwartzbach drew a chair towards the fire and seated herself upon it, desiring her daughter at the same time to follow her example. I retained my seat—moved not, but kept my eyes steadfastly fixed upon them. My presence did not disturb them in the least; they saw me, that was evident. How, indeed, could they fail to do so? Madame Schwartzbach sat close at my elbow—within a yard of me—there was a blazing fire—two lighted candles in the room. How, then, could they fail to see me? Yet they uttered not a word—evinced not the slightest consciousness of my presence. I was paralysed. Was it Madame Schwartzbach and her daughter—was I not deceiving myself? Confusion! Was it the room—the chair I was sitting in—was it the fire blazing before me—the carpet upon which my feet were pressing—were these things real, and was the presence of Madame Schwartzbach and her daughter not equally as tangible—equally as capable of demonstration? And yet why did they not speak—utter a single syllable—exchange a solitary glance—indicate by a simple gesture their recognition of me? I say nothing of etiquette, deference, respect, which, under other circumstances, I should have con-

ceived myself entitled to. I waive these considerations entirely, but fancy a situation such as I describe, I am seated in reflective mood by the fire—my privacy is broken in upon—my furniture turned upside down—and, to crown all, the intruders, after committing these acts of unparalleled audacity, seat themselves close at my elbow, as though I were of as little importance as the chair in which I sat. Assuredly this was the culminating point of human effrontery—assuredly this was the very climax of open contempt. My thoughts reverted again to my former proposition. Were the females not some airy shadows conjured up by my own imagination? I was determined to settle the question, so I arose from my chair, and making a slight inclination of the body, said:

"Madame, I am perfectly unconscious of having done anything since I have lived under this roof which should seem to warrant the remarkable intrusion on the part of yourself and daughter to which I have been subjected to to-night. I have sat for a considerable time an impatient witness of your movements. I am compelled, however, at length, to express the unbounded indignation which I feel, and to signify to you that I shall, as soon as possible, seek for other apartments."

I sat down with an air of triumph, well assured that the few observations which I had just made would have the desired effect. It will scarcely be credited, I think, when I say that my remarks elicited not a single syllable in reply. My astonishment was beyond all bounds. What could be the motive for these singular proceedings? Was I a fool—an idiot—that I could be trifled and jested with in this singular manner, or had my landlady and her daughter simultaneously taken leave of their senses, and in a fit of insanity acted in the incomprehensible way I have described?

"Madame Schwartzbach," I said, in a firm tone of voice, "I entreat you to explain the cause of this unseemly intrusion."

My words were again unheeded. After a short interval, however, Madame Schwartzbach turned to her daughter, and said:

"Well, Margaretha, are you ready; shall we go to bed?"

"Yes, just now; it is difficult to leave the fire such a cold night as this."

"Mr. Neuendorff has been in bed, I dare say, an hour or two."

It is said that language is but a feeble exponent of our thoughts and ideas. I am sure it is quite inadequate to describe my state of mind when this audacious falsehood was uttered in my presence. I had been in bed an hour or two, and was actually sitting close to the woman who was giving expression to this infamous mendacity! I know of no language forcible enough to convey a true conception of the feelings by which I was influenced.

"Hush," said Madame Schwartzbach; "I thought I heard Mr. Neuendorff; he probably requires something, poor gentleman!"

She took one of the candles from the table and actually proceeded to my sleeping apartment. This last act, if possible, was more extraordinary than any of its predecessors. In a minute or two she returned.

"No; I was mistaken," she said; "he sleeps soundly."

It was really some consolation to hear that she had seen me, and that I was, at all events, somewhere; but I have yet to learn how it was possible that I could be in two places at once. She had seen me in bed she stated, and yet, according to my own showing, I was seated in the

sitting-room. Could anything be more preposterous—any two statements more irreconcilable? Either she was wrong or I was wrong. I was not in bed, and yet her evidence went to show that I was there. Who was most likely to be right? I was surely conscious of my own whereabouts. I knew whether I was in bed or not; my faculties were in no degree impaired. I was determined to have an explanation. I rose from my seat, my heart swelling with indignation.

"Madame Schwartzbach," I said, "I wish you to know that I am not in bed—not sleeping soundly, but that I am here, madame—here in this room—within a yard of where you are sitting."

"I think, Margaretha," said Madame Schwartzbach, "that that chair will have to be covered again. The hair, I see, is breaking out of the cushion."

"Which chair do you mean?"

"The arm-chair—that in which Mr. Neuendorff usually sits. Do you not observe that the covering of the cushion is torn?"

I was more irritated—more perplexed than ever. I could obtain no reply to anything I said, and the very chair in which I was sitting was made the subject of their discussions and observations; they could see it and the cushion which required a new covering, but, strange to say, I was invisible. I was bewildered; it was surely some hoax that I was exposed to—a dream—it could not be reality.

"Madame Schwartzbach," I said, springing again from my chair, "I will tolerate this intrusion no longer—I am satisfied this is some trick you are practising upon me. I shall leave your house this very moment, and never return to it."

I rushed from the room with the greatest precipitancy, and in another moment I was in the open street. It was a beautiful night, or rather morning. The sky was of that deep blue colour, and the stars possessed that brilliant radiancy, which seem to indicate a very low temperature. The earth was no longer visible, for since my return to my lodgings the snow had fallen in abundance, and covered it completely. Its depth, to all appearance, could not be less than two or three inches.

I was once more free to wander whithersoever I listed—no longer pent up in a room—no longer exposed to the grossest insolence from the very creatures whom I had in some degree assisted to support. A strange feeling, nevertheless, was upon me—there was some mystery surrounding me which I could not fathom—some singularity, of which ordinary mortals did not partake. What it was I knew not, but by some intuitive feeling I was conscious of its presence. I paused for a few minutes, not knowing whither to proceed. It was new year's morning, as I have stated—an occasion in many countries of great rejoicing. I thought, therefore, as I was perfectly disengaged, it would be a favourable opportunity for paying a visit or two to some of my friends. I had no sooner made this resolve than I proceeded to act upon it. As I walked up one of the streets of the town, I observed one of my friends on the opposite side of the way. He had no doubt been at some party, and was returning home. I crossed over to speak to him, and to wish him the compliments of the season. When I had reached the side of the road on which he was walking, I stood till he came up to me. As he approached, I thought I would take him by surprise, for he would never expect to meet me at this time in the morning, so I placed myself in front of him,

and when he was within a yard or two of me, I saluted him with a low bow, half in mockery, half in earnest. When I again stood erect I found, he had passed me, without deigning to bestow the least recognition upon me. It was excessively strange—beyond all human comprehension. Had I in any way offended him, or was he so intoxicated that he was unable to see me? I began to consider if there was anything I had done at which by any chance he could have taken offence. I knew of nothing. I had been to him as a confidential friend—a brother; my advice—my purse had frequently been placed at his service, and I do not remember his asking me a single favour which I had ever refused him. Was this the behaviour, then, to show towards me—was this the manner in which he repaid the numerous kind offices I had performed for him? Oh! if there be in the whole category of human frailties one crime more black than another, it surely is ingratitude! He was guilty of the grossest ingratitude. I was indignant beyond expression. I fumed with passion, and at the moment was prepared to commit any excess. I was resolved, that behaviour such as this should not pass unnoticed. I would seek an explanation—demand an apology, and, if it were not instantly made, intimate to my friend that he was no longer to consider me as forming a part of the circle of his acquaintance. I hurried after him—I looked neither to the right nor left, but kept my eyes steadily fixed upon the objects before me. In a very short while my friend was in sight. I came up to him just as he was on the point of entering the house.

"Mr. Von Bohnenstein," I said, "will you have the kindness to favour me with a few minutes' conversation?"

I had hardly uttered these words before the door was unceremoniously thrust in my face. I reeled back like a drunken man, and fell my full length upon the snow. I was paralysed with the insult, for which I could discover no cause whatever. After the elapse of a few minutes I recovered. It was the last time Von Bohnenstein should have the opportunity of insulting me. The first shock was over, but the gnawing pain was still in my heart, and would remain there till my dying day.

It is not the great calamity—the sudden and unexpected catastrophe, that are the most difficult to endure; they come down upon us with the force of the avalanche, crushing and rendering prostrate everything beneath them. It is when the shock is over that the pain is felt the most acutely—the stupor—the prostration to which we have been for a while subjected have passed away, and the real misery of our situation is at length vividly revealed to us. The canker has entered the heart, and it will fester and fester there till its last pulsation shall have ceased, and neither days, nor months, nor years can work a change, nor "pluck from the soul that rooted sorrow" which we bear with us till our mission be accomplished, and the grave—the great place of our disburdenment—be attained.

Humiliated and grieved at the indignity I had just experienced, I began at once to consider what course I should next pursue. I should surely meet with a better reception in other quarters; but if I did not, I resolved immediately to leave the city. It was impossible that my conduct could have deserved such ill-usage; there was scarcely a single misdemeanour with which I could accuse my conscience. I passed on from one street to another, miserable and restless. I had no definite object before me, but I found some kind of locomotion was necessary.

I wandered in this way for some time, till at last I desired to retrace my steps; and as this part of the city was strange to me, I found it would be necessary to have recourse to my footprints to enable me to regain the point from which I had started. I examined the path, which was covered with snow, and along which I had walked, very carefully, but I could discover no traces of any footsteps whatever. I had surely mistaken the road; but that was impossible, for I had never diverged from it for a single moment. A dreadful terror seemed to seize hold of me; I turned sick and giddy, and was obliged to lean against a neighbouring wall for support; the awful truth forced itself upon me—my feet had left no impression upon the snow! This was a circumstance I was not prepared for. The snow was soft, and the least pressure upon it must have produced an indentation. How was it, then, that my feet had left no traces behind them? Was I different from other men—was I otherwise endowed? The supposition was monstrous, and could not be entertained for a moment. My organs and faculties were the same. I was subject to the same laws and influences that they were subject to. How, then, should I be different, and yet how else could I account for the singular fact to which I have just referred? In my agitation and confusion those questions occurred to me again and again; yet they seemed incapable of solution. I was unquestionably surrounded by certain mysterious influences which I could neither account for nor dispel; they had come upon me suddenly and unexpectedly, and it was impossible to estimate the length of their duration. I tried for a moment to calm myself, and to think seriously and dispassionately upon the matter. The more composed I became, the more revolting did it appear. The thing was so uncommon—so glaring a departure from all natural laws, that the very idea of it was unbearable. Everything that trod the earth—every man, every beast of the field, every bird of the air, the very reptile that crawled—left an impress behind it; but I—I alone was exempt from those organic laws by which other creatures were influenced, and walked the earth as though I were a vapour—a mere fleeting shadow! I took a survey of myself, and could observe nothing wherein I differed from other men, and yet the snow, as I have stated, did not yield to my pressure.

I hastened forward, indifferent as to the road I took, so long as I found excitement. To stay and think was impossible—unbearable. The air was extremely cold, if I were to be guided by the appearance of the people whom I met; but I did not feel it in the least. I came up at length with some boys who were throwing snowballs at each other; the young rogues appeared to have been out all night. I stood and watched their movements, for I was much interested in the sport, and had half a mind to join them myself, if it were only to divert my mind from mere painful subjects. I had stood here, I suppose, nearly a quarter of an hour, when one of the lads took up a snowball from the ground, and threw it deliberately at me, as I thought. I cried out for him to desist, but my injunctions were not attended to; nay, worse than that, the other lads followed the example, and apparently selected me as the target at which they aimed. They hit me several times, and I fancied at first that the balls hurt me; but, incredible as it may appear, and astounded as I was at the discovery, I found that the balls passed harmlessly through me! I say through me, by which expression I mean

to imply that they went through my breast—through my stomach—through my head? The boys, I found, had been aiming at a lamp—just against which I stood. This shock was more dreadful than any I had as yet sustained. It is useless to attempt to describe the laws which crop over me. Was I deprived of all those functions and properties that appertained to the human body? It was impossible—an insane idea had entered my head—it was a gross delusion, which ought at once to be banished from my mind. I remembered everything that had occurred but a few hours before. I remembered the attack of toothache to which I had been subjected; I remembered the exertions which I had taken out of doors when I could sit no longer in my room; I remembered my landlady furnishing me with a light, and showing me to my chamber. I was then as I had always been, then how should I be different now? I endeavoured thus to convince myself that there was nothing the matter with me; but it was all to no purpose; the one prevailing idea perpetually haunted me—I was no longer what I had been. It was useless to stay longer where I was, so I walked forward, not knowing whither I should bend my steps.

I began to weigh the events of the past hour or two over in my mind; and to fancy that they bore a certain relationship to each other. It is impossible to deny the extraordinary character of the circumstances; and I think I may say, without fear of contradiction, that no mortal was ever before placed in situations so remarkable. How stood the matter? In the first place, my person, it should seem, was not perceptible to the human eye; in the second, my feet left no traces on the soft snow or earth on which I had trodden; and thirdly, my body (?) offered no resistance to anything that was brought in collision with it. If these things were really so, I could no longer be mortal. What was I then? I had all the semblance of a mortal creature—the same quasi-corporeal appearance—the same thoughts—the same powers of locomotion. I was altogether unconscious of the period of my dissolution; but how was I to reconcile my present position with the circumstances that preceded it?

As I was walking along, I perceived a gentleman of whom I had a casual acquaintance coming towards me. I resolved upon throwing myself in his way, to see if I were more fortunate in attracting his attention than I had been with Von Bohnenstein, and to which circumstance reference has already been made. When we met, I was delighted to find that he stopped—nay, that he actually held out his hand; but what was my consternation and dismay to find that it was held out to a gentleman close behind me!

A very brief space seemed to have elapsed before I found myself in a fresh scene, and surrounded by objects altogether new. I was transported—but by what precise process I know not—from the city of Dresden to Prague. I was in the midst of a large chamber brilliantly decorated with lights and ornaments. It was a ball-room. The people were guilely attired, and several couples were whirling round the room as I entered. The music was lively and inspiring, and pleasure seemed to beam from every countenance. And she—she was there; my beloved—my dearest Marie! Oh! I had never seen her to so much advantage; she wore a dress of white satin—a wreath of white roses encircled her head. She was exceedingly animated, and appeared to enter into the spirit of the scene. I saw no lady there who could be compared with her as far as

personal beauty was concerned—at least, such was my opinion; but, perhaps, I partook of the ordinary infatuation, which permits no lover to see a blemish in the appearance of his mistress. I walked about the room quite undisturbed. This did not surprise me, for I scarcely looked for recognition after the curious events I have already described. I avoided Marie as much as possible, lest she should recognise me; for although I was unnoticed by others, I was afraid that I should not escape her observation. It was not very long before her quick glance appeared to be directed towards me. She advanced to where I stood. I thought it was of no use attempting any longer to escape, so I remained where I was. At this period, however, the gentleman upon whose arm she leaned invited her to join in the dance then being formed. I was annoyed at this circumstance, and at once pressed forward to prevent, if possible, Marie accepting of his invitation. I was too late; but I was determined that she should have two partners instead of one, so I took my place opposite to where she stood. The dance had not proceeded many minutes before Marie fainted, and was obliged to be carried from the room. I am unable to say from what cause it arose; it might be from fatigue or from the heat of the room. This occurrence induced me at once to withdraw.

I have no distinct recollection of anything that afterwards occurred till I found myself in front of the house in which I lodged. I was much surprised to find some mourning coaches standing in the street, with other indications that a death had occurred within the house. I was very desirous of knowing who had died. Was it my landlady—was it her daughter—was it Fraulien Mindengratz, the old maiden lady—was it Herr Bogenspiegel, the banker? It was not likely to be any of these, for they were in perfect health, to my knowledge, a very short time before. Who could it be? A gentleman who was passing at this juncture evinced some curiosity on this head, and he asked whose remains they were which were about to be deposited in the earth. He was told that it was Mr. Neuendorff who was going to be interred.

"Mr. Neuendorff!" I exclaimed; "it is an abominable falsehood."

"So, so, Mr. Neuendorff?" repeated the querist.

"Yes," replied the man to whom he had addressed himself.

This was surely the culminating point of all my misery and perplexity. I was dead, it should seem—the funeral cortege was on the point of carrying my remains to their final destination—my friends were mourning for me as one whose connexion with the present world was closed for ever. I am not a person who would speak lightly of death, but there seemed to me to be something extravagantly absurd in the preparations which were being made. If I were dead, when did I die?—what was the occasion of my death?—what were the circumstances attending it? It was natural that questions of this kind should instantly occur to me, but it was impossible to find an answer to them. I was not dead; it was a lie—a base and wicked deception for the purpose of securing a little property of which I was possessed. What other object could have instigated these proceedings? I saw in a moment through the barefaced and fraudulent imposition. If I were dead, I must have experienced the sufferings and struggles that usually precede death—if I were dead, I should not have been able to

bear testimony to a contrary effect. I repeat again, I was not dead, any more than you are whose eyes are resting at this moment upon the page before you ; no, I was a living, sentient being.

In a short while the procession moved on, and I followed, as it were, my own remains to the grave. Can anything be more preposterous, and yet what explanation did the circumstances admit of ? I am not prepared with any. The place of interment was at length reached—the service was read—my body was about to be consigned to the earth—when a slight motion in the coffin attracted the attention of those around : it was placed upon the earth, and the lid was opened. My body presented appearances which led to a proper examination, in consequence of which I ultimately recovered.

I have nothing to add myself—the reader must form his own conclusions. An ingenious gentleman, however, has suggested to me, and which suggestion I give the reader the benefit of, that my body must have been in a state of catalepsy, or trance, during the wanderings of the soul, which was, nevertheless, in constant rapport with it, and that it had again re-entered its former habitation, as my body, as I have shown, was on the point of being committed to the earth. My own opinion upon these points is quite in keeping with that of the gentleman to whom I refer.

THE AUNT AND NIECE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

THE reader is requested to observe in this, the third and last, paper dedicated to the ill-fated town here called Riverton, that we are still speaking of the years following the opening of the British ports for foreign goods, and immediately subsequent to the death of Mr. Huskisson. The measure had now been in force more than the term of its proposed trial ; there appeared to be no prospect that the ports would be reclosed, and Riverton, far from giving hopes of any amendment, sunk into deeper misery day by day.

Not the least perplexed amongst its manufacturers was Mr. Arkell—since his father's death we have left off calling him Mr. William. That the respected firm of George Arkell and Son had not "gone," as so many of the other long-established firms had gone, was owing, as was observed previously, to the large property left to William by his father. Could that good father, that benevolent and just man, George Arkell, whose name, still retained in the firm, was its surest guarantee—could he have foreseen that his hard-earned wealth, the competence he had acquired, not by oppressing those under him, but by steady diligence and perseverance—could he have foreseen that this would be torn from his son, and that son's children, nearly at one fell swoop, he would have grieved bitterly. William Arkell, now a man of fifty years, was wont to say that he was thankful his father did not live to witness the city's wreck.

A deplorable gloom hung over the brow of Mr. Arkell. His manufactory was still kept on, but little was being done, and that little he lost

by. But the delusive hope that times would mend, the hope that from year to year had buoyed up others in Riverton as well as himself, was not even yet totally relinquished. It was likewise the business that Travice had been taught to follow, and how was he to break with it now, and turn to another, of which he knew nothing? Nay, how was Mr. Arkell himself to set about anything else? His time of life was past for it.

What had become of Peter Arkell? He was now a confirmed invalid: his sufferings were great, and he had been obliged to give up his occupation of teaching. His good and gentle daughter, Lucy, was sorely puzzled when she asked herself how the future comforts of their home were to be provided; she knew that for some of these comforts they had long been indebted to certain enclosures, contained in letters sent by her aunt Mildred. Lucy had all this care upon her own shoulders, for her mother had been dead some years.

How like Lucy had grown to her aunt Mildred! In figure she was shorter and slighter, but her colourless complexion and fair features, not handsome, but pleasant to look upon, were just what Miss Arkell's had been, ere the blight fell upon her feelings, in early womanhood. There was a sad, thoughtful look pervading both their countenances, telling of deep, inward sorrow, borne, or to be borne: it was implanted there by nature, and lay perhaps more in the expression of the eyes than in the other features. Has the reader ever remarked, in his passage through the world, that where this mournful expression exists, the heart's destiny is fated not to be a happy one?

One evening, an old and confidential friend of Peter Arkell's dropped in to sit an hour with him. It was Mr. Palmer, the manager and cashier of the Riverton bank. The two friends had entered the bank together, as clerks, in boyhood, and Mr. Palmer had gradually risen to his present post of eminence, whilst his less fortunate friend, Peter Arkell, had to retire altogether, through ill health—but I think this has been mentioned before. As the two talked confidentially together on this evening, deploring the ruin that was overwhelming the city, Mr. Palmer dropped a hint that the firm of George Arkell and Son had been effecting another mortgage on their property. Mr. Peter Arkell said nothing then; his daughter remarked, after the departure of their guest, that he remained buried in melancholy silence; but the next morning he announced his intention of proceeding to his cousin's house.

Lucy was astonished—he who had not been out for weeks. And she remonstrated, because the day was a most unfit one for him to venture out in.

"I can get there with the help of your arm," he said. "I want to speak to my cousin William. Fetch down my old cloak with the fur collar, child, and air it at the fire. I can wrap myself up in that."

So they started together, through the snow, to the house of Mr. William Arkell. The dear old house! where Peter had spent so many pleasant evenings in his youthful days. After Mr. and Mrs. George Arkell's death, William, with his family, had returned to it. Lucy went into the house, but her father proceeded to the manufactory, which was near, and entered his cousin's private room.

"Why, Peter!" exclaimed Mr. Arkell, in amazement, rising from his desk and placing an arm-chair to the fire, "what can bring you out such a day as this? Sit down."

Before Peter did so, he closed the door, so that they should be quite alone. He then turned and clasped his cousin by the hand.

"William," he began, emotion mingling with his utterance, "I have come to you, a poor, unhappy man. Conscious of my want of power to do what I ought—fearing that there is less chance of my doing it, day by day."

"What do you mean?" inquired Mr. Arkell.

"Amidst the ruin that has almost universally fallen on the city, you have not escaped, I fear," resumed Mr. Peter: "your property is being seriously drawn upon?"

"And, unless things mend, it will soon be drawn to an end, Peter."

"God help me!" uttered Peter. "And to know that I am in your debt, and cannot liquidate it! It is to speak of this that I am come out to-day."

"Nay, now you are foolish!" exclaimed Mr. Arkell. "What matters a hundred pounds or two, more or less, to me? The sum would cut but a poor figure, Peter, by the side of what I am now habituated to losing. Never think of it, Peter: I never shall. Besides, you had it from me in driblets, so that I did not miss it."

"When I had used to come to you for assistance in my illnesses, for I was ashamed to draw too much upon Mildred," proceeded the poor man, "I never thought but what I should, in time, regain permanent strength, and be able to return it. I never meant to cheat you, William."

"Don't talk like that, Peter!" interrupted Mr. Arkell. "If the money were returned to me now, it would only go the way that the rest is going. I have always felt glad that it was in my power to render you assistance in your necessities: and if I stood this moment without a shilling to turn to, I should not regret it any more than I do now."

They continued to converse for some time, and Lucy, meanwhile, had proceeded to the general sitting-room, in search of her relatives. How different was the Mrs. William Arkell of the present day, from what the lively, talkative, agreeable Miss Trivice had been in former ones! Few persons liked Mrs. William Arkell. She was an imperious woman, sometimes gave way to violent temper, and swayed her husband and her household with an absolute sway. Her daughters—vain, indulged, handsome girls, both much what their mother had been in person five or six-and-twenty years ago, and like what she was now in temper, sometimes ventured, and successfully, to dispute and resist her authority. Did Mr. Arkell, after some outrageous domestic scene, in which his wife had borne a conspicuous part, ever think of her, whose heart he had rejected? *She* would not have made a turmoil of his home.

Nothing could exceed the contempt in which Charlotte and Sophia Arkell held their cousin Lucy. And who wondered at it? Lucy's education, though a thoroughly solid and good one, had not embraced accomplishments: like her aunt Mildred, dancing was all of them that she had been taught. The daughters of Mrs. William Arkell had learnt everything, from the harp, and Oriental tinting, down to Spanish, and Chenille embroidery. *They* never soiled their guarded fingers with plain work, and had just as much idea of how anything useful was done, as of how the moon was made: whilst poor Lucy—though one of the most lady-like girls in appearance and manners that could well be seen—had

to perform nearly all the duties in her little household, and she made her father's shirts and her own clothes. So of course the two fine young ladies despised her: and if you, my reader, are another fine young lady, perhaps you will despise her too.

When Lucy entered the drawing-room that morning, Charlotte, the only occupant of it, was rattling the keys of the piano. She whirled herself round on the music-stool.

"What have you come for, Lucy? Anything particular?"

"My father wanted to see your papa, and I walked here with him," was Lucy's answer.

"What did he want?" asked Charlotte. "I thought he was too ill to go out."

"He did not say. In my opinion it was very wrong for him to come, but he appeared extremely anxious, and insisted. Do not let me interrupt your practising," continued Lucy. "I should like to hear it."

"Practising! I have no heart to practise!" exclaimed Charlotte.

"Papa is always talking in such a gloomy way. He was in here just now: I was deep in this sonata, and did not hear him enter, and he began saying it would be better if I and Sophy were to accustom ourselves to spend some of our time *usefully*, for that he did not know how soon we might be obliged to do it. He has laid down the carriage; he has made fearful retrenchments in the household: I wonder what he would have! And as to our buying anything new, or subscribing to a concert, or anything of that sort, mamma says she cannot get the money from him. I wish I was married, and gone from Riverton! I am thankful my future home is to be far enough away from it!"

"Things may brighten here," was all the consolation Lucy could offer.

"I don't believe they ever will," returned Charlotte. "I see no hope of it. Papa looks sometimes as if his heart were breaking."

As Miss Arkell spoke, her brother entered the room. His countenance lighted up with joy when he saw Lucy.

"What! are you here, Lucy, so early this morning! You have come to spend the day, I know, so take your bonnet off."

Lucy laughed. "Do I come so often to stay a whole day that you think I can come for nothing else? I am going back almost immediately."

"Oh, nonsense! Now you are here, you shall stay."

Lucy shook her head. "My father is here, and I am waiting to walk back with him. I cannot remain to-day, Traveice."

Traveice drew a chair forward, and sat down near to Lucy. Charlotte left the room, for she used little ceremony with her cousin. And did the two miss her departure? No, nor care for it. The romance that had been enacted in the early life of William and Mildred, was being re-enacted now. But with a difference. For whereas William Arkell, as we have seen, forsook the companion of his boyhood, and cast his love upon another, Traveice's whole hopes were centred upon Lucy. And Lucy loved him with all the impassioned ideality of a first and powerful passion, with all the fervor of an imaginative and reserved nature. It is probable that each detected, in a degree, the feeling of the other, but no allusion to it, or explanation, had been spoken between them.

Mrs. Arkell had long suspected that her son was attached to Lucy. If there was one being on earth that Mrs. Arkell idolised, it was Travece; if there was one that she despised, it was Lucy; and the bare possibility that her son might one day raise Lucy, from her obscure poverty, to be his wife, was hateful to her. The idea haunted her like a nightmare. She would long ago have broken off all intercourse with their less fortunate relatives, had she dared; but the calm authority and straightforward good sense of Mr. Arkell were such, that even his wife cared not in some few points to dispute it. And, setting aside her dislike of Lucy, Mrs. Arkell had a grand match for Travece in her eye.

There was living in Riverton a family of the name of Fauntleroy; a lady and her two daughters; the widow and children of old Fauntleroy the lawyer. No connexion, mind you, of him who was hung, or said to have been hung, for forgery. The girls were co-heiresses. Ten thousand pounds were settled upon each: and there was other money to divide between them, which was not settled. How Lawyer Fauntleroy, as he was styled in the town, had scraped together so much, was a mystery to every one; but he had never been over scrupulous. Strapping, vulgar, good-humoured damsels they were, these two; with as little refinement in looks, words, and manner, as their father had possessed before them. After the death of Mr. Fauntleroy, they became intimate with the Arkell family: and it soon began to be said, all over Riverton, that Mr. Arkell's son and heir might have either of them for the asking. Mrs. Arkell overlooked their want of refinement, and their many other wants of a similar nature—of refinement, she perhaps deemed that Travece possessed enough for himself and for a wife too—she thought of the golden hoard in the bank, and pertinaciously cherished the hope and the resolve that the elder of the two young ladies, Miss Barbara Fauntleroy, should become her daughter-in-law.

We may well say "pertinaciously." For when the first hint of the matter was imparted to Mr. Travece, he had rapped out the ungallant assertion, garnished with not a few expletives, that he would "as soon marry the Devil."

When Mr. Peter Arkell's interview with his cousin was at an end, they both came into the sitting-room, where the whole family had now assembled, and Travece renewed his petition that Lucy should remain for the day. Mr. Arkell cordially seconded his son's invitation.

"I cannot spare Lucy now," interposed Mr. Peter; "she must walk home with me, and see to my dinner. But if she likes to come down after that is over, and stay the afternoon with you, she can."

And Lucy acquiesced.

"I would come and fetch you, Lucy," called out Travece to her, in the hearing of all, as they were leaving, "only I have to go out with the governor."

"Travece!" broke out his mother, looking thunder, as he was about to follow "the governor" to the manufactory, "just shut that door. I want to speak with you."

Travece obeyed, and perched himself on a side-table, humming a tune. Perhaps he suspected what was coming.

"What possesses you to behave in this absurd way to that Lucy Arkell?" cried the lady, with suppressed passion.

"What have I done now?" asked Travece.

"You and your father are continually thrusting that girl's company upon us! She is not suitable society for your sisters."

"If they were only half as worthy of her society as she is superior to theirs," interrupted Mr. Trivice, with a touch of his father's old heat, "they would be very different girls from what they are."

"How dare Lucy thrust herself in upon us in the manner she does?" asked Mrs. Arkell, her face growing very red at Trivice's boldness.

"She does not thrust herself here," retorted Trivice; "she rarely, if ever, comes of her own accord. It is half the business of my life to persuade her that she is courted here: and so she is, by my father."

"Your father is a great fool in many things, and you are no better!" screamed Mrs. Arkell, whose temper was rising beyond control. "How dare you oppose me in this way, Trivice?"

"I am very sorry," returned the young man, "and I beg your pardon if I say more than I ought. But I cannot join in your unjust abuse of Lucy, and I never will tolerate it. I wish, mother, you would refrain from bringing up the subject to me, for it is one we never can agree upon."

"You have likewise requested me not to 'bring up' the subject of Miss Fauntleroy to you," returned Mrs. Arkell, in a voice of irony. "How many other subjects would you be pleased to interdict?"

"I don't want ever to hear the name of those Fauntleroy's," burst out Mr. Trivice, in a fume. "They are not fit to tie Lucy's shoes. She has more sense, more propriety in her little finger, than they both have in all their vulgar overgrown bodies. Great brazen milkmaids!"

This was a climax. And Mrs. Arkell, suppressing the passion that shook her, as she stood, spoke with deliberate calmness, her very face white with fury.

"Continue your intercourse with that girl if you will; but—listen! you shall never make a wife of any one so paltry and so pitiful! And I pray God that I may sooner follow you to your grave, Trivice, than see you marry Lucy Arkell!"

It may be that Mrs. Arkell spoke the words, in her blind rage, without reflecting on their full import. It is certain that she little foresaw a time was soon to come, when she should mourn over them in the very extremity of vain and hopeless repentance.

"His intimacy with Lucy Arkell shall be put a stop to," she repeated to herself, when her violence had passed, and Trivice had quitted her—"it shall be put a stop to!" And when Lucy arrived that afternoon to spend it with them, according to promise, Mrs. Arkell began to lay the first foundation-stone.

"I was rather unwilling to come," observed Lucy, as she laid aside her bonnet and shawl, "for my father has seemed worse since dinner. I fear he took cold to-day."

"Draw your chair nearer the fire, Lucy," said Mrs. Arkell, with a little more cordiality in her manner than she usually observed towards Lucy. "The girls will be in directly, I suppose. They have gone to call upon the Fauntleroy's." But Mrs. Arkell did not add that she had purposely sent them out of the way, so that she might have an opportunity of saying to Lucy what she had resolved to say.

"There seemed to be some bustle about the Guildhall, as I came by," said Lucy. "Do you know whether there is any meeting there to-day?"

"I thought everybody knew it," replied Mrs. Arkell. "A meeting of the manufacturers was convened for this afternoon—for Mr. ~~Travice~~ ^{Travice}, mentioning one of the city members—is down, and will be present. Mr. Arkell and Travice have gone to it."

"Their meetings seem to bring them no redress," returned Lucy sadly. "Report says, now, that the ports are to be permanently kept open."

"I don't know what is to become of us," ejaculated Mrs. Arkell, querulously. "Charlotte, thank goodness, will soon be married and away; but there's Sophy! Travice, with care, will have enough to live upon, without business."

"Will he?" exclaimed Lucy, looking brightly up. "I am so glad to hear it! I thought your property had diminished until it was but small."

"Our property is diminishing daily," replied Mrs. Arkell. "Which makes it the more necessary that Travice should secure money by his marriage."

Lucy did not answer, but her heart throbbed violently, and the faint colour on her cheek forsook it. Mrs. Arkell, without looking towards her, rose to poke the fire, and continued talking as she leaned over the grate, with her back to Lucy:

"It is Barbara Fauntleroy that Travice is going to marry."

Going to marry! The sense of the words was very decided, carrying painful conviction to Lucy's startled ear.

"Lucy, my dear," proceeded the lady, "I am speaking to you in entire confidence, and I desire you will respect it as such. Do not drop a hint to Travice or the girls: they would not like my speaking of it."

Lucy sat quiet, offering no remark.

"At first he did not care much for Barbara, and I don't think now that he likes her so cordially as one we make a wife ought to be liked," continued Mrs. Arkell. "But that will all come in time. Travice, like many other young men, may have indulged in a little carved-out romance of his own—I don't know that he did, but he *may*—and he has had the good sense to see that his romance must yield to reality."

"Yes!" ejaculated Lucy, feeling that she was expected to say something in answer.

"There is our property dwindling down to little; there's the business dwindling down to nothing; and suppose Travice took it into his head to marry a portionless girl, what prospect would there be before him? Why, nothing but poverty and self-reproach; nothing but misery. And in time he would hate her for having brought him to it."

"True! true!" murmured Lucy.

"And now," added Mrs. Arkell, "that he does consent to marry Barbara Fauntleroy, it is the duty of all of us, if we care for his future happiness and welfare, to urge his hopes to that point. You see it, Lucy. I should think, as well as we do."

There was no outward emotion to be observed in Lucy. A transiently white cheek, a momentary quiver of the lip, and all that could be seen was over. Like her aunt Mildred, it was her nature to bear in silence; but some of us know too well that that is the grief which tells. She almost wished never to see Travice Arkell more, for his presence could now bring her nothing but misery—that presence which hitherto had

beam to her as a light from Heaven. And yet she must come into contact with it at once, even that very evening!

But she did not. For while the thoughts were running through her mind, there arrived a messenger at the house to speak with her. He brought news that her father felt alarmingly worse, and that Lucy was to hasten home immediately.

Whether the allotted span of life had indeed run out for Peter Arkell, or whether his exposure to the cold that morning helped to shorten it, could not be decided, but in a very few days, it was known that time, for him, was all but over. Lucy wrote, in haste and distress, for her aunt Mildred: but a letter from Miss Arkell to her brother—it was a singular coincidence—crossed hers, giving notice of the death of her kind protectress, Lady Dewsbury, who had expired suddenly.

It was impossible for Miss Arkell to leave Dewsbury House before the funeral, even to hasten to her dying brother. She had, for a long while, been almost the sole mistress of Lady Dewsbury's household: and besides, she felt that her quitting it just then, would hurt the feelings of the family, who had been universally kind and considerate towards her. But in the evening of the day after her mistress was interred, she arrived at Riverton.

They did not know she was coming, and nobody was at the coach to meet her. Leaving her luggage to be sent after her, she made her way to her brother's house on foot—it was not far; about a quarter of an hour's walk. She trembled as she came in sight of it, the old home of her early youth, fearing that its windows might be closed, like those of the one she had quitted. As she stood before the door, waiting to be admitted, remembrances of her childhood came painfully across her, of her happy girlhood, when those blissful dreams of William Arkell were mingled with every thought of her existence.

"And oh! what did they end in!" she cried, clasping her hands tightly together, and speaking aloud in her anguish; "what am I now? Chilled in feeling; worn in heart; old before my time!"

A middle-aged woman, with a light in her hand, opened the door. It was the night nurse.

"How is Mr. Arkell?" inquired Mildred, stepping softly over the threshold.

"As bad as can be, ma'am," replied the woman, dropping a low curtsey, and looking very much surprised at the handsomely-attired lady, dressed in the deepest mourning, who was walking into the house at that hour, unasked.

"Shall I find him in his old room?" inquired Mildred, advancing towards the staircase.

"Goodness, ma'am! you can't go up there!" uttered the woman, in amazement. "The poor gentleman is dying: we don't know but what every breath will be his last."

"I am Miss Arkell," replied Mildred, quietly, passing the woman to ascend the stairs.

She entered the chamber softly, leaving outside her sombre bonnet, with its deep erape veil. Lucy was at a table, measuring medicine into a teacup. A pale, handsome young man stood by the fire, his elbow resting on the mantelpiece: Mildred glanced at his face, and did not need to ask who it was.

Near the bed was Mr. William Arkell; but oh! how different from the lover of Mildred's youth! Now, he was a bowed, grey-haired man, looking much older than were his actual years: then, tall, handsome, and attractive, as Travece was now. And did William Arkell, at the first view, recognise his cousin? No. For that careworn, middle-aged woman, in a close, white muslin cap, and scant, braided hair, bore little resemblance to the once happy Mildred Arkell. But the dying man, lying panting on the raised pillows, knew her instantaneously, and held out his feeble hands towards her. It was a painful meeting, and one into which we have no right to penetrate further.

"Who will protect my poor child?" he murmured, just before his death; "who will afford her shelter? where will she find a home?"

"I would willingly promise it to you, Peter," interrupted Mr. Arkell; "poor Lucy should be as welcome to a shelter under my roof as are my own girls, but, God help me! I know not how long I may have a home for any one."

"Leave Lucy to me," interposed Miss Arkell. "I shall make a home for myself now, Peter, and that home shall be Lucy's. Let no fear of her welfare disturb your peace."

"*They* need not think about a home for you, Lucy," whispered Travece, at the fire, as he took her hand; "that shall be my care. Our home must be together."

Lucy drew her hand coldly away. She did not affect to misunderstand his words and what they implied, but her head was full of Miss Fauntleroy, and the words of Mrs. Arkell came rushing through her memory. "And now that he does consent to marry Bab Fauntleroy, it is the duty of all of us, if we care for his future happiness and welfare, to urge his hopes to that point." What business had he, the engaged husband of another, to breathe such words into her ear?

"I shall never have my home with you," she uttered, in the same low whisper; "nothing you could say should induce me to it. With you, aunt, with you," she murmured, turning away and clinging to Miss Arkell, "let me have my home with you!"

Mildred threw her arm round her, and clasped her to her side, whilst Travece, hurt and resentful at Lucy's words and manner, stole silently from the room.

II.

MRS. ARKELL paid a stately visit of ceremony to Mildred, a day or two after her brother's funeral. Lucy did not appear. Miss Arkell, whose heart was softened by grief, received her with cordiality: and the two proceeded to talk more affectionately together, and more confidentially, at least, so far as Mildred went, than they had ever done in their lives.

"What a fine young man Travece is!" observed Miss Arkell.

"The finest in Riverton," answered the mother. She of course was partial.

"He and Lucy have been intimate friends, it seems," resumed Mildred. "Is there any probability, think you, that ideas of a nearer relationship may be running through their minds?"

Mrs. Arkell tossed her head, and answered indignantly—there is such a thing, mind you, as indignation of tone as well as of words:

"I don't think Travece would so far forget himself as to encourage

any feeling of the kind for Lucy Arkell, considering he is engaged to another—whatever she may have done! You have heard of the rich Fauntleroy girls: he marries one of them."

"I had no reason to hazard such an opinion," retorted Mildred, speaking warmly in her turn, vexed that Lucy should be despised, which she could now very well see she was. "Indeed, from what I have observed, I should fancy her hopes may lie in a different direction. Young Palmer, the lawyer, the son of her father's old friend, has been very attentive in calling to inquire after her health. His motives may probably be more interested ones."

Now this was a little romance of Mildred's, called forth by the anger of the moment. It is true that Tom Palmer frequently did call: he and Lucy had been brought up more like brother and sister than anything else: but Miss Arkell had no foundation, and knew that she had none, for saying that he admired Lucy; and Mrs. Arkell knew it too. However, home went Mrs. Arkell, and the first of her family she came across happened to be Trivice.

"So that sly girl Lucy Arkell has been engaged all this time!" she exclaimed. "The idea of her keeping it so quiet!"

"Engaged in what?" echoed Trivice.

"Engaged to be married," answered the lady, looking up from the corner of one eye, to see how much of her news Trivice took in. "It is young Palmer, the lawyer. They are to be married as soon as a decent time has elapsed after the death of her father."

"It's not true!" burst forth Mr. Trivice. "Who in the world told it you?"

"Not true!" repeated Mrs. Arkell. "Why don't you say it is not true that I am sitting here—not true that this is Monday—not true that you are Trivice Arkell? Upon my word, you are very polite, sir!"

"Who told it you?" reiterated Trivice.

"They told me. I have been there for the last hour, and we were talking the affair over. Mildred introduced it. And I can tell you what, Trivice; it will be an excellent match for her, and they seem to know it."

Trivice did not gainsay his mother again, for there ran through his heart what felt like a shaft of ice, as he remembered the night he had stood with Lucy in the chamber of her dying father, when he had whispered to her that his home should be hers, and she had turned coldly from him with the slighting answer, "Nothing you could say should induce me to have my home with you!" These words, this behaviour had hitherto been unaccountable, but they did not remain so now. And he no longer doubted his mother's information, but felt, from that time forward, that there was an insuperable bar thrust between him and Lucy Arkell.

Miss Arkell returned to Dewsbury House, for there were final arrangements to be made, at which her presence was necessary. She took Lucy with her. The house and effects lapsed to the eldest nephew of Lady Dewsbury: but he was abroad, and the family entreated Mildred to remain there as mistress, until he should return. So that six or eight months elapsed, after Lucy and her aunt's quitting Riverton, before they returned to it for good. The old house meanwhile, the scene of her own and of Lucy's childhood, was, by Miss Arkell's directions, put in thorough

order for their reception. Just before they returned, news reached them of the wedding of Charlotte Arkell. It had been in contemplation some time. And she departed for her future home, her husband holding an appointment in India, taking her sister with her.

And Trivice Arkell—how were things going with him? Why he had been baited—badgered—by his mother and sisters into offering himself to one of the “great brazen milkmaids.” From the moment of Lucy’s departure from the city, Mrs. Arkell never let him rest. And she pressed her husband into the service. The latter, one morning, called his son into the counting house.

“What is your objection to Miss Fauntleroy, Trivice?” he asked.

“I can’t bear the sight of her,” returned Trivice, curling his lip contemptuously. “Can you, sir?”

Mr. Arkell half smiled. “Never marry for looks, my boy,” he said, eagerly. “Some who have done so before you, have awoken to find themselves bitterly deceived.”

“Most likely, sir; if they married for looks alone.”

“Trivice,” said Mr. Arkell, looking keenly at his son, “have you cherished another attachment?”

The tell-tale blood mounted to Trivice Arkell’s features. They were one burning crimson.

“My boy,” continued Mr. Arkell, noting the signs, “let me have your confidence in this. If I can promote your happiness, I will. Of whom are you thinking at the present moment?”

A still more burning shade, if, that were possible, rose to the young man’s brow. But he answered, “Of Lucy Arkell.”

Mr. Arkell leaned his head upon his hand in thought. At last he looked up.

“Trivice, this will never do. God forbid that I should object needlessly to Lucy, my poor cousin Peter’s child, but portionless as she is, and you little better, what would become of you? Mildred has no doubt saved a pittance, enough perhaps for them to exist upon, but Lucy has nothing. Besides—bless my heart!—you must have heard that Lucy is to marry young Palmer! What can you have been thinking about, Trivice? Pooh, pooh, my boy! make up your mind to marry Miss Fauntleroy. Whatever becomes of the business, you will then be independent of it.”

“Do you think the business will ever take a turn?” asked Trivice, gloomily.

“My son,” cried Mr. Arkell, in a low tone, “you know that we are getting involved. If our affairs should become seriously so, I believe my heart will break. The two or three thousand pounds, not settled upon her, that Miss Fauntleroy proposes to resign to you, will save my credit, and keep the business afloat for you: and let us hope that brighter days may dawn. Will you thus save yourself and your family, Trivice, or will you not? I do not urge you either way.”

“I may as well do it,” muttered Trivice to himself. “She has chosen another, therefore my fate is no longer doubtful: look which way I will, it is all dark. As well go through life with Bab Fauntleroy, at my side, like an incubus, as go through it without her!”

And that same evening Mr. Arkell made a formal offer of marriage to Miss Barbara Fauntleroy. Never was a proposal accepted

that betrayed so much hauteur and so little courtesy in the offering. The tidings soon spread through the town. So that when aunt Mildred and Lucy came back, the first news they heard was, that the wedding was being hastened on.

The wedding, however, was not being hastened on, for Tralice, in spite of his offer, held back unpardonably. His whole time seemed to be spent in what his mother called "moping." He scarcely ever entered the house of his bride-elect, never unless dragged thither. He called one evening upon Miss Arkell and Lucy, soon after their return. The latter was not in the sitting-room.

"Where's Lucy?" he asked, after talking restlessly upon sundry indifferent matters.

"She is taking tea at Mrs. Palmer's," replied Miss Arkell. "My head aches badly, so I did not accompany her."

"Does she really mean to have that precious fool of a Tom Palmer?" continued Tralice, whirling his hat round and round on the top of his little silver-headed cane, apparently in the utmost unconcern: but had any one been present who knew him better than aunt Mildred did, they could not have failed to perceive that it was done to cover his agitation. "I thought Lucy had better sense."

Miss Arkell felt indignant, and wondered how he dared to speak in that way. She answered sharply:

"Tom Palmer is an excellent young man. He has a good practice, and will make a good husband. Why should you wish to set Lucy against him?"

Oh, if Mildred could but have read Tralice Arkell's heart that night! if she could but have read Lucy's! How different life might have been for them all! Tralice rose to go, and he never called again: so that there was no possibility of an explanation passing between him and Lucy.

The wedding was pushed on now by Mrs. Arkell. It wanted but a few days to the time of its completion, when unpleasant rumours touching the solvency of the good old house of George Arkell and Son reached the ears of Miss Arkell. It was old Mr. Palmer who mentioned them to her. "I heard it said," he concluded, "that unless some foreign help can come to them, their names will be in the *Gazette*."

Miss Arkell was deeply shocked, and poor Lucy's colour went and came, showing the effect the news had upon her.

"You see this wedding of young Tralice Arkell's, that is to bring so much money into the family, has been delayed too long," added Mr. Palmer. "It is said, that Tralice, poor fellow, has an unconquerable antipathy to his bride, and only entered into the scheme to save his family."

After the departure of their guest, Lucy sat like one in a dream. Her aunt glanced at her, and mused, and glanced again. "What are you thinking of, Lucy?" she asked.

Lucy burst into tears.

"I was thinking what a blight it is to be poor," she answered. "If I had thousands, I would willingly devote all to save Mr. William Arkell. My father told me, when he was dying, that his cousin had helped him times upon times, when he had no one else to turn to, and he was never paid back again."

"And suppose you had money—attend to me, Lucy; for I wish a

serious answer—suppose you were in possession of money, would you be willing to sacrifice a portion of it, to save your late father's relative, William Arkell?"

"All, aunt, all!" she answered, eagerly, "and think it no sacrifice."

"Then put on your bonnet, Lucy, child," returned Miss Arkell, "and come with me."

When the aunt and niece entered the dwelling-house of Mr. Arkell, the old man—for he was old with trouble, though not with years—was seated in the little back-parlour, looking over accounts and papers with his son. Mildred had never been in the room since she was a young woman, and it called up painful recollections. Travece's hectic colour grew brighter, when he saw who were their visitors. It was the dusk of evening, and twilight sat on the room: that best hour of all the twenty-four for any embarrassing communication.

"William," began Miss Arkell, seating herself by Mr. Arkell, and speaking in a low tone, "we have heard it whispered that your affairs are temporarily involved. Is it so?"

"The world will soon know it, Mildred, above a whisper."

"It is even so then! What has led to it?"

"Oh, Mildred! can you ask what has led to it, when you look at the misery and distress everywhere around us? Search the *Gazette* for the last four or five years, and see how many names you will find in it, who once stood as high as ours did! The only wonder is, that we have not yet gone with the stream. It is a hard case, Mildred," he continued, "when we have toiled all our lives, that the labour should come to nothing at last, and that our closing years, which ought to be given to thoughts of another world, must be distracted with the anxious cares of this."

"Is your difficulty serious, or only temporary?" resumed Miss Arkell.

"It ought to be only temporary," he replied; "but the worst is, I cannot, at the present moment, command my resources. We have kept on manufacturing, hoping for better times; and, to tell you the truth, Mildred, I could not reconcile it to my conscience to turn off my old workmen to beggary. I have a heavy stock of goods on hand; to the amount of some thousands; and this locks up my diminished capital. I am still worth what would cover my business liabilities twice over—and I have no others—but I cannot avail myself of it for present emergencies. I have turned every stone, Mildred, to keep my head above water: and I believe I can struggle no longer."

"What amount of money would effectually relieve you?" asked Miss Arkell.

"About three thousand pounds," he replied, answering the question without any apparent interest.

"Then to-morrow morning that sum shall be placed in the Riverton bank at your disposal. *And double that sum if you require it.*"

Mr. Arkell looked up in astonishment; and finally addressed to her the very words which he had once before done, in early life, upon a far different subject.

"You are dreaming, Mildred!"

She remembered them: had she ever forgotten one word said to her on that eventful night! and sighed as she replied:

"This money is mine. I enjoyed, as you know, a most liberal salary for seven or eight-and-twenty years; and, at the first, the money, as it

came in, was placed out to good interest; later, to good use. Lady Dewsbury also bequeathed me a magnificent sum by her will; so that altogether, I am worth about twelve thousand pounds. And how can I better use part of this money, William, than by serving you?"

William Arkell shook his head deprecatingly.

"Speak up, Lucy," continued her aunt. "This money will all be yours. Is it not at your request that I come this evening to say what I am now saying?"

"Oh, sir," sobbed Lucy, turning round to Mr. Arkell, "take it all! Let my aunt keep what will be sufficient for her, but I am young and healthy, and can work for my living as she has done. Take all the rest, and save the credit of the family."

The grey-haired man rose, the tears trickling down his cheeks.

"Lucy, child," he said, placing his hand fondly upon her head, "were this money exclusively your aunt's and yours, I would not hesitate to make use of sufficient of it now to save my good name. In that case, I should wind up my affairs as soon as would be conveniently possible, retire from business, and see what I could do towards making a living with so much as might remain to me, after repaying you. But this sum that your aunt offers me, may be the very amount that she has set apart as your marriage portion. And what would your husband say at its being otherwise appropriated?"

"My husband!" exclaimed Lucy in amazement, "what husband? I am not going to marry. I have never thought of marrying." Miss Arkell too looked up in surprise, for she had quite forgotten the little romance about young Mr. Palmer.

"What do you say, Lucy?" asked Mr. Arkell. "Are you not engaged to Thomas Palmer?"

Lucy laughed; she could not help it; at the notion, now for the first time presented to her. It was enough to make her laugh, she added, apologetically; the idea of her ever marrying Tom Palmer, the little friend of her childhood.

Travice advanced as she spoke, with a pale cheek and a quivering lip. "Lucy," he whispered, "is this true? Is it true that you do not love Tom Palmer?"

"Love him!" cried Lucy, indignantly, and with reproach in her eye as she looked at Travice; "you have seen us together hundreds of times; did you ever see anything in my manner to induce you to think I 'loved' him?"

"I loved you," murmured Travice, for he read that reproach aight, and his own eyes burst open to the truth, "I have long loved you; deeply; passionately: my brightest hopes, the heyday visions of my future existence, were to make you my wife. But these misfortunes and losses came thick and fast upon my father. They told me at home here, as told me, that you were poor, and that I was poor, and that it would be madness in us to think of marrying then—as it would have been. So I said to myself that I would be patient and wait: would be content with loving you in secret, as I had done: with seeing you daily, as a relative. And then the news burst upon me that you were to marry Tom Palmer: and I thought what a fool I had been to fancy you cared for me: for I knew that you were not one to marry where you did not love."

"I shall never marry," uttered Lucy, the tears of anguish crowning

down her face, as she yielded, for a moment, to the passionate embrace in which Travice would have clasped her. "My lot in life must be like my aunt's, now: unloving and unloved!"

"Oh, is there no escape for us!" exclaimed Travice, wildly, as all the painful embarrassment of his position rushed over his mind. "Can we not fly together, Lucy—fly to some remote desert place, and leave care and sorrow behind us? Ere the elapse of many days, another woman expects to be my wife! Is there no way of escape for us?"

None; none. The misery of Travice Arkell and his cousin was sealed: their prospects, so far as this world went, were blighted. There were no means by which he could escape the marriage that was rushing on to him with the speed of wings: no means known in the code of honour. And for Lucy, what was left but to live on unwedded, burying her crushed affections within herself, as her aunt had done?—live on; and, by the help of time, strive to subdue that love which was burning in her heart for the husband of another, rendering every moment of the years that would pass, one of silent agony!

"The same fate—the same fate!" moaned Mildred Arkell to herself, whilst Lucy sunk into a chair and covered her pale face with her trembling hands. "I might have guessed it! Like aunt, like niece. She must go through life as I have done—and bear—and bear! Strange that the younger brother's family, throughout two generations, should have cast their shadow for evil upon that of the elder! A blight must have fallen upon my father's race; but, perhaps in mercy, Lucy is the last of it. If I could have foreseen this, years ago, the same atmosphere in which lived Travice Arkell should not have been breathed by Lucy. The same fate! the same fate!"

I have already warned you that this was but a melancholy history, and as its beginning was, so is its ending. The fate of Travice Arkell is still mourned in Riverton. Of a sensitive, nervous, excitable temperament, the explanation which took place that evening was too much for him. Conscious that Lucy Arkell passionately loved him; knowing now that she had the money, without which he could not marry, and that part of that money was actually advanced to save his father's credit; knowing also, that he must never more think of her, but must tie himself to one whom he abhorred; that he and Lucy must never again see each other in life, but as friends, and not too much of that, he became ill. Reflection preyed upon him: remorse for doubting Lucy, and hastening to offer himself to Miss Faunteroy, seated itself in his mind, and ere the day fixed for his marriage arrived, he was laid up with brain fever.

With brain fever! In vain they tried their remedies: their ice to his head; their cooling medicines; their blisters to his feet. His unconscious ravings were, at moments, distressing to hear: his deep love for Lucy; his impassioned adjurations to her to fly with him, and be at peace; his shuddering hatred of Miss Faunteroy. On the last day of his life, they sent for Lucy, thinking her presence might calm him. But he did not know her: he was past knowing any one.

"Lucy!" he would utter, in a hollow voice, unconscious that she or any one else was present—"Lucy! we will leave the place for ever. Have you got your things ready? We will go where *she* can't find us out, and force me to her. Lucy! where are you? Lucy!"

"Oh! what matters honour, what matters anything in comparison with his precious life?" moaned Mrs. Arkell, with streaming eyes. "Tell him, Lucy—perhaps he will understand you—that he shall indeed marry you if he will but try for calmness: he shall never again see Miss Fautleroy! Lucy! are there no means of calming him? If this terrible excitement lasts, it will kill him!"

It did kill him. A few more hours, and the handsome, the intelligent, the refined Traviac Arkell lay dead on his bed, destroyed by brain fever. Lucy took her last look at him, and walked home with her aunt Mildred—to a home, however it might now be well supplied with the world's comforts; could never seem to her but as one of desolation. Lucy Arkell's eyes were dry—dry with that intensity of anguish that admits not of tears, and her brain seemed little less confused than his had done, in the last few days of life.

William Arkell, grey with care, hung over the bed on which lay his son; never more to awake in this life. His previous troubles had been great, but he had ever secretly indulged a hope that in time he should so far surmount them, as that his concluding years might be spent in peace. All of hope had left him now, never to return; and he knew that the effects of this last and greatest blow upon his constitution were such, that he should not be long after the dead. One consolation remained to Mr. Arkell—*his conscience was at rest*. He felt that he had been faithful in doing his duty by him who now lay before him—had never for one moment failed to act the part of an affectionate and good father.

But Mrs. Arkell? Many a sentence is poured forth lightly, many an idle threat, many a reckless wish, but the heart's vain folly is not always brought home to the utterers, as it was to Mrs. Arkell. "I pray God that I may sooner follow you to your grave, Traviac, than see you marry Lucy Arkell!" He was past feeling or remembering the words; but they came home to her. She cast herself upon his lifeless body, praying wildly for forgiveness, and clinging to it in all the agony of useless repentance.

Lucy Arkell and her aunt Mildred live on together, in their quiet, monotonous home. The latter's form is drooping with the weight of years; she is verging upon seventy now; the former's hair has long been gray; and she is approaching middle life. "The old maids" they are sometimes slightly termed; but those who are acquainted with their history, know that the opprobrium of the term (if indeed it can ever carry such) does not attach to them. Lucy—and, indeed, her aunt—might have married times upon times: she might marry still. But she never will. Enshrined in those two lonely hearts is the image that respectively filled each in early life; the father and the son, William and Traviac Arkell, never, never to be replaced by any other, but holding there their home so long as those hearts shall last.

MORE STRAY LETTERS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

BY ENSIGN PEPPER.

Off Sebastopol, October, 1854.

DEAR GUS,—When I last wrote from the camp at Devno, it was all alive with the news that we were to be off to the Crimea and take Sebastopol. It proved to be a false alarm for that time, but, before September came, we were making good speed for the expedition, glad enough to turn our backs on pestilential Varna and its regions. The sickness was so great at last, that we had to send the cases down to Scutari, for Varna hospitals were full. Varna had grown into a second Pandemonium. The narrow streets a scene of filth of all kinds; horses, soldiers, arabas, Bulgarians, and drunken men, hustling each other and quarrelling, every hour of the day and night. The heat was overpowering, the stench unbearable. Fevers, dysentery, ague, and cholera were struggling who should snatch up and secure the most victims. On one side of Varna was the graveyard of the English; on another, that of the French; close by, the burial-place of the Turks; further off, that of the Greeks: in short, the environs of the town were a huge cemetery. Besides that, the place abounded in dead animals; horses, dogs, and cattle lay about, in all stages of decomposition—for the lazy Turks never bestir themselves to bury such—a crowd of birds of prey fighting and screaming over them. The odour infected the air for miles: and the Greeks, by way of contributing more than their quantum of effluvia, bored holes in the coffins of their dead, which they connect with the surface of the earth, by means of hollow pipes. On the top, they place bread and wine, believing that the dead will eat. Myriads of horse-flies, too, buzzed about, spoiling the dead, annoying the living. If I wrote half the names of those left behind in their graves, it would fill more paper than our division has got amongst it. Everybody was sorry for poor Newbury, a paymaster in the Rifle Brigade, for he left a wife and ten children, with nothing but what they stood up in. His brother-officers collected 100*l.* to send home to them. You may be sure, when we found we were really to leave the place, we didn't ask to stay in it.

Minute orders were issued to us before starting, as to our progress and landing in the Crimea; which were carried out—over the left. It's easy to make rules for such an army as ours, encompassed, as we are, with difficulties, but it's not so easy to obey them. This ship was to be steered straight, that crooked; this fast, that slow; some to the off side, some to the near; and all were to steal up to the Crimea, and land in silence. The directions to the medical officers were even more detailed. The ambulance equipment was ordered to be of the completest nature ever heard of; waggons were to attend the army, filled with medicines, medical stores, tents, bedding, surgical instruments, and the large field-hospital; assistant-surgeons, with dressers and attendants, were to be at the heels of every surgeon, their pockets and haversacks filled with

ligatures ready-cut, tourniquets, linen, lint, bandages, tapes, splints, sponges, brandy, and cans of water. Pack-horses were to be at *their* heels, conveying more of these essentials, and plenty of comforts for the wounded—brandy, cordials, tea, sugar, arrowroot, tins of essence of beef, and all the rest of it: besides spring-waggons for carrying the hospital canteens, canvas-bearers; and to pick up the wounded, and convey them off the field. This is all I recollect, but so complete did the orders look on black and white, that Gill and I thought it would be quite a luxury, if we should happen to get wounded.

There was a row with the women when we were embarking. Orders had come, that they were not to accompany us; for an army, going into the teeth and bayonets of the enemy, does not want women with it; but the poor creatures raised such an outcry, they were allowed to embark. We sailed on Thursday, the 7th of September. Plenty of confusion before we got on board: but that is inseparable with so large a body of men. You can have no idea of the number and power of our fleet, taking its appearance by the eye, as it slowly neared Baltschik Bay. Beautiful frigates, large three-deckers, powerful steamers, men-of-war, smaller vessels of every size, steam-tugs, coal-ships, all under steam or canvas, moving towards our rendezvous at Baltschik Bay, where we came to anchor. At sunset, we had a monster-concert, as prime as any of old Jullien's, the different bands playing in unison from their quarter-decks. The echoes of "*Partant pour la Syrie*" sounded better over the wide waters than they ever did in a close room. The French were transported in nasty little poking vessels, of two or three hundred tons burden, stowed away in them *en masse*. They envy us our splendid ships and comfortable accommodation. I have no time to say much of our passage. It was very deliberate, and we repeatedly anchored in obedience to orders, or went at quarter speed. Now, we were signalled to sail nor-nor-west, in a few hours would be exhibited orders to steer nor-nor-east, then south, then due north, then ever so many ways at once: rare sport it must have been for those who made the signals, but we were puzzled. At length we came to final anchor in Kalamita Bay, and on Thursday, the 14th, we began our landing on the long-talked-of Crimea shores. Right in front of us, beyond the shingle-beach, was a brackish, salt-water, stagnant lake, with flocks of wild fowl hovering over it. From the decks of the ships we could see the inland country, which looked full of promise; plenty of grain, plenty of cattle, and some farm-houses: a chain of mountains, called from their shapes "*The Tents*," rose before us. The French were the first to effect a landing: a little boat, manned by a few men, put off from one of her men-of-war, and ran in shore; and in a few minutes the fellows had driven a flag-staff into the strand, run up a tri-color, and were shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Half a dozen Cossacks and Russians hove in view, taking a sight at us: and Sir George Brown got nearly taken by them. He had pushed on inland, on foot, almost unattended, and the Cossacks saw and dodged him. Sir George had a run for it, the few soldiers with him fired, and the Cossacks bolted away in the direction of Sebastopol. The country people, when their first fright at our invasion was over, came to us, offering cattle and vegetables for sale. They wore lambswool turbans, and sheepskin coats: very good to keep out the cold perhaps, but

till they spoke we took them to be muttons, walking on land. Scores of our sick were landed, and many hooked it that day on the beach. While we were making good our footing, half a dozen English, and French steamers struck up a fight with a small Russian camp, seven miles up the beach, pitching in a few shot and shell, which did for the camp, and sent the Russians to the right about.

Didn't we get a ducking, though, that night! We were all landed, all the twenty-seven thousand of us (except the very sick), but we had not been allowed to land our tents. As dark came on, the wind got up, and the rain came down. The whole night long, from dark till morning light, it fell as from so many pumps. There was no lying down, for it was up to our knees in slosh, and we stood it, and got saturated as if we had been in the sea, taking a bath for pleasure. The change of linen in our kits, a shirt and a pair of socks, were of no earthly good to us, for they were as wet as we were. If you get a wetting—but it's not many of you stand the chance of getting such a wetting as this—you can rub yourselves dry when you get home, and put on dry linen, and have a good stiff tumbler of grog, or a jorum of hot coffee, and be consoled. We had to stay, as we were, till the things dried on us, and eat a scrap of cold salt pork and inundated biscuit, which had been stewing twenty-four hours in our haversacks; nothing else, nothing warm to drink. We are not given to complain at trifles, and if you were out here, and saw all we have to put up with, you'd say so, but we could not help casting longing eyes towards the French and Turkish encampments—they had been permitted to land their tents, and were sleeping through the tempestuous night, under their cosy shelter. A fellow, made of iron, might brave such exposure, but hardly human flesh and blood. Scores of us were taken ill next day, some with cholera, which we thought had left us, some with fever, some with shivering and ague, some with rheumatism, and a many with a complication of all.

Signals were made from the admiral, to the ships, to send their sick on board the *Kangaroo*. She was forthwith beset by shoals of boats, all crowded with invalids. It was said, afterwards, that the flag-ship was not aware of the number on the sick-list, for boat-freight after boat-freight was deposited on the astonished *Kangaroo*, about fifteen hundred of them, till the vessel was crammed to suffocation. The fellows were lying one upon another, crying out for room and air, and dying from the pressure: the sailors could not move about the deck, the sextant could not be got at, and the captain was at his wits' end with perplexity. The ships could not make out what the deuce was up with the *Kangaroo*. She was lying, for hours, with her signal hoisted, "Send boats to assistance," but nobody comprehended what she would be after, and no boats were sent. By-and-by, the admiral ordered her to make sail. Back signalled the *Kangaroo*, "Can't: too dangerous." "What d'ye mean?" was run up on the flag-ship. "Ship unmanageable," returns the *Kangaroo*. "Why?" re-signals the flag-ship, full of wonder. "Send boats to assistance," persisted the *Kangaroo*. So it was done. The *Dunbar* was signalled round, and she went and took off half her living load; those who had died were thrown into the bay. We heard that one of the sailors of the *Dunbar* grew ill, when he saw the appalling scene on board the *Kangaroo*: and sailors are not faint-hearted men. The ships went down

to the hospital at Soutari, but he could not get over the crushing, and died on the way.

At first we thought we should be well off for provisions. Eggs were cheap, fowls sixpence apiece, geese and turkeys fifteen or twenty pence, and some sheep were got at a shilling each. The French went sacking and tearing and stealing at the things, as usual: we paid. The worst is, how will the natives distinguish the payers from the robbers? They sacked one village near us, with the most atrocious cruelty ever invented by man—or soldiers. It was too bad, especially as the natives were inclined to be friendly and peaceable. Orders were given, the second day, to land tents—nobody was slow to obey *that*. The want of water was disgusting.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 19th we were roused out of sleep by the *reveille*, and, striking tents, prepared to march, but it was nine o'clock before we were in readiness. All superfluous things (which in war, with actions pending over us, means nearly everything but what we march in) were ordered on board ship. They allow us scarcely any land-transport for our baggage, which proves a great drawback to the health and comfort of the troops, and is a thundering nuisance. It looked an immense army, English, French, and Turks, winding along by the sea-side, and astonishing the natives, who stole out to have a view of us. The fleet kept us company, and moved as we did. Not a shrub or tree was to be seen, on the march; we seemed to be going out of the track of cultivation. Round the villages, the hand of labour was visible, but the open country showed little but wide, barren plains. Lots of hares were running about, and got speedily hunted down. We soon found the enemy were ahead of us, for nearly every village we now came to had been fired, and was in flames; neither had they spared the farm-houses. The burning villages and houses were nothing to us, but think of the eggs and milk we should have got out of 'em, had they been left alone, and we so thirsty! The worst sight, was to meet the great number of litters, bearing to the rear our soldiers, who had fallen ill on the march. When we had gone eight or nine miles from camp, we had the luck to come to a stream of water—you cannot imagine how badly it was wanted. Then we caught sight of some Cossack-lancers, who were evidently waiting for us, and came forth, as bold as brass, to give us battle, holding aloft their steel lances and shaking them in the sun. We made ready for them, nothing loth; and after a sharp, hot fight, which I've no time to describe, they made themselves scarce, and we bivouacked for the night. We built up what fires we could; our tired legs, which would fain have been at rest, wandering about after sticks and weeds; and when we had got them alight, such as they were, we eat our cold salt pork and biscuit, and lay down to rest: the night bitterly cold and damp, and our tents nobody knew where. But I'm sure of one thing, Gus: had we been stronger in cavalry, those Cossack-horse devils would have got annihilated in double-quick time, instead of escaping to annoy us for the future.

We were under arms before daybreak—catch a British army napping, if they can—and, soon after six, began to move. We expected nothing less than an engagement that day, for it was known the Russians were strongly entrenched in the fortified heights close by, overlooking the village and stream of a place called Alma. We met them in hard fight—

ing about one or two o'clock; we had to cross the stream, and ascend the hills, and battle with them hand-to-hand, and face-to-face; and we did it. The balls came down upon us, from the heights above, like a shower of hail, whizzing about our ears and faces, and doing their work; but we pressed on, in spite of the numbers shot down amongst us, drove away the Russians, and established ourselves in their strong position. Had we been in that position, and the Russians below in ours, we should have held the place for ever, and laughed at them. Don't think I'm going to detail you over a description of the battle. I know no more how it was won than you do: and you will gather a deal more of its progress from newspapers, than you could possibly have done had you been at it. All I saw, was a fearful scene of confusion, excitement, and tumult. Enemy's balls and shells cracking past us, ours thundering off in return, commanders' voices hoarse with calls to the divisions, men shouting and cheering, the wounded groaning, the dying shrieking, and we pushing on to gain those infernal Russians, pushing on through all. I saw nothing but the heights above, the black masses of men, whom we were burning to destroy, the eager spirit that pushed on those just around me, and the wounded, falling in our path. All the rest of the battle-field may as well have been over in England, for what I saw of it. Those who play the part of lookers-on may be qualified to describe the details of an engagement, but I'm blest if they who have to do the fighting can. The French fought well, and did good service; but we bore the chief brunt of the day, our position being more exposed to the guns of the enemy. The Russians fired the village and burnt it up—where do all the people find shelter, who are burnt out of these farms and villages? go into the ground, like the moles? The battle was over by six o'clock: we were on the enemy's heights, and they were flying from us in all directions. If we had owned a good body of available cavalry, we could have stopped their flight and their future fighting. Roll was called, and we found we had suffered a terrible loss, especially of officers; the black-guards having picked out our officers to fire on. It seemed a mystery, or a miracle, that no general officer was touched, their white plumes rendering them a conspicuous mark; but it came out afterwards, through the revelations of a Russian officer whom we captured, that they had taken these white-feathered hats to be the distinguishing badges of the commissariat, and so did not aim at them. If the English journals get this bit of news into their pages, and a stray one or two find their way to St. Petersburg, I should think our commanders will doff the white, before Sebastopol. I suppose all battle-fields are alike, when the work's over, but I never care to see again anything so horrible as was this of the Alma. In the fury of engagement, you have not time to think of the dead and dying, but when the confusion's over, and there's nothing else strewn out before you, as far as the eye can see, then comes the horror. Nothing could be done for the wounded that night—nothing to speak of. A few legs and arms were amputated, but they mostly lay all night as they fell. The yells of despair and pain, that night, from the dying were awful; the smell emitted from burning human flesh, set on fire by the bursting of shells, was sickening; and wounded horses, shrieking in their agony, galloped madly about, over the dead and the living. People

talk carelessly of the horrors of a battle-field, but let them come and see *see*. As to the trash in the newspapers of the soldier's hardness and insensibility to pain, don't you be so green as to take it in. It only applies (and in a limited degree) to the moment when the heat of the engagement's on. Amidst the roar of the cannon, the eager struggle and thirst for victory, the tumult and confusion of the raging battle, if a fellow gets a jaw or a foot shot off, he is buoyed up with the excitement around him, and has not leisure to think of the mishap : but when the battle's over, the field quiet, the excitement gone, then come and see whether they feel the pain or not. Ay, ten times more for lying there, as they do, without succour or comfort, with every imaginable physical horror around them. Sufferers get thinking of their far-off home, their loving friends, whom they are trying to make up their minds to the prospect of never meeting again ; they dream of a warm bed, clean linen, cooling drinks, a tender, ministering hand, and a surgeon ; and you may judge they do not feel their wounds the less, for groaning on the hard earth, under the blazing sun by day, and in the cold and dew by night, unlooked to and uncared for. A few hours' neglect to such a man seems then like a lifetime. Gus ! I saw men that night (if you can call what's left of them such) trying to wriggle their poor carcasses along, in search of help and shelter, without arms or legs, all four gone. I don't mind whether you believe it or not : I swear I saw it ; many instances : and I swear, moreover, that my ears will never forget the howls and groans of agony, which went up from all quarters of the plain. Say that soldiers don't feel pain ! let those who live in the delusion come here now.

When morning came, we set about doing what we could for the wounded, which was not much. The first thing was to rush about after the hospital-vans, ambulances, and all the rest of the comforts and necessities, that I told you were so elaborately ordered. But we might have searched till now, for nobody had carried the orders out. We saw the French taken to the ships in easy, well-covered spring-vans, drawn by mules. Capital contrivances for the transport of wounded, each holding a dozen men. All their officers, up to General Canrobert—St. Arnaud was too ill—were superintending the work, as solicitous for the comfort of the men as if they had been officers. But how were ours conveyed to the ships, a distance of from two to five miles, as the men happened to lie ? You'll never guess. Not in hospital-vans, or stretchers ; there were nothing of the kind ; they were bundled into our precious arabacarts, and so were jolted down. Those who could not get arabas, got litters, very rude and badly contrived, for we had nothing much to make 'em of. Some did not get taken down till the second day after the battle, and many would never have got taken at all, but for the sailors coming to help. Some got no water all that time, many got no food, and scarcely any a surgeon. But, I'll be shot if it was fair to send the cholera patients (and such a many had been seized that day and night !) on board the same ships with the wounded, but it was done. The wounded, who were able to use their tongues, called out lustily against it ; but nobody listened. We buried the dead in pits, dressed as they were, English by themselves, French by themselves, Russians by themselves : every hour was adding to the graves. It was said the Russians, as they lay, fired on our men when they went to their assistance ; but, so

far as I saw, they were thankful for any little help we could give them in changing their positions, or giving them a drink. Some of our fellows went plundering amongst the dead. Down would squat a soldier, and place his foot against that of a dead Russian's: if the length agreed tolerably, off came the dead man's shoes, and were stowed away, or forthwith put on by the soldier: if the size did not suit, they went along, measuring others. Some of the men wore portraits hung round their necks, some had the Koran inside their clothes at the chest, and many had leathern purses, containing a little money, tied below their left knee. Jekyl, one of our cornets, was such a fool as to go and dress himself up, for sport, in a Russian officer's entire uniform. It had like to prove no sport to him though. He was capering about the field, playing antics and pointing a sabre, when a soldier fired his musket at him. Down dropped Jekyl on his face, to avoid it, and yelled out that he was English.

Towards mid-day, as I was going over the field, making a detour here, dodging there, jumping yonder, all to avoid treading on the dead and dying, and in the crimson pools, some voice from amongst 'em called out—"Pepper;" and stooping down, amidst a mound of prostrate forms, I found my face close to poor Gill's. "Hallo!" said I, "what's the matter with you? Sick?" "No, old fellow," he answered, with the rummest try at a smile that you ever saw, "I'm wounded. Get me away: I've been lying here since yesterday, in agony, without a bit or drop. Where's the field-hospital?" "Field-hospital!" cried I, "there isn't one. The fellows are being taken down on board ship." "Then the surgeons?" ejaculated Gill, who was looking ghastly. "I'm blest if I think there's any surgeons either," I said to him, "for the wounded are crying out for them from all parts of the field." "But the orders we saw on paper?" persisted Gill, scarcely able to get out the words from his dry lips, "what's become of those who were to carry them out? the bedding, and the tea they promised us?" "Don't know an earthly thing about it, Gill," I cried. "Suppose the bedding's left on board the boats, or was forgotten at Varna." I hailed a man to help me, and we took Gill away. He had got some canister into his calf, and could not walk a step. We got him to a large shed, which smelt like a stable. Plenty more were lying there, and a leg, which the surgeon had that moment taken off, rolled right against Gill's face, as we laid him down. Pleasant! I told the surgeon to come and look to him, and he did. But he did nothing. He said too many around were dying, against time, for want of medical assistance, for him to attend to any but the worst cases. The surgeon spoke truth, and time gained the race in many instances. Some of the fellows in the shed were, like Gill, not wounded sufficiently bad to be attended to: but they groaned enough. And some, who had just had their limbs taken off, were waiting for the stumps to be dressed, but nobody came to do it, and they went on board ship like that. I heard the surgeons grumbling that there was no lint or linen—not a fiftieth part of what was required. I got Gill a drop of weak brandy-and-water: I think he was worse than the surgeon said, for he groaned awfully. He lay in the shed till late in the day. Some of them had had nothing to eat since marching, the day before. It was a nasty place, that shed, for sick people. The stench and heat nearly turned me up, so you may judge

what it was for them. The worst nuisance were the flies. Swarms of them were buzzing about the wounds, and uncovered faces. I told Gill he would be better outside, but he opened his eyes, and called out not to be moved again, the pain was so great. In the evening, he, with the rest, were hoisted into arabas, and taken on board the *Colombo*. She sailed on the morning of the 24th; it took a long while to get the wounded down to her: there were four hundred and fifty of them, and a hundred Russian prisoners. We heard, afterwards, a tremendous account of the voyage; nobody believed it; but it was truth. Half the wounds had never been touched since the men fell in battle, and of the limbs which had been amputated, many had not been dressed, so of course they turned bad. Three medical men, only, went down with them, and the surgeon of the ship, but he had enough to do with his crew. It ought to have been twenty (speaking moderately) to do any good, and the ship got into an awful state. The disabled were lying one upon another, as they were first put on board; the sailors were unable to move amongst them to work the ship; there was no getting below to the sextants (like on the *Kangaroo*), and the ship was steered hap-hazard. Before they reached Scutari, the vessel was a pest-house, not with fever, but with the stench arising from the undressed wounds; they had become putrid, and swarmed with maggots, which were crawling everywhere. Gus! as I live, it's truth! I saw some of our officers turn sick when they heard the accounts (a deal worse and more detailed than I have time to write), and Gum said if we experienced this disgust in the recital, what must have been the horrible state and suffering of the poor wretches themselves! There were plenty of deaths going down, all the blankets had to be thrown overboard, the vessel itself had turned putrid (it's true!), and when the mass, dead and living, human and animal, were got out of her, a body of men were set to cleanse, fumigate, and disinfect the ship, and try to put her wholesome again. Forty or fifty of the poor wretches were left on board still for two days after the ship anchored at Scutari. Gum said he would have worked his arms off, and made others work, but what he would have got 'em at once out of the poisoned ship, had he been there, even if it had been to lie 'em on the open beach. The *Colombo* towed two transports full of wounded, whose state was little better, and it is said ditto to the *Vulcan*. She took down four hundred wounded, and nearly two hundred cholera patients, four surgeons to attend on all. Gill, however, was in the *Colombo*, and what I have told you of that, I know to be truth. When the *Kangaroo* and *Dunbar* had arrived at Scutari, some days before, their freights of sick were placed in the hospital, but they had now to turn out for the wounded. As litter after litter left the ship's side, the men were asked their name and regiment, but many could not answer. Some were too weak, some delirious, and some in the death-agony. The hospital was an improvement on the ship, but many were obliged to die there from neglect. We can't make out whether the government at home did not reckon upon so many being wounded all at once (Cuff says they thought we should overcome Russia with blarney and soft soap, as the Peace-Committee recommend), or whether they have freighted the surgeons off to some distant quarter of the globe, in mistake; but it is certain that something's wrong, for there are not a fourth enough here. They sent out (at least they say so) unlimited cargoes of lint, linen,

bandages, and other medical requisites for the field-hospital, but it seems they have gone astray, like the doctors. Lots of poor devils lay there, in the hospital at Scutari, without so much as an old shirt between them to tear up. If they, by good luck, caught the eye of one of the very scarce surgeons, and their pitiful, imploring faces brought him aside for a moment, to look at their wounds, he could do little or nothing, being cramped for material. I heard a man, who came up from Scutari, giving the recital, just in these words, to Gum and Cuff. Now I don't mind telling you my opinion, Gus (and it's not an uncommon one here), that it's an infernal shame. And those who pretended to manage things at home, and have succeeded like this, had best not attempt to manage again. Gum says the medical stores and things must have been lying at Varna; Cuff says he does not believe there were any stores to lie: *we* don't know. The French have their tents, and are not exposed to every variety of night-weather; they have field-ambulances, and their wounded are removed to the hospitals in comfort; they have sufficient doctors, and a full supply of medical necessaries, with dressers, nurses, sisters-of-charity, and priests. We don't grumble, but we can't help noting the contrast: we leave grumbling to our friends at home. It is a crying fact, Gus, that hundreds of families, rich and poor, would not now be mourning the loss of a son or husband, had the arrangements, out here, been better. A set of stupid, thickheaded, brag-all and do-nothing boobies, are our managers at home; and you may go and tell 'em I say so.

Well, we moved on two days after the battle, on the morning of the 23rd. Orders were issued, the previous night, to be in readiness, and at daybreak we were up and stirring. Tylden died that morning in his tent, and was buried before we marched. We left the wounded Russians, about seven hundred of them, lying on the field where they fell: sixty hours they had had of it then. Dr. Thompson, of the 44th, remained behind to do what he could for them—no very enviable appointment. He had some salt meat, biscuit, and rum served out to him, and was left to it. Lord Raglan sent for the people from an adjacent Tartar village, and told them they must look to their friends, these Russians. Since then, poor Thompson has died. Our march still lay through a barren country, nothing verdant in it but thistles; but, in the afternoon, we reached a place called Katcha, and found an improvement. Villas, large and small, were scattered in a luxuriant valley; clusters of green shrubs and verdant hills rose behind it; the vegetation was flourishing; the gardens were beautiful. Fancy us, Gus, poor hungry, weary, thirsty soldiers, coming suddenly upon unlimited crops of fine ripe fruit! of vineyards, where the grapes grew in profusion, and a stream of delicious water! We were in hesitation which to make a rush to first, the fruit or the water. Peaches, apricots, pears, apples! as many as we could cram. Of a different flavour from what we had tasted before; a deal more delicious: my mouth has watered ever since, thinking of it. Orders speedily ran along the lines that we were not to make too free with the fruit, on the score of sickness. They might as well have ordered the moon not to shine. The Russians had been before us, and, save the fruit, had destroyed everything. I wonder they left that. The houses were lovely little white boxes, surrounded with flowers; but when we got

inside, we found, what the Yankees would call, an everlasting smash. Glass, china, wine, pictures, books, furniture, ripped-open bedding, the feathers flying, wearing, apparel, mirrors, pianos, and kitchen things were strewing the rooms with their fragments. Where all the inhabitants had gone hiding, shaking in their shoes, nobody knew. We halted here for the night. What we required for the army we took, and no nonsense; fowls, corn, &c.; but had the owners appeared, we should have honestly paid them. No devastation or havoc was allowed. The French, at a village lower down, spoilt everything they came near, and played up the devil's delight.

The next day was Sunday, and we did not march till late, for the sick had to be collected (again many hundreds of them) and sent down to the ships. I shall never forget the heat. We marched on to the village of Belbek, about six miles, I think, and took up our station near it. The Russians were close to us, and, in the night, they gave us an alarm and turned us out for nothing. "Confound the beggars!" was the universal cry. On Monday we started again, the sick being first collected, as before, and bore on towards the Black River; several times, when on high ground, catching a view of Sebastopol, Lord Raglan and his staff rode on in front, and those Russian-devils, who were watching us from the forts and heights, might have done some damage, had they chosen to fire. Once, his lordship, who was in advance of his staff, found himself, on emerging from a wood, right in the very jaws of the enemy. I don't know whether his pulses beat quicker when he saw his danger, but he coolly turned his horse and cantered back. This body of Russians proved to be the enemy's baggage-guard. Our cavalry rode at them, our guns were opened, and off scudded the Russians, in affright, like cowards, for they were more numerous than we were, leaving us their baggage-waggons; which, you may take your oath, we were not long in visiting. I and Jekyl got a bottle of champagne and two stunning hussar-jackets embroidered with silver, which we mean to sport in Regent-street, if ever we get back to it. We drank to Gill's recovery, and the fall of Sebastopol. The wine was welcome, for we were tired to death: that last wood had nearly done for us, torn our coats to ribbons, and scratched our faces. We halted that night near Traktir, a place on the river, but the accommodations were not those of a first-rate hotel. Lord Raglan took shelter in a hut, and his staff slept in a ditch; so you may judge how the rest of us fared. Had the Russians chosen, they might have harassed us to some purpose, that last day, for our march, from the nature of the ground, was most divided and difficult; but they obligingly kept their guns and their courage to themselves: we saw neither. Our good steamers had given their forts a few shells during the afternoon; perhaps that cowed down their pluck.

The next day we came to Balaklava: the houses are white, and the village would be pretty, but for its dirt. The rocks around are bold and steep, and the houses are situated at their base, some right on the bay, where rode already several of our stately ships. As the staff were about to enter the town, off thundered the cannon from the old forts above, the shells bursting close to the staff. So we returned their fire, and the *Agamemnon* opened her guns on the fort. It was too much for the handful of Russians ensconced there, and they surrendered. When Lord

Raglan entered the town, the inhabitants came forth to meet him, bringing fruit and flowers, and trays of slices of bread and salt, an token of submission. His lordship took the garrison prisoners, such as it was, and promised good-will and protection to the inhabitants. But the long and the short of it is—for I can't go on at this rate, describing one day after another—that here we are, in front of Sebastopol.

It's hard labour, I can tell you, this working at the trenches, and whenever we do take Sebastopol, we shall have richly earned it. The shot and shell come over our heads in showers, and we don't spare when we pay back again. We have made no end of breaches in the forts, but the besieged mend as fast as we destroy. A ball went through my tile to-day, and singed my hair. They have made some sorties upon us, but hitherto we have repulsed them in grand style. It's of no use concealing, however, that the place is harder to take and more obstinately defended than we bargained for; but we shall do it yet, if the snow does not come. Some of the officers get talking, and say the valuable time has been wasted, and that we have come here at the wrong season. All sorts of rumours come to us about Sebastopol. Some that the Russians are falling so fast, by our shot, and from disease, that the streets are several feet deep in dead bodies, and that the living are losing courage and will soon be exposed to famine. Some prisoners we have captured, say that our besieging efforts are held in contempt, that *Sebastopol never can be taken*, and that music and dancing *fêtes* are held every night.

It's nearly a month since I had my clothes off. We have no razors, so old Brown's served out, for the men can't shave if they would. As to a wash, water's a deal too scarce; we are lucky to get a drop to wash our insides. We look like so many bears, all hair and dirt. A fellow smokes tea-leaves when he can get no tobacco. To save candles, we go to bed at dusk—that is, lie down on the earth, for we have not got our tents, and would give a week's pay for a sack of dry shavings—and we have come to the end of our lucifer-matches.

It's precious dull and cold. The only diversion we get, is, being ploughed with shells. Sometimes, for a change, just when one has laid down for the night on the damp earth, we have to turn shivering up again (one can't say *out*) and go to silence those beasts of Russians. Colds, fevers, and agues abound. The French seem merrier than ourselves, for their hands play incessantly: ours are kept silent. I think they might let us have a little music: 'twouldn't cost anything.

Did you give my letter to F. G.? Give my love to her now, and tell her I'm performing prodigies of valour. I wish you could start that old Straithorn out here: the climate would soon cook him. Have you written or not? Nothing has come, and I don't like to be humbugged. Yours,

TOM PERRER.

Augustus Sparkinson, Esquire, Junior.

Trenches off Sebastopol, October, 1854.

DEAR AUNT PRISCILLA,—I believe I am alive, and it's as much as I can say, such awfully sharp work, in fighting and sickness, we have had since I last wrote. We have died off by hundreds and thousands. If you

think I ought to have written sooner, I can't help it, and it's not my fault: I have no writing-paper, and none is to be got here for love or money. Those who had the foresight to stow away a few sheets and envelopes in their knapsacks, before leaving Varna, stick to them like the Jew stuck to his pound of flesh. Ink is as scarce as diamonds. A friend of mine, Cornet Jekyl, had made right a little bottle of it, against contingencies; and when he came to lend it to me, to write this, the treacherous stuff had all dried up. I had a two days' hunt, all over the camp, to get some, before I could begin. We have thoughts of trying, as a substitute—but, as you are faint-hearted, I won't mention the name: something red, and very plentiful with us just now; but we are uncertain whether it would answer, upon paper.

War's horrid. A great deal worse than even you represented it, dear aunt, when you were trying to talk me out of a Commission; and I can assure you many of us wish we were safe back: we'd rather be sweeping chimneys at home than be in these trenches. You of course know, by the papers, that we are fighting off Sebastopol, trying to take it. A nice life it is! We are digging all night, and standing the fire of the enemy's cannons all day, with the interlude of a sanguinary engagement with them, every second or third morning. Poor Gill's at Scutari hospital, having been wounded at the battle of the Alma: half our army are down there (sick or wounded), or else turfed. We live and look like Red Indians. We can't wash, for we have no water, and if we had water, we have no soap, and the hair on our heads is a mass of tangle and friz, for there's neither brushes nor combs, and we are obliged to go in beards for want of razors. I should not like to say when we had on a clean shirt, for fear of shocking you, or when we last took off our trousers. Our coats are out at elbow, and worn at collar, and split in back; and our tiles have, many of them, got the tops shot off—very well for ventilation, but it's not elegant. We have it in contemplation, if we ever get back, to exhibit ourselves in town, just as we look now, half-a-crown per head, entrance: we should draw more spectators than Smith does to his Mont Blanc. If you see a suitable room in Piccadilly (large dimensions), you can be asking the rent. We live principally upon air. A little cold fat pork, very salt, and some biscuit (as it's called) are served out to us daily, and green coffee, which means neither roasted nor ground. As we possess no apparatus for doing either, it is of little service to us, in the way of drink, and I and Cornet Jekyl use it to play at "Eggs-in-the-bush." A very innocent game, dear aunt, as the Reverend Mr. Straithorn can tell you. Sometimes, just when I most want Jekyl, he is off with his detachment, riding full tilt to drive back the Russians, or some such bother. They are always making "sorties" out upon us. I wish we could make one effectual sortie at them. I can't ask you to send me a hamper here, dear aunt, as I did at Gallipoli (which never came), but it is not because I don't stand in need of one. The truth is, we are half famished. Those who can't eat the pork, dine upon what they can get—it may be a scrap of fresh meat (if they're in luck), or it may be upon nothing. We had a valuable present sent in from General Canrobert—enough hot bread to regale the whole army. The French have their ovens, and feast upon bread every day: we had forgotten the taste of it till this came, and shall again. I saw a ham

sold, the other day, for 4*l.* 10*s.* Jekyl got hold of a little pot of honey to-day, for which he paid shamefully. He gave me a dab out of it on the end of a stick. One night, on coming in from an expedition, he was so ravenous, he gave seven shillings for a duck in its feathers; but when he had plucked it, there was no fire to cook it, so he growled over some biscuit, and put it by for breakfast, and crawled in to his sleeping hole. But when he woke up, next morning, and went to look for his duck, some thief had smuffed it. Wasn't he savage! There's nothing like hunger to bring out a fellow's ferocity.

Our commanders are anxious that we should enjoy ourselves as much as is practicable, and in crossing from Varna to the Crimea they caused the ships to dance a few polkas. It was all done by signal: ship bear to the right, ship bear to the left, ship move forward, ship retreat, ship whirl round, about forty ships all going and swinging at once. The effect was fine, and we were much gratified. After we landed on these shores, the commanders thought we should be the better for sleeping without tents. The first night we stood in a morass of water, which reached to the knees, and the rain dashed fiercely down upon us, like it dashes out of your rain-water spout, in a storm. It washed a few lives out, before morning came. For two whole nights, after that, we had our tents. But for all this rain, the scarcest commodity we could boast, on our march here, was water. Many a time we were half dead for the want of it. One day, the sun had been blazing down upon us all the march, and we were nearly done over, our tongues (men's and horses') hanging out of our mouths with thirst, when behold! we came upon some wells. My! what a sight it was for our exhausted soldiers!—like the Reverend Mr. Straithorn's pictures of paradise—and just as we were all hustling and crowding to snatch the first drink, news came running along the lines that the wells had been poisoned by the Russians. We shall never forget that hour's sharp disappointment. But we live in hopes of paying off the Russians in coin as sharp.

When the enemy fled before us at Alma, they left their haversacks behind, which we were not long in looking into. I got one belonging to a Russian officer, and amongst its contents was the paper I am writing on. I'll send you a copy of a letter that was in it. One of our interpreters translated it for us. I don't know whether the young lady did go with him (you had better not show this part to Mr. Straithorn, he'll groan so over it), or whether he got a substitute, but there was a pair of white satin slippers in the kit, and a smelling-bottle. A lovely little foot she must have had too!

“MY OWN HUSSAR,—Many thanks for your kind invitation to accompany you to the heights of Alma, and see the discomfiture of the Western soldiers, but I fear I cannot steal away without its being known. I'll try. We vastly admire the general's plan of permitting them to land, just for the pleasure of cutting them to pieces afterwards. We hear your instructions are, *not to leave one alive*, but do, my dearest friend, try and save ten or a dozen of the handsomest officers, and bring them here. I don't want to see what they are like, these vain Western barbarians; for you know all I care to receive back again is yourself; but many of my friends are very curious on the point. Bring the young Duke Royal for

one. No trouble can arise as to how they may be disposed of afterwards: if we find them worth it, we will pet and caress them and make them our slaves; if not, there's the knout and Siberia.

"Ever yours, my own brave,

"OLGA DE RACHIMOFF."

Please tell Mr. Straithorn that if he wants to find a sphere of usefulness, he can come out here. There's no fear of a bullet paying him a visit, for a chaplain keeps at the rear, and never gets shot. Or if his nerves (and his principles) will not admit of his being with the army, he can stop at Scutari hospital on his way; where chaplains are in such request that they welcome all sorts, Rabbis, Koran-readers, Catholic priests, and Dissenting ministers. His conscience ought not to suffer him to decline to go, when he hears that hundreds and thousands are lying there with scarcely any—what's the word?—*spiritual* assistance. He is always praising up the missionaries who go to the Cannibal Islands, and saying he shall join them, but he'll do more good at Scutari than he would as a Cannibal missionary. Should he decide to come, please send out a small box by him, directed for me, containing a couple of old table-cloths, or a few pinafores of Jessie's: for if I should get my leg taken off by a six-pounder, there's not a shred of linen to be had here, to tie up the stump in.

Be so good as tell my guardian I'll write to him when I get time, ink, and paper; and with love to Jessie, and respects to the Reverend, I am, dear aunt, your affectionate nephew,

THOMAS PEPPER.

Miss Priscilla Oldstage, Clapham.

P.S.—I reopen my letter, which has been waiting for the past two days, to tell you how the plot's thickening. The more Russians we kill, the more they seem to have in reserve to send out. Some desperate battles have taken place, and half our cavalry's cut to pieces. Jekyl's gone. He is. We have not seen him for a day and a half. If he is not lying slain on the field, they have taken him prisoner. We are in pressing need of reinforcements, and we don't know whether any are coming. We are fighting as only Britons can fight, and will, to the last, and no despatches can ever do justice to our indomitable valour, but we are not strong enough in number; and to weaken our already thinned ranks, sickness still pursues us, and lays down its hundreds daily.

DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

A Roman Steeple Chase—The Martyr Church of San Martina and Accademia of San Luca—Footsteps of St. Peter and St. Paul.

THERE is a lonely spot in the Campagna—lonely even for that desolate wilderness—situated in a bend of the river near the Ponte Nomentane, that most picturesque of all Roman bridges, with its castellated walls and towers engrafted on the solid masses of which it is formed. Weeping willows, and feathering withies just bursting into the brightest tints of spring, sweep across the rapid stream flowing between high banks of grass carpeted with the gayest flowers. Just beyond is a low, square-shaped mound, whose green sides are unbroken even by a furze-bush: that is the Mons Sacer, so celebrated in the republican annals as the spot where the commons, or *plebs*, retired on account of the great numbers confined for debt, until they were pacified and brought back to the city by the consuls. The lonely spot beyond forms a dead plain, encircled by low hills—a natural amphitheatre—the deep and rapid river dividing it from the road; while on the opposite extremity rises abruptly another ancient monument—the Ponte Salara, built by Belisarius—near which appears an eminence once crowned by the well-known city of Antenne, one of young Rome's bitterest rivals. The sides of the encircling hills are broken by patches of bright wheat, little dells, shaded by low copse-wood, with here and there a solitary watch-tower rising sharply against the sky.

I have visited that natural arena, singular for its wild symmetry, when all nature has been hushed in a quiet silence, the only moving creatures flights of birds whirling round in giddy circles, ere they launch into the blue expanse—the only cry the bleating of the goats, as they follow the shepherd home to be milked—the only foreground great flocks of sheep, with here and there a wild, shaggy horse, trying his own agility by a gallop. But, to-day, “how altered was its sprightlier scene!” for this same lonely spot is no other than the racecourse; and to-day was the “steeple-chase,” and all Rome was turned out to see the fun. Clouds of dust rising high in air indicated the road from the great city, sending forth its immense visitor and native population. Antiquity, and solitude, and contemplation were effectually put to the rout. The bridges heavy with the memories of Rome—the old towers—the sacred mount—the hills—all echoed to the rattling, the talking, the laughing, and the fun.

A great stand, ornamented with bright red drapery, that told well among the universal shade of emerald green, was erected under the hills, and there the mass of the company gathered. I took my stand on a hill commanding the whole space, and found myself unexpectedly in good company. The French ambassadress, Madame de Rayneval, was there, in a picturesque riding-dress, reposing à la Phillis on the grass, quite rural and touching to behold, surrounded by a whole état-major of attachés and officers, fancying herself rustic for the nonce. Well, there we stood, gentle and simple, rich and poor, noble and plebeian, forming

a diadem on that grassy mound, and all gazing on the animated scene below.

At certain distances on the course, extending about two miles, hurdles were erected; and there was a low, artificial wall, and a deep ditch people would call a river—nothing, however, at all formidable—even an Italian might have ventured those leaps; but, considering discretion the better part of valour, they abstained from taking any part in the dangerous sport. Over the plain were scattered innumerable groups, and a vast crowd that ebbed and flowed to and fro; and then there were hundreds of carriages, and those *toujours perdrix* French officers—now an indispensable ingredient of every Roman scene—and carabinieri keeping the course, and rushing violently about in pursuit of the unhappy and much-abused plebs; and there were fair equestrians, unmistakably Saxon, who condescended to curvet and canter in a show-off style quite refreshing to the *profanum vulgus*. Two knots of young priests clothed in scarlet (Greeks, I believe), who, not being allowed to descend among the mundane and to see the sport, stood on distant rises, and grouped wonderfully well among the great universal ocean of green around. Then there were contadine in picturesque dresses, and the poetical-looking, made-up beggars who sit for models, and congregate on the steps of the Trinità di Monti; and vendors of drinks—*acqua buona*—screaming; and coachmen swearing fine-sounding classic oaths—“By the body of Bacchus!”—and, altogether, such a pretty, animated, moving scene, I quite despair of describing it.

The distant mountain-tops, still white with snow, melted lovingly into the fleecy clouds that broke the empyrean blue of the heavens, leaving one in doubt which was land and which was vapour—lending a visionary and mystic frame to the prospect, leading away the mind to unreal worlds high up in the distant heavens; or to the voiceless solitudes of primeval woods among the Alban hills, folding in their deep bosoms the lovely towns that glitter on their acclivities, which rose terrace-like—ridge above ridge—over the low eminence on which I stood. How merrily the sun did shine, making all nature glow and palpitate with renewed life at the jocund burst of spring!

This season is the real summer of the Campagna: where the grass is green, the flowers blossoming, and the low trees in the damp dells covered with leaves of a pale, delicate green; for when the great heats come all is dried up as a very potsherd, partaking of that yellow, burning tint, striking down from heavens of brass, in fervent, arid, consuming heat—shadowless—and destroying to every living thing animate or inanimate.

By-and-by, after much waiting and many complaints of the delay, out dashed the horses, with their pink, and red, and yellow riders, scudding across the plain quick as the eye could follow. Up and over they go in a thrice; the hurdles are cleared, and then the ditch, and the wall, cleared and neat, quite beautifully taken. No, there is one brute that will lag behind; and see! he won't leap that sham little wall—no, not even though his rider goads him. At length—see! they have all arrived safe and sound (for to be sure they were the very mildest of leaps, and the steeple-chase the most innocent affair in all sporting annals). Fame says a young Frenchman won; and no great things either. But the good

horses were English hunters—*cela se comprend*—so, like good dear brethren as we are, the glory of victory was divided!

But now comes the second race—a steeple-chase, too—and even more exciting than the first. All are French officers this time; and see! the same man has won again.

In a moment the pent-up crowd swells over the plain in a moving mass, and we come down and drive up and down on the smooth turf to see the equipages and the people.

There is Torlonia in a high English curriole driving his beautiful Colonna, the support of his plebeian house, with two footmen in royal liveries behind him; and there are Americans, with blue eyes and Turkish beards; and English gentlemen in top boots, forgetting their "morgue," and becoming quite excited; and carriages full of smart wives and daughters; and drags with six horses, covered with bells, and fur, and feathers; and Italian gentlemen, very magnificent in gold chains and studs, with wonderful trousers, mounted on miserable hacks: they boldly urge against the hurdles, quite certain that they will not leap—and away we go towards home, into the mystery of dust-flying mountains high before us.

As we linger, one carriage of an impatient disposition breaks through the line, and sets off, dashing, by itself; for which offence it is straightway pounced on by carabinieri, who capture and bring it back ignominiously, at which the coachman swears, and wishes them *tante accidenti*—an approved and universal expression of desperate wrath; and somebody else's horses set off quite wildly, ingeniously break the harness, leaving the carriage, full of people, sticking in the rats, which causes a general laugh.

I looked back, and already the lonely spot I know so well, cleared of the ephemeral crowd, had returned to its loneliness. The sun was now sinking in purple and gold behind the hills; long shadows, softly falling as from the robe of star-crowned Night, spread gradually over the plain; down from the low hills crept the great flocks of sheep, pressing on and on to their old pastures which the busy world had so lately usurped—now lapsed into silence and repose; the birds circled, and shot on "whirring wing" as before; and the cool evening breeze came laden with the scent of flowers and herbs, the frankincense Nature sends up around God's altar in the sky. All was calm, serene save *we*, who sped on—eager, hurrying, excited—to the vortex of life, rushing from the peaceful image of primeval nature into that famous city where nations and potentates congregate, and life still quickly circulates, for, ruined, lowered, dishonoured though she be, Rome is the capital of the world, where vanity-fair still condescends to be held, under the tottering ruins that mock and scorn the nations, and people, and languages who congregate and swarm in its alleys. Give me rather that lonely plain, sheltered by the everlasting hills and canopied by the pure heavens, and let the world wag on and strut its little hour.

Tired of the dust, the noise, and turmoil of the Carnival, where men and women play at rude romps for a whole week, and do not even put an antic disposition on becomingly, or play in good earnest at anything, I wandered up to the Capitol, and then down the steps at the other side, by the arch of Septimius Severus, to the church of San Martina, in a corner

of the Forum. The day was cold and chill, but a warm sun fell on the steps leading to the portico of the church, where lounged all the beggars and idlers of the neighbourhood at full length—a motley assemblage of bronzed-looking, half-naked savages, sullen-eyed and heavy-featured—mostly having the indispensable portions of their garments manufactured of sheepskin, the fur turned outwards.

The church of San Martina, although one of the oldest martyr churches of Rome, has been entirely and ruthlessly modernised by Pietro di Cortona, who was so satisfied with his work of destruction that he called it his daughter. When I say modernised, I mean made to look as lumberly and awkward as St. George's, Hanover-square. In form it is circular, with three principal altars. In a niche stands the original plaster statue of Canova's "Religion"—a figure richly draped, majestic, calm, angelic; pointed flames forming a glory round the head. Near by is the picture of an obscure martyr, who suffered under an imaginary Roman emperor; some one who had his hands and feet burned off, and was killed, but somehow came to life again, and painted a picture in the Lateran church, dying after all comfortably in his bed.

On the opposite side of the church was a grand Saviour, by Thorwaldsen, with a most sweet expression, and at the high altar a beautiful marble effigy of Santa Martina, to whose memory the church is dedicated by Pope Urban VIII. She was a noble Roman virgin, who, says Butler, "glorified God, suffering many torments and a cruel death for the faith, in the capital city of the world, in the third century." Her statue represents her as reclining in a tomb with her head cut off, and resting in a basin, on a level with the body. Well and delicately as it is executed, such an effigy gives one the horrors. A narrow staircase conducts to the ancient or subterranean church, once on a level with the Forum, of the same size as its modern twin above—deep, lonely vaults, breathing death, blood, and martyrdom. In the circular vestibule are niches with statues of St. Theodora, Dorothea, Sabina, and Epifania, surmounting their tombs. In one of the aisles lies interred Pietro di Cortona, so named from the massive Etruscan city of that name, crowning, with its huge walls, one of the heights between Perugia and Arezzo, of which he was a native. (To estimate rightly how he could paint, one must see his admirable altar-piece in the Capuchin church here.) In a space exactly under the grand altar above, and apart from the other monuments, is the shrine, enriched with the costliest marbles, where rest the remains of St. Martina, on the traditionary spot on which her martyrdom occurred. Even magnificent ecclesiastical Rome has nothing to boast more superb than this tomb—embowelled in the earth, and seen but by the curious few, or the truly devout Catholic, who conscientiously regulates his prayers by the calendar. Rich offerings these, not intended for the purposes of vain display, but solely to honour the memory of the virgin martyr whose bones are exposed for veneration. Here are the richest bronzes, the most delicately-tinted marbles, positive blocks of amethyst and crystal quite amazing to behold, and an assumption of the Virgin, more curious than beautiful, of white alabaster, on lapis-lazuli, repeated on either side of the shrine. Within the gorgeous outer casing is the elegant marble casket containing the remains of a rare marble, so transparent that it resembles thick glass. In a side chapel there is a

terra-cotta group of St. Martina, Concordia, and Epiphany; elegant and classical enough to represent the three Graces.

A flight of stairs mounting from the church conducts to the Accademia of San Luca, to which it was attached as a sanctuary, such a refuge in the confusion of the middle ages being a very desirable addition to a similar establishment founded at a very remote period. In modern times the name of Carlo Maratta is intimately connected with its increasing celebrity, he having been its president for many years. The present gallery dates back to this period, when, unfortunately, the heavy expenses incurred by its erection obliged him to sell all those portraits of living artists, painted by themselves, which we all have admired at Florence, especially the never-to-be-forgotten head of Raphael, so conspicuous an ornament of this fine collection. The gallery was icy cold, and I found the custode endeavouring to warm himself over a miserable scaldino. This old fellow was a great character.

"Evviva," said he, starting up as I appeared. "I am delighted to receive madama. Why was she not at the Corso, to see the furor of the carnivale? That was strange, for ladies liked fun—ma, si vede bene—the signora is a dilettante. Ah, brava! Now let us view the pictures, che sono belli bellissimi."

He did not know half the masters, and those he named were wrong; but there was no putting him down.

"This," said he, "is a St. Jerome, by Titian. Ugh! che colorito, un originale. This is Fiamingo——"

"Was it Rubens or Vandyke?" This question he pretended not to hear.

"Si, si—Fiamingo, ecco. Un originale proprio."

"What is that head?" said I.

"The Queen of England," replied he.

"Not the present one?"

"No, centuries back; Elisabetta, he thought, was her name. Non è bella, but she was a fine woman, and diverted herself in her day. Si è divertita inimmensamente ma! poi. Now the worms would not feed on her. Pah!"

There was an exquisite Venus, by Titian, very little troubled by drapery, surveying herself in a glass held by Cupid; a charmingly coloured work, the goddess radiant in the rich type of Venetian beauty.

"E bella," said the old fellow, scratching his head, "ma un po scoperta" (rather naked) "ma! come si fa? Nature made us all, and Eve wore no petticoats."

A young man, dressed in the romantic-German-artist style, was standing by an easel, bearing a copy of a most splendid Claude, one of the gems of the gallery.

"Ecco," said he, "questo signore, he is come all the way from Genoa to copy our pictures, and it is so cold he can't work to-day."

"Hi, davvero troppo freddo," replied the long-legged youth.

"He is the Marchese ——di," whispered the old man; "molto gran, signore, ugh! Nobilissimo, but he loves the art, che gli fa onore."

"I cannot paint," chimed in the sans-culotte marchese, "it is too cold; diatre quel froid à cette saison."

There is much trash and many fine pictures in this collection, of which

Murray says absolutely nothing. There is a splendid Titian, Diana bathing, surrounded by her nymphs, discovering Calisto, a group by no means conveyable for the goddess of chastity; indeed, quite fit to figure on the walls of Fontainebleau in the time of Francis I. This picture was presented by a Russian, and when the Czar was in Rome, the custode said he came to see it, and was very angry so fine a painting had been sent out of the kingdom. No wonder. It is superbly coloured, and leads one's thoughts away to dear Venice, and the gondolas, and that bright blue, dancing Adriatic, mirroring the snowy churches like great snow-drifts, within whose pillared sanctuaries the treasures are stored away. The old man grunted immensely over this picture.

"Ah," said he, at last, "it is dangerous to bathe sometimes—specially in company."

He seemed to have a malicious pleasure in informing me that the most *décolleté* pictures had been the donation of different Popes; and as there are many of this description, I really am afraid the associates of San Luca have, notwithstanding their saintly patron, a terrible turn for the world, the flesh, and the devil.

One of the most beautiful *genre* pictures in Rome is here, by Guido Cagnacci, a pupil of Guido Reni's, Lucretia with Sextus, Tarquin holding a dagger over her. Suffice it to say, that it is one of those remarkable works that stand out distinct when hundreds of others fade into the mist of memory. Copies of it are multiplied to an incredible extent; but it could not be hung up in a church, call it any name you will. The picture tells the story, and tells it all too well.

"Ah!" said the custode, "Lucrezia was a fine woman for Tarquin's son to have lost Rome for her sake."

Sextus's face tells of love, despair, determination, rage, rapture—all jumbled together in a wonderful way. Those magic shades must have come from Guido's own pencil, especially as the artist (a pictorial "single-speech" Hamilton) never did anything else worth looking at. The so-called picture of San Luca, said to be by Raphael—giving its name to the Accademia—is weak, mannered, and utterly deficient in grace. San Luca, seated at an easel, is painting a portrait of the Madonna, who stands pushed *en profil* in a corner, and of so plain and ordinary a physique that it is impossible Raphael could ever have imagined such a creature; there is not one characteristic of his angelic creations. The painting is on wood, and has been broken in two places. Of this work, Keyler says, authoritatively, that the head of San Luca alone is executed by Raphael. When I told the old custode this, he became very indignant.

"What can books tell about it?" exclaimed he. "All the world knows it is by Raphael. It used to hang below, in the church, over the altar; *bestie di libri* (beasts of books). Don't believe them, signora, I beseech you. They only teach people lies. They know nothing about it!"

There is a large Venus and Cupid, by Guercino, which the custode introduced to my notice with these words:

"Ecco, Venere—con tutte le sue consolazioni!"

I love Guercino and his inimitable *chiar' oscuro* and depth of shadow, contrasted and tempered by a peculiar sweetness produced by the happiest

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combination of colour—though he *did* live in the time of the *Décadence*, and belonged to the Eclectic School.

Here also is Guido's Fortune rising from the Globe, one of the finest frescoes in Rome—a glorious form, reminding one of the *Rospigliosi Aurora*, with full rounded limbs and matted yellow hair flying in the wind, by which Cupid holds fast as though determined to win and keep her. The *conpetto* is most poetical, and the colouring perfect.

I have dwelt longer on this most varied and interesting collection from the fact of its being comparatively little known or appreciated. When I departed, the old custode doffed his weather-beaten hat, and bowing down to the ground, said,

“Addio cara signora; I honour and respect you—*Stia buona bene e felice*—and remember the poor old fellow that keeps the *gloriosi quadri* (glorious pictures). Be good, well, and happy.”

I wish to note down the traditionary footsteps of St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome—having visited the various spots connected with their supposed residence here with great interest. I have spoken of my descent into the Mamertine prisons, where, for nine months, they are said to have laid in close imprisonment. While St. Peter was still unmolested, and residing at the house of Prudens—now pointed out as the spot where stands the interesting and most ancient church of Santa Pudenziana, near Santa Maria Maggiore—he again exhibited an example of that weakness of character which led him basely to deny the divine Lord he loved. A persecution against the Christians was again threatened: he became alarmed for his personal safety, and his friends strongly urged his flight. Peter listened to their suggestions, and allowed himself to be influenced by their persuasions, he fled from Rome, passing out of the Porta Sebastiano, under the massive arch of Drusus, spanning the Appian Way—now called the Street of Tombs.

He proceeded about a mile, to a spot where the road separates, forming a fork, leading in one direction towards the Fountain of Egeria, and by the other to the church of San Sebastiano, built over the most practicable entrance into the catacombs, beside the tomb of Cecilia Metella—one of those many sepulchral monuments that line the Appian Way on either hand, standing forth sadly and solemnly in the desolate Campagna. St. Peter, says ecclesiastical tradition, had reached this precise spot where the road separates when he beheld advancing towards him his divine Master. Astonished at the sight, he exclaimed, “Lord, where goest thou?” (*Domine quo vadis?*) To which question the glorified form replied, “I go to Rome, to be again crucified;” and disappeared.

This vision explained to the Apostle what were the intentions of his divine Master respecting himself, and the meaning of that prophecy—“Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young thou girdest thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou art old thou shalt stretch forth thine hands, and another shall gird thee and carry thee whither thou wouldest not.” He instantly retraced his steps, and returned to Rome, where shortly the deepest dungeons of the Mamertine prisons opened to receive him.

The actual church of *Domine quo Vadis* has nothing but its beautifully suggestive legend to recommend it, otherwise it is a miserable little place; indeed, there is a vulgar, tawdry look about the interior quite

painful to the feelings of those who arrive glowing with enthusiasm, and eager to behold the scene of one, if not the most touching, of the Church's early legends. A stone, bearing the impress of what is said to have been the divine foot, has been carried away, and placed in the church of San Sebastiano, where it is devoid of all local interest.

When the Apostles quitted the Mamertine prisons, tradition leads them to the Ostian Way, where they were separated previous to undergoing martyrdom. A stone marks the spot, engraven with their parting words: "Peace be with thee, thou founder of the church—(St. Paul is supposed to say to St. Peter)—thou shepherd of the universal flock of Jesus Christ." To which St. Peter replied, "God be with thee, thou mighty preacher, who guidest the just in the living way." St. Paul was then led on to a deserted plain, three miles from the city, to which I shall return, first following the footsteps of St. Peter on through the busy streets, and over the Tiber, to the steep heights of the Janiculum, where, in sight of great pagan Rome, spread out as a map at his feet, he suffered crucifixion,—begging of his executioners to be reversed on the cruel tree, as a last and crowning act of humiliation, declaring himself unworthy to die in the same upright attitude as his divine Master.

Where he expired, and on the spot where the cross was erected, now stands the church of San Pietro in Mont'orio—one of the most graceful edifices of the Renaissance. It was selected by Rome's republican defenders as a barrack—an impious and ill-imagined idea, showing how little papal teaching for the last eighteen centuries had profited the lower population of its own capital. The balls rained like an iron hail-storm on the venerable edifice, enriched and adorned by the munificence of various sovereigns. All the sight-seeing world go there to examine the frescoes painted by Sebastian del Piombo of Christ's flagellation—a work, I confess, to my judgment, dark, unintelligible, and unpleasant;—a bad imitation of Michael Angelo, who needed all his individual genius and grandeur of ideas to make his contortions bearable. No imitation of his style can ever succeed.

Other reflections and recollections than those of art filled my mind as I sat under the shadow of the solemn pillars; and I thought of much in which, perhaps, but few would sympathise, therefore I suppress my musings. They travelled far into other ages and distant times, when the great temple of Jupiter crowned the Capitoline Hill, and the altars smoked with sacrifices to false gods, while the persecuted Christians burrowed in the dark passages of the tortuous catacombs like the frightened hare fleeing from her cruel pursuers. In the cloisters, whither we were led by a kind, smiling monk, is a beautiful circular church (very like in form that introduced by Raphael in the background of his cartoon of St. Paul preaching at Athens), erected by Bramante over the exact spot marked by tradition as that where St. Peter was crucified.

"E proprio un miracolo," said the monk, "that this church escaped, when the walls around it were battered to the ground? Si vede che qui sta il santo. He protected it."

And truly it did seem little short of a manifest miracle that it had escaped the destruction which reduced half the larger church to a ruin. There it stands, however, uninjured and intact, as if war had never raised its exterminating arm beside it. It is divided into an upper and lower

church. In the latter is shown the aperture where the cross was fixed on which St. Peter suffered with his head downwards; thus nobly vindicating, at the last moment, his love and devotion to the Saviour he had once denied. A lamp burns before the aperture. The monk put down a long reed and brought up some of the golden sand from below, presenting it to us as "*una cosa di devozione.*" The soil of the hill is in this part entirely of sand of a particularly bright tint—hence the name of the church, "*Mont' orio*"—or of the *golden mount*.

"*What is truth?*" asks Pilate. Eighteen centuries have elapsed since that momentous query, which still remains unanswered, nor has the boasted nineteenth century unravelled the reply. All—wise men and fools—still grope wildly in the dark—now, as then—Lo, here it is!—and Lo, there!—but it is nowhere—uncertain, unstable is *all*; save that inspired word, our only guiding star in the impenetrable night. Musing on many things, puzzled, undecided, I walked from out the cloister-gates to the grassy terrace before the church where lies eternal Rome, basking in the sunshine like a sparkling queen in a verdant wilderness.

I must now take up the traditionary footsteps of St. Paul from the same point as those of St. Peter, namely, before his entrance into the Mamertine prisons. On first arriving in the Eternal City, St. Paul remained for two years unmolested by the breath of persecution. During that period he resided in a house situated where now stands the church of Santa Maria, in Via Lata, next door to the sumptuous palace of the Dorias, now the most crowded and busy part of the Corso. During this time he was only guarded by one soldier, and from this retirement he addressed his Epistle to the Hebrews, and preached continually to all within his reach, Jews as well as Gentiles. St. Luke is said to have borne him company, and under his dictation to have written the Acts of the Apostles.

The present church is devoid of all save traditionary interest. But there is a subterranean chapel, containing three rooms (then on a level with the city), which he is supposed to have inhabited, with ancient and curious arched roofs, formed of great masses of stone, rudely placed together, in the same manner as the blocks forming the Mamertine prisons. Here, too, is shown a well, said to have sprung up miraculously, in order that he might baptise those converted by his inspired preaching.

After the imprisonment of St. Paul, and his separation from St. Peter, he was led on about three miles from Rome—on the Ostian Way—to a desolate place in the Campagna, where he was beheaded. Tradition asserts that his head, separated from the body, bounded three times from the violence of the blow, and that at each spot where it touched the ground a spring gushed forth. To commemorate this supposed miracle a church was built at a very early period, and called *San Paolo alle trè Fontane*. I am always anxious to survey every place sanctified by tradition, however uncertain. It gives a local colouring and vitality to one's recollections beyond the perusal of a thousand books—making the events recorded, be they historical or religious, in a manner one's own. I therefore set forth through the gate leading to the great church of San Paolo, on my pilgrimage.

After passing the huge structure, we turned off from the great Ostian

road a little to the left, up a steep ascent. Arrived at the summit, a beautiful though desolate view opened before us. Around, the low grassy undulations of the Campagna, now of a refreshing green, sloped down gradually towards a central valley or amphitheatre, where uprose three large churches, without a single tree or cottage within sight over the vast range our eye embraced. A strange and solemn sight do these solitary sanctuaries present in the midst of that primeval plain. To our left lay a lonely valley, stretching away for miles through gentle undulating hills, whose soft and delicate outlines assimilated well with the delicate tint of the fresh herbage mantling their sides. No sound broke the silence. Mountains in the distance of a rich purple tinge, the blue sky above, and the green earth beneath, mixed in a broad harmonious colouring. I descended towards the churches which people this wilderness with such a crowd of grand and affecting recollections; they lie under the shadow of a low hill, nestling round a ruined building, once a convent occupied by the monks of St. Bernard, but now a ruin, malaria having driven away its inhabitants; it appears to be used as a farmhouse, for troops of chicken and ducks woke the echos of the once spacious cortile. As we approached the first church, that of Santa Maria della Scala Santa, a ragged, barefooted monk approached, pale and wan in appearance, and offered to conduct us. He was the last of his brethren that had dared to linger there, and had not escaped the general contagion it was easy to perceive. Within the Gothic church, containing a long central nave, bordered by low, rounded arches, he pointed out frescoes of prophets and saints, said to have been originally painted by Raphael; but they are now so entirely retouched and overpainted, as only to display grand and striking outlines.

The tribune is decorated with a picture representing the vision of St. Bernard, who, it is said—one day celebrating mass on this altar for the dead—saw, in an ecstasy, a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, by which the angels were conducting the souls delivered by his prayers from purgatory into paradise.

There is a large and handsome church, with a dome, forming a conspicuous object from the surrounding Campagna, dedicated to St. Anastasia; but I hastened on, by a narrow path, led by the wretched monk, towards the Church of the Three Fountains I was anxious to visit. I was vexed to find an edifice painfully modernised, and yet again falling into ruin devoid of all dignity. It is a long, narrow space, undivided by aisles. The pillar is shown to which the Apostle was bound, and down the side of the outer wall appear three apertures inclosed in marble, surmounted by a sculpture image of his head, where the purest and coldest waters flow. I did not visit that spot in the spirit of criticism or of levity, therefore I am in no mood to consider what objections may be urged against this beautiful and touching tradition, lending so profound an interest to the unbroken scene of wild nature around.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY:

OR, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR GRAND-FATHERS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

STREET FAIRS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

STREET FAIRS have passed away, but not without leaving a record behind; and here in our museum, beside the defunct public sports and amusements, will we devote a chapter to their memory—for May, Southwark, and Bartholomew Fairs must not be forgotten among the curiosities of the eighteenth century. They were right royally favoured in their time, and we must show them no disrespect. We find Sir Robert Walpole, when prime minister, visiting Bartholomew Fair; but, in 1740, Frederick, Prince of Wales, attended it with a troop of yeomen of the guard with lighted flambeaux. An anecdote is told of Garrick's visit to the fair, when we should opine that David's vanity must have sustained a little mortification. On tendering his money at the booth where "drolls" were exhibited, the cashier, recognising his features, rejected the proffered fee, saying, with admirable taste, "Sir, we never take money of *one another*."

The countenance of royalty encouraged exhibitions and entertainments of a superior order at these fairs. The performers from the Theatres Royal were not above appearing at Smithfield, Southwark, and May Fairs. In 1715, Dawks's *News Letter*, in announcing the preparations for Bartholomew Fair, says: "There is one great booth erected *for the king's players* in the middle of Smithfield. The booth is the longest that was ever built."

Lee and Harper attended Bartholomew and Southwark Fairs; and we find Pinkethman's company both at Southwark and May Fairs:

"Several constables visited Pinkethman's booth in Southwark Fair, and apprehended Pinkethman, with others of his company, just as they had concluded a play in the presence of near a hundred and fifty *noblemen and gentlemen seated on the stage*. They were soon liberated on making it appear that they were the king's servants."—*September 13, 1717.*

"Advices from the upper end of Piccadilly say that May Fair is utterly abolished; and we hear Mr. Pinkethman has removed his ingenious company of strollers to Greenwich."—*Tatler, April 18, 1709.*

At a still later period we glean from the following hand-bills that the leading actors still had booths at these fairs:

"Bartholomew and Southwark Fairs, 1733:

"At Cibber, Griffin, Bullock, and Hallam's booths—'Tamerlane,' intermixed with 'The Miser.'

"At Lee and Harper's booth—'The True and Ancient History of Bateman; or, The Unhappy Marriage,' with the comical humours of *Sparrow, Pumpkin, and Slicer*; and the diverting scene of 'The Midwife and Gossips at a Labour.'

"At Lee and Harper's booth—'Jephthah's Rash Vow; or, The Virgin Sacrifice,' with the comical humours of *Captain Bluster* and his man *Diddimo*. *Jephthah*, Hulet; *Captain Bluster*, Harper.

"At Fielding and Hippisley's booth—'Love and Jealousy; or, The Downfall of Alexander the Great;' with 'A Cure for Covetousness.' *Lovell*, Mrs. Pritchard.

"At Miller, Mills, and Oates's booth—'Jane Shore,' with the comical humours of *Sir Anthony Noodle* and his man *Weazle*;" &c., &c.

May Fair, in 1701, lasted sixteen days, and seems to have struggled on against a presentment of the grand jury of Westminster in 1708, and the sharp surveillance of the grand jury of Middlesex in 1744, until the year 1756; but it is now only a memory and a name, the ground being occupied by the mansions of the nobility instead of the booths of mountebanks.

Bartholomew's fourteen-days fair continued, however, to a much later period, and, in its decline, was familiar to the present generation.

Hogarth has left us a representation of Southwark Fair, whence we may learn what were the general amusements at these fairs. There are the theatres, conjurers, jugglers, rope-dancers, raree-shows, dancing-dolls, and gingerbread-stalls of modern fairs; but there were other sports which have long been unknown to us. Of these "ducking" was very attractive. Here is a hand-bill announcing a ducking-match, which will render a description of the sport unnecessary:

"At May Fair Ducking-Pond, on Monday next, the 27th June (1748), Mr. Hootton's dog, Nero (with hardly a tooth in his head to hold a duck, but well known by his goodness to all that have seen him hunt), hunts six ducks for a guinea against the bitch called the Flying Spaniel, from the ducking-pond on the other side of the water, who has beaten all she has hunted against excepting Mr. Hootton's Goodblood. To begin at two o'clock. Mr. Hootton begs his customers won't take it amiss to pay twopence admittance at the gate, and take a ticket which will be allowed as cash in their reckoning. None are admitted without a ticket, that such as are not liked may be kept out. Note—Right Lincoln Ale."

These ducking-matches were not confined to fairs, for we find the following advertisement in the *Postman* of August the 7th, 1707:

"A new ducking-pond, to be opened on Monday next, at Limehouse, being the 11th August; when four dogs are to play for four pounds, and a lamb to be roasted whole, to be given away to all gentlemen sportsmen. To begin at ten o'clock in the morning."

Another exhibition at these fairs was posturising. No distortion of the body was too grotesque or too unnatural—no deformity of the body too difficult to imitate. The posture-masters might be suspected of having neither bones nor muscles, so lissom was their whole frame. Now the toe was in the mouth—now at the back of the head; the legs were turned contrary ways, or the back of the head where the face should be. One of these worthies is thus announced by a hand-bill in 1711:

"From the Duke of Marlborough's Head, in Fleet-street, during the fair, is to be seen the famous posture-master, who far exceeds Clarke and Higgins. He twists his body into all deformed shapes, makes his hip and shoulder bones meet together, lays his head upon the ground, and

turns his body round twice or thrice without stirring his head from the place."

In 1786, we find by the papers that "an ass-race attracted vast crowds to May Fair;" but, at an earlier period, there appears to have been some business transacted there, as well as sports and pastimes. The following advertisement appeared in the London newspapers of April the 27th, 1700:

"In Brookfield Market-place, at the east corner of Hyde Park, is a fair to be kept for the space of sixteen days, beginning with the 1st of May; the first three days for live cattle and leather, with the same entertainments as at Bartholomew Fair; where there are shops to be let, ready built, for all manner of tradesmen that usually keep fairs. And so to continue yearly at the same place."

"Merrie Islington" presented all the appearance of a fair throughout the year; it might, in fact, be said to be a complete "fair-y land." There were booths for the exhibition of horsemanship, jugglers, &c.; shows for the performances of drolls, interludes, and pantomimes; caravans of wild beasts; arenas for fighting, wrestling, and cudgelling. Of these, the most celebrated were the booths at the "Three Hats," Dobney's Jubilee Gardens, the Pantheon in Spa-fields, and Stokes's Amphitheatre. The following is a hand-bill issued from the latter:

"At Mr. Stokes's Amphitheatre, Islington-road, on Monday, 24th June, 1788, I, John Seale, citizen of London, give this invitation to the celebrated Hibernian hero, Mr. Robert Barker, to exert his utmost abilities with me, and I, Robert Barker, accept this invitation; and, if my antagonist's courage equal his menaces, glorious will be my conquest. Attendance at two. The masters mount at five. *Vivat Rex et Regina.*"

But the glories of Islington are faded—its waste ground is covered. Spa-fields are fields no longer; and, instead of having *Moorfields*, we have *fewer* fields, and not a spare acre for a booth to be pitched upon. The street fairs of London are things that are gone.

TRADE AND COMMERCE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

ALTHOUGH we have given the general text of "Trade and Commerce" to the present chapter, it must not be supposed that we are going to enter into an elaborate history or essay on finance, the currency or the circulating medium, but only to introduce one or two curiosities which were features connected with the mercantile and commercial world of the last century.

The merchants congregated on 'Change as at present; and Addison's description of "full 'Change" in 1709 might serve for an account of it in 1849; they also resorted to coffee-houses, as they do now, but they were, as well as the present, Garraway's, frequented by the better class of merchants and citizens—Robins's, for foreign bankers and ambassadors—and Jonathan's, for stockbrokers; but these will be spoken of, among the tribe of coffee-houses, in another chapter.

These "merchant princes" (and well were they worthy of the title), at that time, lived in the centre of their business—they had not thought of the West-end—and their mansions were close to their counting-houses,

in Spital-square, Leadenhall-street, Fenchurch-street, Broad-street, and Austin-friars, Throgmorton-street, Bishopsgate-street, with Crosby-square, and Great Saint Helen's, Billiter-street, Coleman-street, Basinghall-street, and (especially the rich Jew merchants) the streets forming the district of Goodman's-fields; and, in many of these old palaces of trade, now let out in chambers and counting-houses, the wide and sweeping staircase, carved oaken balustrades, massive panelling, richly-corniced ceilings, costly sculptured mantelpieces, large and thick window-ashes, and heavy doors, tell us of their former splendour. Many a fair, small foot has pressed the now ink-stained floor in the stately minuet or lively cotillon—many a sumptuous entertainment has been spread where the desks and stools now stand—many an emblazoned carriage has set down its passengers at the portals on which a string of names is now painted—and many a time and oft have the running footmen and linkbearers who accompanied it thrust their links into the giant extinguishers which, perchance, yet linger, rusty and battered, upon the columns of the gate.

The safe arrival of a convoy from the East or West Indies—the capture of a fleet of merchantmen by the enemy—the rise or fall of South-Sea Stock or India Bonds were added to the subjects which form the conversation on 'Change now-a-days, but, in other respects, the merchant of the eighteenth century and his pursuits were almost the same as they are now.

Not so, however, the tradesman. He was an inveterate politician and frequenter of the coffee-house. A publication called the *Dutch Prophet*, issued early in the century, gives us the following notion of a tradesman's life in London at that time, in a kind of prospective diary of a day:—
 "Wednesday: Several shopkeepers near St. Paul's will rise before six, be upon their knees at chapel a little after, promise God Almighty to live righteously and soberly before seven, tell fifty lies behind their counters by nine, and spend the rest of the morning over tea and tobacco at Child's Coffee-house."

Almost every tradesman's shop was distinguished by a particular sign, which swung creaking dismally over the footpath as the wind came down the street. Even the bankers exhibited their signs over their doors: Childs's was the "Marygold;" Hoare's, the "Leather Bottle" (still represented on their cheques); Snow's, the "Golden Anchor;" Gosling's, the "Three Squirrels;" and Stone and Martin's, the "Grasshopper." The booksellers' favourite signs were the "Bible and Crown" (still distinguishing Messrs. Rivington's establishment); the "Homer's Head," the "Shakspeare's Head," the "Three Bibles," the "Angel and Trumpet," the "King's Arms," &c. A mercer's, in New Bond-street, was the "Coventry Cross;" a baker's, in Clare-market, the "Seven Stars;" and a quack medicine-vendor's, in Bride-lane, the "Golden Head." The *Spectator* has given us a disquisition on the rise and abuse of signs, and the anomalies they presented, and almost every one of Hogarth's works show us that they were generally adopted. In 1764 they had increased to such extravagant dimensions, each shopkeeper endeavouring, by enlarging his sign, to make it conspicuous behind his neighbour's, that they not only prevented the free circulation of air in the streets, but, being very heavy, and some of them weighing as much as four or five hundred pounds, they threatened the most fatal accidents to the passengers below.

In fact, in 1718, during an unusually high wind, one of these massive iron signs, opposite Bride-lane, in Fleet-street, was blown down, bringing with it the entire front of the house to which it was attached, and killing four persons and wounding several others. At length, in 1764, the Court of Common Council, taking into consideration the inconvenience and danger to which these huge signs subjected the citizens, ordered that all signs should be fastened against the houses with their faces to front the street, and not left to swing as formerly, so that the streets lost that singular appearance which a long line of swinging sign-boards gave them, and the signs themselves, no longer answering their intended purposes, were gradually discontinued.

The "circulating media" of this period were very different to the currency of the present time. There were, in addition to shillings, sixpences, halfpence, and farthings,—golden guineas, half-guineas, seven-shilling pieces, and quarter-guineas, dollars taken from the Spanish prizes and allowed to circulate, in a scarcity of specie, till re-coined at the Mint, and silver threepences and pence—copper pence not coming into existence till 1797.

Fines and penalties were often computed in marks, and, among similar cases, we find Henry and William Woodfall, the printers, were, on the 25th November, 1774, sentenced by the King's Bench to pay "a fine of two hundred marks," for the publication of a seditious libel.

There were also one-pound notes issued by the Bank of England, and, for a time, copper twopenny-pieces coined at the Soho (Birmingham) Mint. But the most numerous class of coins taken by the shopkeepers in exchange for their wares, especially in the mining districts and manufacturing towns, were the tradesmen's tokens, or promissory counters, answering for pence, halfpence, and farthings (mostly of copper); and some few twopences and threepences of copper. These were issued from private mints, during a scarcity of copper, and were allowed to pass current (being, like the brass and other tokens of the previous century, a legal tender), each piece bearing the name and address of the issuer, who was compelled to give a one-pound note for two hundred and forty penny tokens, and always to *honour* them when presented. Some of them were of elegant design and execution, and of elaborate finish. The legends and inscriptions were various, according to the tastes or trades of their respective proprietors; and it is believed that upwards of two thousand varieties were coined between the years 1787 and 1798. Mr. Conder, of Ipswich, published what was considered a complete list of them; but several have been discovered and made known through the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which he has not included in his arrangement. They were principally issued by ironmasters and large manufacturers, employing a number of hands, who found that they at the same time facilitated their payments, and became a useful means of advertising. Such a system of course gave rise to much confusion, and not a little fraud in the forgery or slight variation of the several designs; but it was merely intended to answer a temporary purpose, and was suppressed when there was no longer any need for it.

While on the subject of the coinage, we may mention another fact or two connected with it. The offences of counterfeiting, and of clipping and defacing the coin of the realm, were very frequent in the last century;

and both crimes were, with the characteristic severity of the time, punishable with death. Stealthily exporting coin to the Continent during the wars (it being often packed and shipped off in barrels, and, in fact, smuggled over in every conceivable way), also subjected the offender to heavy penalties, but was nevertheless ingeniously, and to a large extent, practised by the guards of the Dover and other outport mails, some of whom realised a considerable fortune by it; the value of a guinea on the Continent being 23s. 6d., and, at a later period, even reaching to 28s. One of these speculative offenders against the law was detected through the very means by which he had hoped to realize an independence. In his anxiety to make an extensive exportation, he had over-estimated the strength of the mail to such a degree, that, in passing over Shooter's-hill, it gave way beneath its heavy burden, and what appeared to be mail-bags filled with letters, turned out to be sacks of shining guineas. The money was forfeited and carried to the Mint, and the offender arrested and carried to the roundhouse, therein to moralise upon that beautiful old adage, "There is many a slip 'tween the cup and the lip."

We fear the contents of this chapter will be considered somewhat heterogeneous, but we could not find, after much cogitation, a more suitable place for these anecdotes of the coinage than under the head of "Trade and Commerce."

SERVANTS, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE, IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE retinue of men of rank in the last century, especially during a journey, was lavish in the extreme; albeit, the necessities of the time demanded a numerous attendance for divers reasons, which will be explained anon, but no members of a travelling gentleman's retinue could have had a more arduous duty to perform, or are more completely extinct as a class, than the running footmen. The duty of these servants, who were in fact *avant-couriers*, was to keep, with no other aid than their own legs, in advance of the cavalcade which was conveying their master from one of his country-seats to another, or perhaps upon a visit to a noble friend, and no doubt it must have given the appearance of great state to his "progress," to be not only attended by an escort of outriders and horsemen, but preceded by two of these agile forerunners to clear the way and announce the coming of their lord.

Their livery in 1730 was "fine Holland drawers and waistcoats, thread stockings, a blue silk sash, fringed with silver, and a velvet cap, with a large tassel," and they usually carried in their hands "a huge porter's staff, with a silver handle;" or they were "dressed in white with black jockey-caps, and long staffs in their hands." This kind of attendance was a relic of the state of the preceding century, and in Middleton's "Mad World, my Masters," one of the fraternity is greeted as "linen stockings and threescore miles a day;" but the erudite Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham, in his very learned annotations to the "Bride of Lammermoor," testifies to the existence of running footmen at a much later period—"I remember me to have seen one of this tribe clothed in white and bearing a staff, who ran daily before the state-coach of the unquihle John, Earl of Hopeton, father of this earl, Charles, that now is."

But we cannot resist the temptation of transferring to our pages the

graphic description of a *cortège* of this kind, from Sir Walter Scott's masterly romance, which called forth the reminiscence we have quoted from worthy Mr. Cleishbotham:

"Two running footmen, dressed in white, with black jockey-caps, and long staves in their hands, headed the train, and such was their agility that they found no difficulty in keeping the necessary advance which the etiquette of their station required before the carriage and horsemen. Onward they came, at a long swinging trot, arguing unwearied speed in their long-breathed calling." "Behind these glancing meteors, who footed it as if the avenger of blood had been behind them, came a cloud of dust, raised by riders who preceded, attended, or followed the state carriage of the marquis."

Another now defunct member of a nobleman's establishment appears even, exceptionally, at the time we speak of, to have been the fool or jester. We see but little of him, it is true, during the last century, and, in truth, he appears then to have been "going out of fashion," but that he *was* one of its "curiosities," we know by Dean Swift's epitaph on the Earl of Suffolk's fool,

Whose name was Dicky Pearce.

"In Scotland," Sir Walter Scott tells us, in his notes to "Waverley," "the custom subsisted till late in the last century," but it had no doubt become extinct in England some time before.

The scale of wages paid to domestic servants about the middle of the last century, may be gathered from some papers and records relating to one of the oldest baronial halls in England, bearing date 1756, and from which the following are selected :

	£	s.	d.
Head-man and park-keeper.....	3	3	0
Groom	2	2	0
Under-man	2	12	6
Housekeeper.....	2	0	0
Cookmaid	1	1	0
Chamber and dairymaid	1	2	6

So much for private and domestic servants, and household retainers. Next let us glance at the *public* servants of the time, and especially the chairmen, shoeblacks, and linkbearers of London.

Of these the chairmen claim priority of notice as the superior class. The people, ever jealous of the rights of man, when they saw, for the first time, a sedan-chair, and that chair occupied by Charles I.'s favourite, Buckingham, did not relish the idea of beings of their own species taking the work of horses; but they soon grew accustomed to the sight, and during the whole of the last century the sedan was a favourite mode of conveyance to the drawing-room, the levee, the theatre, the assembly, the masquerade, and the private party. We now seldom see it, except in the streets of Bath, carrying some dowager to the assembly-room, or in the streets of London, in its dilapidation, bearing an invalid pauper to the workhouse. The cry of "Chair! chair!" is superseded by that of "Cab! cab!" and horses take the place of men.

But it was a busy crew that assembled without the theatre doors during the hours of performance, or around the palace gate while the king held

his levee, or the queen her drawing-room. And, when the entertainments were over, forth would issue the fashionable crowd, and impatient shouts of "Chair! chair!" would echo on all sides. Then the chairmen would suspend their mirth or quarrels to hand their passengers into their respective chairs, and each grasping the projecting handles, and slinging the leathern band across his shoulders, trot off, bearing between them their living burden, and followed by the motley crowd of link-bearers or lackeys.

Both in the ingress and egress of the passengers the top of the sedan was lifted up, to enable him to stand upright in it, and as soon as he was seated it was shut down, the front doors fastened, the blinds let down, or curtains drawn, and he was carried home in luxurious state.

Some of these sedans were elegantly fitted up, but the charges were very moderate; the terms generally being one shilling per hour, or a guinea for the week, which included the payment of the two bearers. These men were generally Irish, and were made useful as porters when not engaged in their regular calling. They were a thick-set, thick-legged race, and, either when competing for a fare or regaling themselves upon their earnings, were such a noisy, turbulent, riotous set, as frequently to cause a general commotion in the street, which the poor old watchmen and constables could not easily suppress. They were also very often playfully, or, as some thought, mischievously disposed, and would run the poles of their chair into the stomach of a passer-by, trample on his toes, force him into the road, or, as Swift's chairmen did, squeeze him against the wall. "The chairmen that carried me squeezed a great fellow against a wall, who wisely turned his back, and broke one of the side glasses in a thousand pieces."—*Journal to Stella, February 10, 1710-11.*

The chairs kept by "people of quality" were trimmed and fitted up in a luxurious style. The Duchess of Marlborough had one carried away by some daring thieves while she was at Lincoln's Inn chapel, which had damask curtains and crimson velvet cushions; and the bearers were expensively caparisoned in cuffs, epaulettes, and laced hats. But the hackney-chairs were only furnished with cloth or leather seats, and white curtains. It is one of this inferior kind that is represented in Hogarth's "Arrest on Debt" scene of "The Rake's Progress;" and we are almost tempted to wonder, if we dared, why the artist did not represent, among the other acts of extravagance of the rake, the keeping of a private chair and chairmen.

The pleasures of this mode of riding through the streets are illustrated by Swift, in his description of the progress of a fop in rainy weather:

Boxed in a chair, the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon, with frightful din
The leather sounds—he trembles from within!

Another public servant has vanished with the old and dilapidated pavements—the shoeblack. This functionary might be seen at the corners of streets with his little stock in trade—a three-legged stool, a ball of blacking, and a brush. Gay, in his "Trivia," sends him forth to his calling with the following instructions:

Go thrive ; at some frequented corner stand ;
 This brush I give thee—grasp it in thy hand ;
 Temper the foot within this vase of oil,
 And let the little tripod aid the toil.
 On this methinks I see the walking crew
 At thy request support the miry shoe ;
 The foot grows black that was with dirt embrown'd,
 And in thy pocket jingling halfpence sound.

He establishes himself accordingly at Charing-cross—a very profitable station one would conceive :

The youth straight chose his post, the labour ply'd,
 Where branching streets from Charing-cross divide,
 His treble voice resounds along the mews,
 And Whitehall echoes "Clean your honour's shoes !"

The "stands" of these worthies were sometimes inherited, sometimes purchased, from the last possessor, and they must have been of some value, for the shoeblack's gains at one time were not by any means inconsiderable—when the pavements abounded in loose and broken stones, and the roadways in holes and quagmires, from which the lumbering vehicles dashed a mass of mud over the foot-passengers ; when crossing-sweepers were unknown, and the beau who was picking his way along the filthy pavements was subject to be trodden upon or run against by the trotting and often mischievous chairmen ; when many of the less important streets had no footpaths at all, and the water-spouts from the overhanging roofs made great puddles in those that had them—but his gains were of course precarious, depending in a great measure on the state of the weather and the whereabouts of his station ; his earnings, however, have been estimated at not above eightpence or tenpence a day on the average, of all but the first-rate stations. The shoeblacks were generally cripples, whose infirmity prevented their adopting a more active pursuit.

While the improvements in the cleansing of London took away the trade of the shoeblack, the improvement in its lighting banished his compeer, the linkbearer. This wretched class was composed of the very poorest of lads and men—more generally the former ; and, half-clad, with a smoking flambeau in hand, they would crowd around the theatre doors, and show you to your chair or carriage, or run by your side to your home for a halfpenny. But Gay does not give this unfortunate tribe a very good character, and insinuates that there was sometimes an understanding between them and the street thieves :

Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
 Yet trust him not along the lonely wall.
 In the midway he'll quench the flaming brand,
 And share the booty with the pilfering band.

The torchbearers of the upper classes wore the livery of their employers, and were a kind of under-footmen, who attended the carriage on its return from the theatre or the rout, lighted the family from the vehicle up the steps, and then, as the carriage rumbled away to the stables, and the heavy hall-door slammed to, thrust the flambeau into the iron extinguisher at the side of the gate, till it ceased to glare with its broad red light and choking smoke upon the night.

In the midst of the dirt and darkness which called shoeblacks and linkbearers into requisition, another public servant rambled through the streets, or slumbered in his box—the watchman and patrol.

The Londoners of early times were content to sleep under the protection of their trained bands; then came the “marching watch,” who were peripatetic lamps as well; then the watchmen, such as they existed even into the present century, were preferred; and now we, more timid it may be than our grandsires, or having less implicit confidence in the strength and activity of decrepid watchmen, must needs be protected by day as well as night, and have our “districts” and “divisions” of policemen—strong, sturdy, hardy young fellows, who *can* protect us if they have the will; and who, unlike the aged, weak, and sleepy guardians of our grandfathers, have the prowess of youth and health to give effect to their staves and truncheons.

The police of the last century were certainly far from being an efficient or well-organised body. The infirm and decrepid, who were unable to work, and consequently compelled to apply to “the parish” for relief, were usually considered fit *at least* for watchmen, and watchmen they were accordingly made. A rattle, a staff, and a treble-caped great-coat were provided for them, and, with these insignia of their office the superannuated paupers were placed in a district, and on a certain “beat,” to protect the lives and properties of the inhabitants. With a little wooden “box” against the wall, to shelter him from rain or storm (but in which he often snored away the greater portion of the night), and a lantern to light his path, the watchman tottered round his beat, announcing the hour as clearly as a husky cough of some ten years’ standing would admit, and then retired to his box, to sleep until the revolution of another hour called him forth again.

“Pa—a—ast ten o’clock, and a rai—ny night!”—“Past two o’clock, and a cloudy mo—orning!” were the cries that occasionally aroused the citizen from his sleep, and enlightened him as to the hour and the state of the weather. But now and then there were more warlike sounds than these, and the springing of a rattle, or the feeble cries for “Help!” announced that a conflict was being carried on between the guardians of the night and some gang of desperate offenders. Of course, the bed-ensconced cit was not insane enough in such a state of things to think of “helping,” but got out of bed forthwith, tried the bolts, double-locked the door, and returned to his couch, wondering who would get the best of the affray. In these conflicts the “Charlies” (for it was one of the whims and fancies of the town to call them so), seldom came scathless, and still more rarely victorious, till at length they refrained from interfering with any of the desperadoes who then infested London.

But the greatest tormentors of the poor old watchmen were the mischief-loving “bloods” and “bucks,” who frequently devoted an evening to their especial annoyance. “Let us go out and tease the Charlies,” some wag would suggest, as the night advanced and the drinking-party began to dissolve. All were anxious for the fray; and no sooner was the proposal made than forth would sally a little gang of the staggering bacchanals, intent upon amusement at the expense of the helpless watch. Occasionally a drowsy sentinel would be caught napping in his box, and forthwith the box was overturned; or, still oftener,

placed with its door against the wall, and the occupant left to get out of it when he awoke as best he could. At other times a loud cry of "Watch! Watch!" would be raised, sufficiently loud to arouse the neighbourhood; and when the sleepy patrol came bustling up, out of breath, and out of humour, he was coolly told to return to his box, and "sleep it out." But human patience has a limit, and even the watchmen would sometimes be goaded to revenge. Then heavy blows were dealt promiscuously; and from the general affray, some such serious matters as a broken arm or fractured skull might result.

The inefficiency of the watchmen in anything but trifling street-brawls (and even in these they were often obliged to make a precipitate retreat), and the absence of a day watch, and of a *detective* police, called into existence the body that became afterwards known as "Bow-street Runners" (but who first took the name of the magistrate to whose office they were attached, as "Justice Wright's people," "Sir John Fielding's people," &c.), and distinguished by their activity, vigilance, and intelligence, as well as their basilisk influence over the thieves, who would seldom resist a capture or attempt a rescue, even when the officer went into their rendezvous single-handed to beckon out the man he "wanted" for a murder, street robbery, or burglary.

But the "thieftakers" who preceded them had only a kind of semi-official character. One William Norton, who was examined in a case of highway robbery, when the Devizes coach was stopped near Hyde Park, on the 3rd of June, 1752, was asked how he got his living. The reply was characteristic of the period: "I keep a shop in Wych-street, *and sometimes I take a thief.*" But on the subject of "thieftakers" we may, perhaps, enter more fully in another chapter.

THE WHISPER IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

BY G. W. THORNBURY.

THE wind brings now and then a gust
Of harvest mirth into the town,
When sudden clouds of whitening dust
Come sweeping o'er the stubble brown :
The bees are silent in their hive,
The swallows sleep within their nest,
Careless of all the winds that strive
To quench the flame that fills the west.

The flowers that cluster o'er the thatch
Are closed, but all the scent of noon
Creeps through the doors when lifted latch
Gives entrance to the light the moon
Spreads silvering o'er the dial's face,
Where saints guard round the old church porch,
Beside yon gabled market-place,
The sun has scarcely ceased to scorch.

The farmer counts the golden heaps
Of his new-gathered summer corn ;
His honest heart in gladness leaps
As he froths up the drinking-horn,

And when the reapers shout together ;
He brims each cup with barley juice ;
And, merry as the harvest weather,
Will suffer none to make excuse.

The hunter, with a well-gloved finger,
Frets playfully his fluttering hawk ;
And far behind the strong hounds linger,
While at his feet the mastiffs stalk.
" Good e'en " to all the market folk
Comes gladly from his laughing mouth ;
The hooded girls his cheerful joke
Love as the spring flowers do the south.

The children at the churchyard gate
On noisy games were all intent,
Nor raised their eyes though by in state
A burgher to the council went ;
But grief disturbed them now and then,
When screamed the shrill voice of the dame :
They swore if they could once grow men,
They would not stir though father came.

The smith is toiling in his shed—
Bright shines the flame through rift and chink—
The fire upon the anvil red
Waves up but down again to sink ;
And firm, as if for life and death,
The sturdy arm smites hot and fast,
And all the while the bellows' breath
Fans up the roaring stithy blast.

The ceaseless sparkles star the gloom,
The horse-shoes glimmer from the roof,
And, Cyclops-like, through dark and gloom,
The heads bend round the charger's hoof.
The smith upon his hammer rests,
And listens to the tailor's news ;
Strong-armed, with broad and brawny chest,
His cheeks rich tanned with motley hues.

The tailor leans upon the hatch,
His shuffling slippers on his feet,
His gossip's voice by fits you catch
Between the hammer's ceaseless beat ;
His threaded needle in his hand,
His scissors peeping from his pouch,
A roll of patterns in his band,
The busy craftsman all avouch.

The miller by his mill-dam stands,
And listens to the burring wheel,
Rubbing with glee his floury hands,
For last night rose the price of meal.
The snowy tide that rushes down
Floods with a silver tide his purse ;
He chinks his gold when poor men frown,
And counts it when the townsmen curse.

The shepherd by the Dead Man's Ford
Stands laughing on the stepping-stones ;
The angry knight, with hand on sword,
Swears, frowning, by his father's bones

The Whisper in the Market-place.

Such ribaldry he will not brook,
 And cautious leads his trembling horse—
 Alas! without that varlet's crook
 He cannot grape his way across.

Two lovers by the distant bridge
 Watch the swift stream that wanders under
 Where massy pier and greystone ridge
 Cleave the clear flowing tide asunder;
 You hear the mill throb now and then
 In spite of all the buzz within,
 The miller shouting to his men,
 While the white roof is vibrating.

The landlord stood beneath his sign,
 That far above him groans and creaks;
 He's counting up the jugs of wine
 Drunk for the last half-dozen weeks.
 Behind him stands the crafty groom,
 Stealing from willing maid a kiss;
 Cups rattle in the latticed room—
 To landlord's ear the sound is bliss.

The miller on the purple down
 Is listening to the rising wind
 Sweep headlong on toward the town;
 He knows enough has stayed behind
 To drive the sails and turn the wheel;
 The creaking stone from every plank
 Shakes off the white dust of the meal
 Upon the sacks, ranged there in rank.

The fisher by the river-side
 Has watched all day the buoyant float,
 Though skies grew flushed with crimson pride,
 His changeless eye no beauties note.
 In melancholy, lonesome sport
 Gazes like beauty in a glass;
 His glittering spoil but newly caught
 Lies writhing by him on the grass.

Far up the rocky mountain stream
 The hunter watches for the deer;
 Through golden boughs the waters gleam,
 The leaf upon the oak is sere;
 The foam lies white in rocky nooks
 Beneath the boughs all red and brown,
 And through a cleft you see the brooks
 Babble together to the town.

The page from castle parapet
 Looks o'er the orchards in the vale,
 Sees in the woods the red sunset
 Flame bright upon the distant sail.
 And far beneath the lichen'd wall
 The distant river glides away;
 The wind that rends the poplars tall
 Stays with the flowers to kiss and play.

The breeze that stirs his bonnet's plume,
 And dallies with the castle flag,
 Sheds round the rich man's hall perfume,
 Yet strips the beggar of his rag.

The vane upon the old church tower
Shines like a star above the trees ;
O'er gabled roof the sounding hour
To weary reapers bringing ease.

The fisher's boat is in the bay,
And rocking by the weedy shore ;
His shouting children leap and play,
And bid the hushed waves louder roar.
The gulls scream floating round the crag,
The breakers whiten all the reef,
The sea-bird poised upon the jag,
Fills the grey air with shrieks of grief.

A sudden gloom fills all the town,
The wind comes sighing o'er the moors,
And wandering moaning up and down,
Shakes with its trembling hand the doors,—
When slowly through the market-place
A stranger rode, but spoke to none ;
A broad hat darkened all his face,
He never looked up at the sun.

The dealers stopped to stare and gaze,
The children ceased to talk and play ;
On every gossip's face amaze,
In every mother's eye dismay ;
The matrons at the open pane
Stayed all at once their spinning-wheels,
The old wife hushed her wise old saying,
And threads ceased running from the reels.

A whisper through the long street ran—
It spread through all the market-place ;
The cobbler turned his ready ear
Unto the tailor's earnest face ;
Both mouths pursed up, and eyes half closed,
Afraid to let the secret out ;
The deaf man stared, half angry, posed,
For none into his ear would about ;
The man that in the corner dozed,
Awoke half scared and stared about ;

The pilgrim by the wayside cross
Ceased half-unsaid his votive prayer ;
The knight pulled up his weary horse,
The ploughman stayed his glittering share ;
The miller stops the noisy mill,
The ringers in the belfry rest,
All through the valley to the hill
Bear down the rain-clouds from the west.

Another year—the tall grass grew,
And seeded in the open street ;
At noon unmelted lay the dew,
In spite of all the parching heat ;
The smith's red fire has long gone out,
A mournful silence fills the mill,
You cannot hear the reaper's shout,
The very tailor's tongue is still.

THE HISTORY OF THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

The siege of Sebastopol will be ever memorable in the annals of warfare. The military science and skill, and the martial prowess of the two foremost nations of the earth, have been carried farther off than hitherto was generally the case, and have met with a rare and almost unprecedented opposition. There were the natural and artificial difficulties of the place, not a town within a girth of walls and bastions with outlying works, in which, a breach once effected, there was admission to the interior, but fortress upon fortress, detached from one another, each requiring to be taken separately, situated on three different tongues of land, peninsulated by the waters of the Black Sea, part on one side of a deep inlet, whose entrance had been closed by a sacrifice which events have proved to be worthy of the ends accomplished, and part on the other, and all these defended and strengthened by no end of batteries and outworks.

These difficulties were of themselves of a sufficiently formidable character, but they have been rendered still more so by the prodigious resources of the enemy, in men and ammunition. Not only had they troops enough to garrison the town and forts and outworks, but they had also plenty to sacrifice in oft-renewed sanguinary sorties; and they had besides a whole army, larger than the one engaged at Alma, to assail the besiegers on the right, whether at Balaklava in the rear, or at the Tchernaya in the front. This large garrison and army has been constantly receiving reinforcements; so that, like the soldiers that sprang from stones, as fast as a Russian fell another was there to take his place, and as if these exhaustless resources and this great numerical superiority was not enough, the Muscovites also possessed such an advantage in the weight of their metal, that the first opening of the siege on the extreme left by our gallant allies was a total failure; while the prodigious resources in guns and ammunition not only threatened the whole line of siege, but rendered toil incessant and success itself of no avail. Such was the extent of these resources, that no sooner was a breach effected than it was filled again; a tower or battery silenced, than it roared as loud as ever; and if for every man that fell another took his place, so for every gun, which hard work and skill had succeeded in dismantling, there was another to stand in the embrasure to do the same work of death and defiance over again.

Never was a siege waged against such fearful odds, and never did the endurance, the gallantry, and the perseverance of the allies stand forth in a more brilliant light.

It is impossible, at the same time, not to do justice to the courage, the perseverance, and the skill of our antagonists' qualities, which, with their superiority of numbers and of resources, has enabled them not only to spare no means of defence, but also to rise again fresh out of every disaster, and which are only detracted from by a now notorious blood-thirstiness and treachery—an indifference to the destruction of life among themselves as well as with the enemy—a most cowardly and ungrateful return for kindness shown them—and the putting to death of all prisoners or wounded whenever the opportunity presents itself.

The southern portion only of Sebastopol, from the Quarantine Bay on the left to the river Tchernaya on the right, has been invested by the

allied forces—the French occupying the ground to the left, and the British that to the right, of the inner harbour or inlet which separates the town of Sebastopol from the dockyard and the suburb of Karabalnaia. Our own lines in particular were extended from the Tchernaya to the inner harbour, their central point being about opposite the extremity of a small bay called the Careening Bay.

These, however, were but the works by means of which we approached Sebastopol; our base of operations was Balaklava, distant some seven or eight miles from our lines, and in the interval between the two points was our camp, the head-quarters being at a place about equi-distant from Sebastopol and Balaklava. In addition, therefore, to the operations of the siege, we had to protect, from the very onset, our own position against attack from the Russians—a precaution the more necessary, inasmuch as the garrison of Sebastopol was very numerous, the place itself open for ingress or egress on the northern side, and the enemy reputed to be in considerable force at various points of the country.

I.—BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL.

Just as our brave countrymen and their glorious companions in arms had heard with feelings of deep indignation that the whole west of Europe had been deceived with a rumour of an impossible success, they fired their first gun against the Queen fortress of the Black Sea. Long as the interval had been, or long as it seemed to those at a distance, it nevertheless had not served for adequate preparation. The works for defence had all along kept pace with those of the besiegers.

The siege first commenced in earnest early on the morning of the 17th of October. The French artillery was too light to cope with the heavy guns of the Russians, or the cross-fire of the Quarantine Battery was too effective, for they were compelled to slacken their fire in an hour and a half from the opening of the struggle. The explosion of several magazines added to the difficulties of their position, which, however, they soon obviated with their usual spirit and activity.

The chief objects the British had to deal with were a round tower on our right and the "Redan," a detached fort, newly strengthened by earthworks, to the east of the town and inner harbour. Here our batteries successively silenced the round tower, blew up a large magazine in the Redan, and silenced the fire from that fortification and the earthworks about it. This was not done without our own works suffering greatly, but without involving so great a loss of life as might have been anticipated.

II.—NAVAL ATTACK ON SEBASTOPOL.

Generals and admirals were impetuous at first. Subsequent events taught them to be more wary. It was agreed that the next day a grand attack should be made upon the forts at the mouth of the harbour. The French ships of war commenced by a heavy fire upon the southern batteries, which was as vigorously returned. The English attacked the northern batteries. The Turks were with the French. Unfortunately the wind was from the land, and the smoke was so dense that very few vessels succeeded in getting into the positions assigned to them. The Turkish, and some of the French vessels especially, got so far to the north as to prevent several of the English vessels approaching.

The order was to keep 1200 yards off the forts, but the *Agamemnon*, *Sanspareil*, and *London*, and at a later period the *Queen*, took an inside station in advance. The *Rodney*, *Arctus*, *Terrible*, and *Sampson* also lay in as close as the shallow water would permit them.

The firing on both sides is said to have been terrific. From half-past twelve to the south, and from about two till nearly six on the north side, the cannonade raged most furiously. The results were, as far as could be ascertained, most unsatisfactory. Fort Constantine to the north, and the Quarantine battery to the south, are said to have suffered considerably from the bombardment. But other eye-witnesses report that at such a distance the effect of the shot was only to speckle their stone fronts all over like the small-pox. Certain it is that on our parts most of the ships suffered severely in hulls, masts, and rigging. Some were on fire and had to be taken out of the fight.

The French admiral expressed his belief that if the Russians had not closed the entrance to Sebastopol by sinking ships, that the vessels of the squadron would have been able to enter the port successfully after the first fire, and to place themselves in communication with the army. But had they done so, could they have held their place with the united fires of the outer and inner forts and of the shipping directed upon them? We are much inclined to doubt it. So also it has been stated that if the ships could have got closer to the forts, that the results would have been different. Possibly this may have been the case, but we are more inclined to look upon the results of the sea attack of October 18th, however creditable to the gallantry of those engaged in it, as a proof of the wisdom which led the admirals to forego an attack upon Sebastopol by sea unsupported by a land force.

In the mean time, on the land side, the Redan and earthwork batteries, supposed to have been silenced on the 17th, were as busy as ever on the 18th. The distance of the lines from Balaklava, where all guns and ammunition had to be landed, and the rugged and difficult character of the intervening country also told so much against us, that on the evening of the same day we could scarcely get up ammunition to our guns. This at a time when the prodigious resources of the enemy were close to their hands. The metal of their guns was also so heavy that they succeeded for a time in establishing great superiority of fire over the allies. Although for many days and nights previous to the allies opening fire they had kept pouring their shot from hundreds of guns incessantly, without stint or slackening, their resources seemed to be perfectly exhaustless. The losses in the town and forts were, however, great, and already, by the 18th, it was stated that the streets were encumbered with dead.

III.—SORTIE OF THE 20TH OCTOBER.

The French batteries were not able to reopen their fire on the afternoon of the 18th, but by the following morning they not only resumed their fire, but materially added to the weight of the attack by the fire of additional batteries constructed the previous day.

The fire on the side of the English also continued constant and effective, but the enemy, having at their disposal large bodies of men and the resources of the fleet and arsenal at their command, they were enabled, by unceasing exertions, to repair their redoubts, to replace the guns which

had been destroyed, and to resume their fire from works which had been silenced the day before. This facility of repairing and re-arming the defences brought quite a new element into the siege, and rendered it a far more serious affair than was at first anticipated—or, as General Canrobert expressed it, “one of the most laborious operations which have been met with for a long time.”

On the night of the 20th the Russians made a sortie against the French, and succeeded, by representing themselves as English, in penetrating into two of the batteries, but were finally repulsed with the loss of six killed and four taken prisoners.

IV.—BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

On the 25th the army of relief, under General Liprandi, supposed to have numbered some 30,000 men of all arms, and especially charged with the duty of attacking the allies in their own positions, and of achieving, if possible, such successes as would compel us to raise the siege of Sebastopol, commenced its offensive operations by an attack upon the heights of Balaklava, which were defended by four small redoubts, hastily constructed, only three of which had guns in them manned by Turks; by another redoubt on a higher hill in front of the village of Kamara, also manned by Turks; by the 93rd Highlanders, who were encamped in the plain, with a battery of artillery and a party of Marines.

The enemy commenced their operations by attacking the work near the village of Kamara, and after very little resistance carried it. They followed up this first success by taking possession of the three other batteries, being opposed only in one, and that but for a very short space of time. The Turks having the British to retreat upon, did not show the constancy behind entrenchments which ennobled the defence of Kalafat and Silistria. Their shameful abandonment of their posts enabled the enemy to take possession of the guns in them, amounting in the whole to seven. Those in the three lesser forts were spiked by the one English artilleryman who was in each.

As soon as Lord Raglan was apprised of this movement of the enemy upon the rear of our extreme right, he brought the first and fourth divisions down into the plain, and they were soon reinforced by the first division of French infantry and the Chasseurs d'Afrique.

The Russian cavalry advanced in the mean time to assail the front and right flank of the 93rd, supported by artillery in very great strength; but they were soon driven back by the vigorous and steady fire of the gallant Highlanders.

Another and larger mass was attacked by the Scots Greys and Enniskilleners, who cut through the first line, at least double the length of theirs, and three times as deep, but got almost enveloped by a second and third, till relieved by the 1st Royals and the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, who, rushing at the remnants of the first line, went through it, as an eye-witness expressed it, as though it were made of pasteboard, and dashing on the second body of Russians, still under the terrible blows of the Greys and Enniskilleners, united to put them all to utter rout. This most brilliant charge of cavalry, which Lord Raglan describes as the most successful he ever witnessed, and which excited the unbounded admira-

tion of all who saw it, was seen from the heights above, by British and English, "as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre."

The Russian cavalry, followed by our shot, had retired in confusion, leaving the ground covered with horses and men; their infantry had fallen back towards the head of the valley, when, most unfortunately, in carrying out an attempt to prevent the enemy removing the guns abandoned by the Turks, the light brigade, under Lord Cardigan, was led to charge the whole Russian army, posted in a defile and defended by batteries placed on the heights over their position on the left of the gorge. A more fearful spectacle, it is said, was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. They were soon positively enveloped by infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Nothing could save them from destruction. An enormous reserve of lancers, kept in ambush, came up to hasten the catastrophe. Then occurred an event which would be incredible, if we did not know that the Russians esteem one Englishman's life as equal to that of three Muscovites. The enemy's artillery actually kept up a murderous fire of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses—British and Russians alike—mingling friend and foe in one common ruin. The light brigade went into action that fatal day 607 strong: there returned only 198—a miserable remnant of that band of heroes! It must not be omitted to mention that the Chasseurs d'Afrique made a most successful charge to the left against a Russian battery, and by checking its fire rendered an essential service to our countrymen.

The night of this melancholy affray there were great rejoicings in Sebastopol, a salvo of artillery was fired, and the garrison was so inspirited, that, amidst a tremendous cannonade opened against the whole length of the allies, two desperate sorties were attempted the ensuing day.

V.—BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA.

Their masses, covered by large bodies of skirmishers, advanced, full of confidence in success, against the light division, which, under Sir De Lacy Evans, occupied the heights that overlooked the Tchernaya from the left. This division immediately formed line, and the captains of batteries (Turner and Yates) promptly posted their guns and opened fire upon the enemy.

Immediately on the cannonade being heard, the Duke of Cambridge brought up the brigade of Guards, and General Bosquet, with similar promptitude, and from a greater distance also came to the defence of the position with five French battalions.

The enemy came on at first rapidly, assisted by their guns, on what was called the Mound Hill. Our picquets, chiefly of the 49th and 30th Regiments, resisted them with remarkable determination and firmness. At the same time our eighteen guns in position, including those of the first division, and two others pushed forward by Sir G. Brown upon the left, were served with the utmost energy. In half an hour they forced the enemy's artillery to abandon the field. Our batteries were then directed with equal vigour upon the enemy's columns, which, warmly received at the same time by the close fire of our advanced infantry, soon fell into com-

plains, and ultimately took to flight. They were then literally chased by the 30th and 95th Regiments over the ridges, and down towards the head of the bay. So eager was the pursuit, that it was with difficulty the head of the men was ultimately effected.

Our loss in this brilliant affair exceeded 80; among whom were 12 officers killed and 6 wounded. The loss on the part of the enemy was estimated at not less than 600; they left 130 dead on the field, and upwards of 80 prisoners fell into our hands.

VI.—BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

Scarcely had we been enabled to form a correct idea of the severe actions fought by the British troops on the 25th and 26th of October, when we were startled by the important intelligence that the Russian army, swollen by reinforcements from the Danube, as well as by the combined reserves of all the southern provinces, and animated by the presence of the Grand-Dukes Michael and Nicholas, had attacked in force the right of the English position before Sebastopol on the 5th of November. This attack was rendered the more formidable by a sortie of the garrison of Sebastopol on the English, and another simultaneously directed against the French lines, in order to prevent their sending reinforcements to the British army, exposed to two overpowering assaults at the same moment, and that from two different directions.

Inkermann, with its cave-dwellings of the Tauro-Scythes, its subterranean chapels and sepulchral grottos of persecuted Christians of early times, and its cliffs surmounted by the ruins of Eupatorium—the Theodori of the Greeks—has long been a site of peculiar interest in our minds. Long before we ever dreamt of an invasion of the Crimea, our fancy used to love to dwell upon this mysterious city of caves: little did we think that it was destined to be in our times the scene of bloody conflict, and that the waters of its little streamlet, enriched by so many historic memories, would be dyed with the mingled blood of Russians, French, and English.

So, however, it has been; and as the line of country which extends from Balaklava to Inkermann, forming the neck of the Tauric Chersonesus, has been the scene of frequent struggles in olden times, so, by the ever-recurrent stream of events, it has been destined to see the same bloody conflicts repeated to a still greater extent in our own times.

Day dawned on the morning of the 5th of November upon this barren tract, amid fog and vapour, which, drifting with the wind and rain, settled down on the cliffs and valley of Inkermann. The sound of wheels had been indistinctly heard during the night, but it had not aroused the apprehensions of the weary, wet, and slumbering besiegers. At four o'clock, however, the bells of Sebastopol pealed forth the successful positioning of an overwhelming artillery upon the heights which commanded the undefended flank of the British lines, and gave the signal for enormous masses of Russians to advance to the attack up the same steep ridges. Twelve complete regiments, of four battalions each, amounting to some 48,000 men, took part in this movement. There was, according to Prince Menschikoff, as much artillery as could be taken, considering the difficulty of passing the gates. This would have made with the infantry, as

estimated by Lord Raglan, a force of some 60,000 men. The command of the assailing army was entrusted, according to some reports, to General Dannenberg; according to others, to Prince Gortschakoff.

Simultaneously with this advance on the right flank of the British, a sortie was executed by the Minsk Regiment, with a light artillery battery, under the command of General Timofieff, against the French lines, to keep them occupied and prevent large reinforcements being sent to the British. With the same view, and to keep the Highland brigade occupied, a strong demonstration was made against Kadi-Koi—the position above Balaklava.

The contingents which the Russian army had received since the battle of Alma, amounted, according to General Canrobert, to a first from the coast of Asia, Kertch, and Kaffa; a second, of six battalions and detachments of marines, from Nicolaieff; a third, of four battalions of Cossacks, from the Black Sea; fourth, a great portion of the army of the Danube, and the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth divisions of infantry, forming the fourth corps, commanded by General Dannenberg. These latter three divisions were transported by the vehicles of the country, with their artillery, from Odessa to Simpheropol in a few days. There were then upwards of 100,000 men to garrison Sebastopol, assail the English position, effect a diversion on the French side, and a demonstration on Balaklava on the ever memorable 5th of November. The two imperial princes, Michael and Nicholas, were also there to excite and encourage the troops by their presence.

The British had on their side only some 8000 men to oppose the advance of the 60,000 Russians up the ridges of Inkermann, till reinforced by a French division of 6000 under General Bosquet.

The triumph of such a handful of brave men against the dense legions of the enemy opposed to them, covers them with imperishable renown. Every detail which has come to light has testified, that in a battle fought almost in obscurity, in which the army assailed could not see the number of assailants, the positions occupied by them, or the points at which they were advancing, whilst those coming to the assault knew precisely the weak points of the allies, the whole conflict was one great scene of individual acts of heroism. Every single detail comes to augment the admiration and amazement felt by all for the heroic resistance of the British and French divisions engaged that day on the heights and in the valley of Inkermann. It was throughout a conflict almost unsurpassed for individual prowess, unyielding endurance, and chivalrous valour.

The battle of Inkermann is, indeed, described by one present at the action as—

“The bloodiest struggle ever witnessed since war cursed the earth. It has been doubted by military historians if any enemy have ever stood a charge with the bayonet, but here the bayonet was often the only weapon employed in conflicts of the most obstinate and deadly character. We have been prone to believe that no foe could ever withstand the British soldier wielding his favourite weapon, and that at Maida alone did the enemy ever cross bayonets with him, but at the battle of Inkermann not only did we charge in vain—not only were desperate encounters between masses of men maintained with the bayonet alone—but we were obliged to resist bayonet to bayonet the Russian

infantry again and again, as they charged us with incredible fury and determination.

"The battle of Inkermann admits of no description. It was a series of dreadful deeds of daring, of sanguinary hand-to-hand fights, of despairing rallies, of desperate assaults—in glens and valleys, in brushwood glades and remote dells, hidden from all human eyes, and from which the conquerors, Russian or British, issued only to engage fresh foes, till our old supremacy, so rudely assailed, was triumphantly asserted, and the battalions of the Tsar gave way before our steady courage and the chivalrous fire of France.

"No one, however placed, could have witnessed even a small portion of the doings of this eventful day—for the vapours, fog, and drizzling mist obscured the ground where the struggle took place to such an extent as to render it impossible to see what was going on at the distance of a few yards. Besides this, the irregular nature of the ground, the rapid fall of the hill towards Inkermann, where the deadliest fight took place, would have prevented one under the most favourable circumstances seeing more than a very insignificant and detailed piece of the terrible work below."

VII.—FUTURE PROSPECTS.

The campaign in the Crimea has been, as is now manifest to every one, and most painfully so to the friends of those who have fallen in these repeated unequal combats, hitherto carried on upon a scale totally incommensurate with the resources of the enemy.

By telegraph or by newspaper the Tsar learns in a few hours, or a few days, the whole amount of preparations making in this country or on the Continent; and before they have left these shores, or those of the Mediterranean, he knows the strength of every reinforcement almost to a man. In the present posture of affairs, he has nothing to do but to forward double the same number of men to the seat of war, and he utterly annihilates all advantages to be attained by the supposed welcome succour.

According to the *Fremden Blatt*, whose information is said to be of an authentic character, the effective force of Prince Menschikoff is 150,000 men, of whom 75,000 have joined him, thanks to Turkish inertia and the interposition of the Austrians on the Danube, within the last month. These reinforcements all came by way of Perecop. The first column, which was 30,000 strong, with 100 guns, under Liprandi, reached Sebastopol about the middle of October, and got into position on the 18th, the day after the first bombardment. These 30,000 men were abstracted from Osten Sacken's corps. The two other columns belong to General Dannenberg's corps. The first of them, consisting of 25,000 men, reached Sebastopol at the end of last month; the other, 20,000 strong, was in communication with the main army at the beginning of the month, and was engaged in the battle of the 5th, further strengthened and encouraged by reinforcements under Prince Gortschakoff and the Grand-Dukes Michael and Nicholas. These reinforcements are, it is to be observed, independent of those noticed by General Canrobert as having arrived from Asia by way of Kertch and Kaffa—a circumstance which a strict blockade ought to have prevented—the six battalions and marines from Nicolaieff, and the battalions of Cossacks from the Black Sea provinces.

Deducting 50,000 men as put *hors de combat* by the progress of the siege, the sortie of the 20th, the battles of Balaklava, of the Tchernaya, and of Inkermann, there must thus be still nearly 100,000 Russians at the seat of war. These can be reinforced any day by 15,000 men sent from Kichenoff to Odessa, and other still greater reinforcements are on their way. The Tsar, it is well known, is determined to defend Sebastopol to the last, and to spare neither men nor means in securing a stake of such enormous value, and upon the possession of which Russian power in the south depends.

Such an army, constantly reinforced, can go on delivering battles of Balaklava or of Inkermann every other day; perpetually repairing the devastation of Sebastopol, they can fill up the gaps made in the garrison by the guns of the allies, as easily as they can the breaches made in their earthworks or in their more important strongholds. Assailed thus only on one side, Sebastopol may last out till scarcely an ally remains on the field, and the Tsar's solitary man is represented by the last of the light division, a lone Highlander, or a starved Zouave!

The point at which the advance of reinforcements could at the outset have been impeded, would have been Perecop itself. At such a position, a body of some 20,000 or 30,000 men could have held in check almost any force of Russians, especially if assisted by gun-boats, or men-of-war steamers of small draught of water. Supposing Sebastopol taken to-morrow, the allies could not hold possession of it without giving battle to the army of the Crimea, or driving it out of the country—so it must come to a defence of the lines of Perecop after all; and what advantage would not have accrued from the effective bombardment of Odessa, and of Kertch and Yeni Kalah—the New Castle of the Cimmerian Bosphorus? By such proceedings all succour to the Queen fortress of the Black Sea would have been withheld from Southern Russia and from the Caucasian provinces. Supposing proceedings upon so large a scale to be out of the question, still the besieging force ought to be relieved by a diversion from the north. This might be effected from Eupatoria—an excellent landing-place already in our possession—or from the Katcha river. Its operations might be confined to demonstrations against the Crimean army, or it might advance to aid in a real and effectual investment of Sebastopol. As it is, the reduction of a whole group of first-rate fortresses, defended by a fleet on the water and a large army by land, by a handful of brave troops, huddled, almost driven, to the very extremity of the Tauric Chersonesus, in daily danger of being deprived of their port and the whole base of their position, with a most severe and inclement season before them, communications intercepted by a sea pre-eminently boisterous in winter, and a courageous, indefatigable enemy, ever ready to assail them at all available times and places, is a result more devoutly wished for than really believed in.

END OF VOL. CIL

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